士 郎 正 宗

BLACK MAGIC™

SHIROW MASAMUNE

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GRAPHIC NOVEL / MANGA / SCIENCE FICTION

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Today, the planet Venus is a literal hell of furnace-like temperatures and dense, poisonous atmosphere. But millions of years in its past, Venus teems with life and with a civilization far advanced to our own. The Nemesis supercomputer controls government functions, with bioroid "executors" created to carry out the system's utopian edicts. But trouble brews even in paradise, as different executors vie for control of Nemesis, forcing the governing system to secretly create Duna Typhon, a super-bioroid "sleeper," raised among the human populace, ready to use her awesome powers should Nemesis be co-opted to turn paradise into paradise lost.

From the imagination of *Ghost in the Shell* creator Shirow Masamune comes his first published series, *Black Magic*, a sweeping science-fiction epic that introduces many of the themes and ideas that influence all of Shirow's work. *Black Magic* is now presented for the first time in America in right-to-left reading format, as originally published in Japan.

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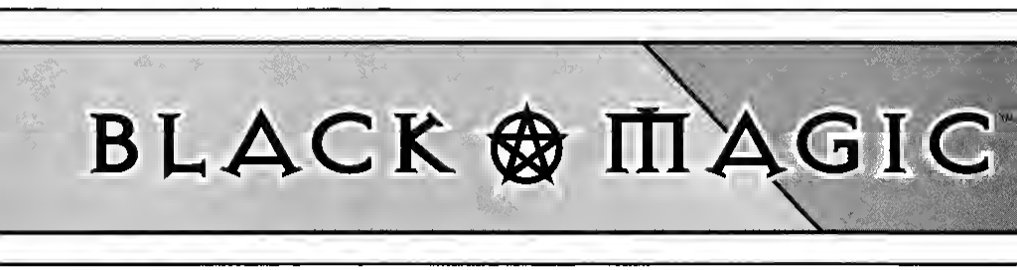
DARK HORSE MANGA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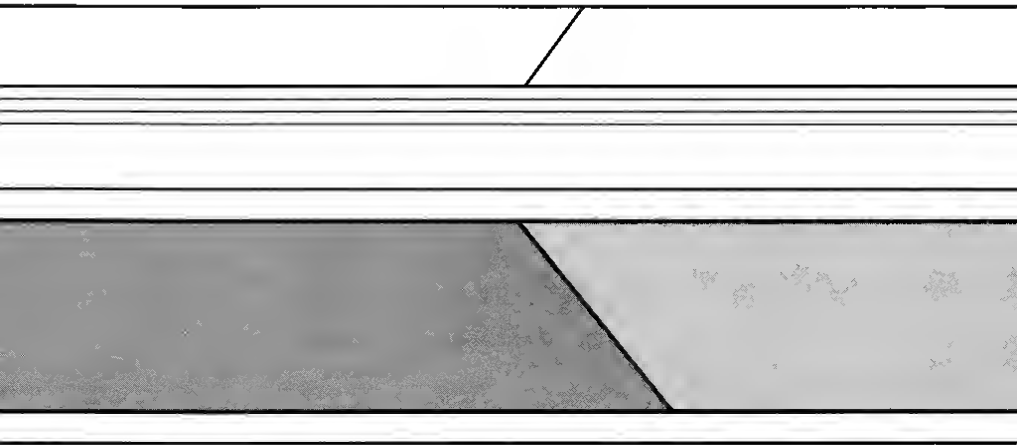

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士郎正宗

BLACK ⛧ MAGIC™

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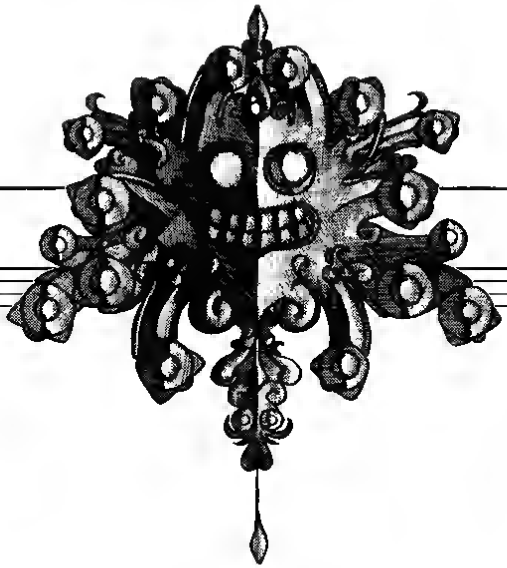

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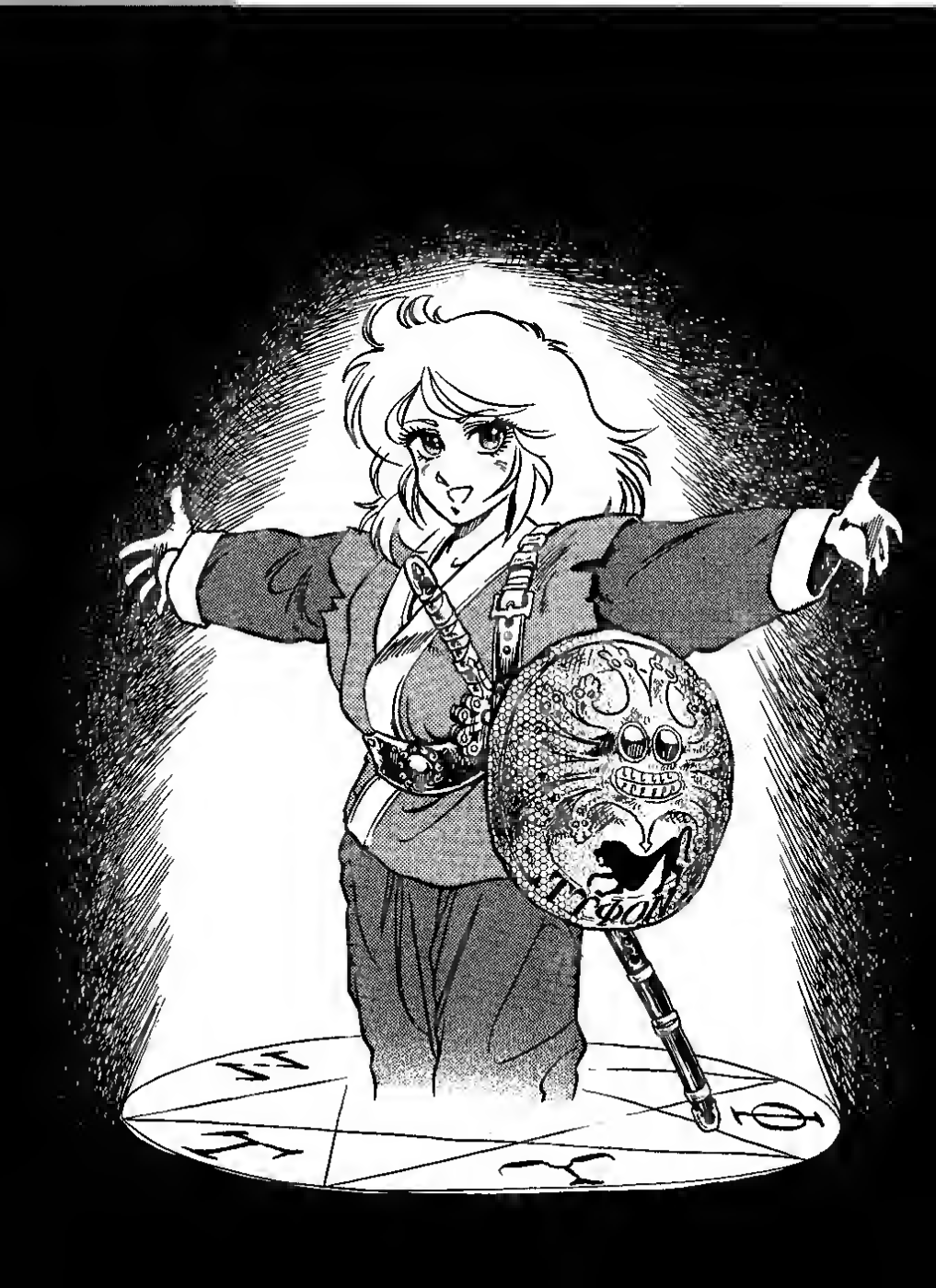
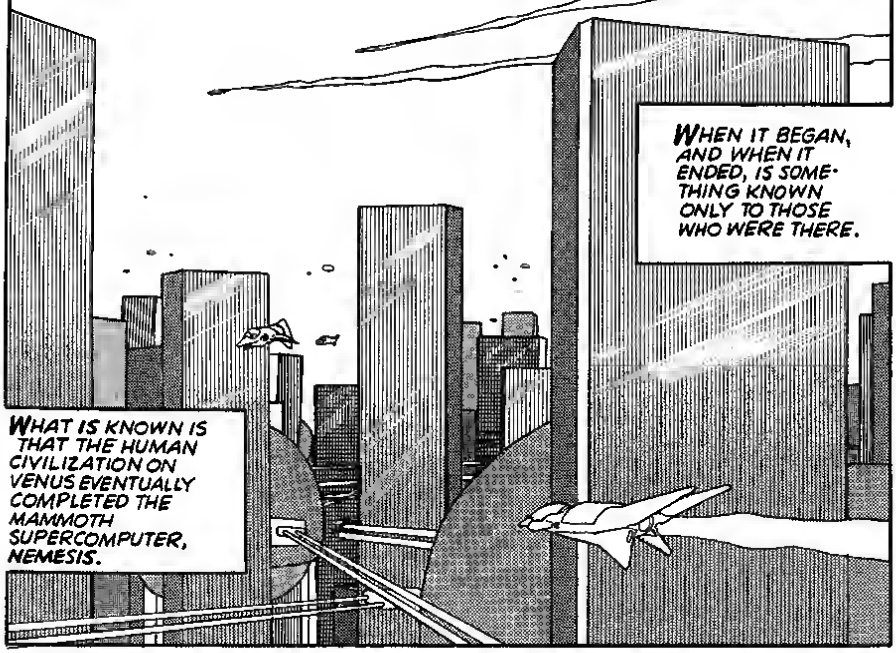
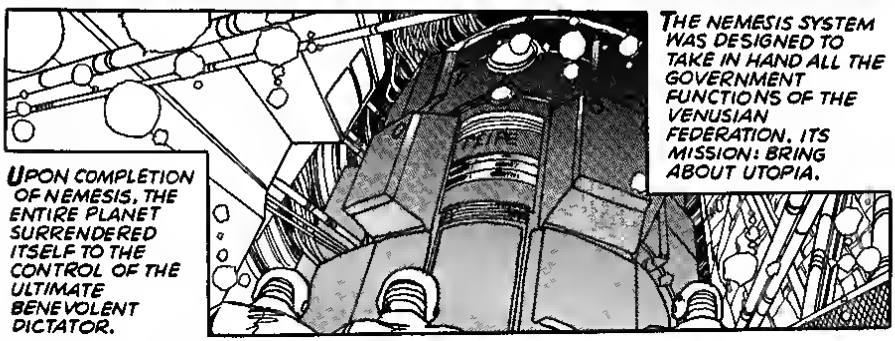
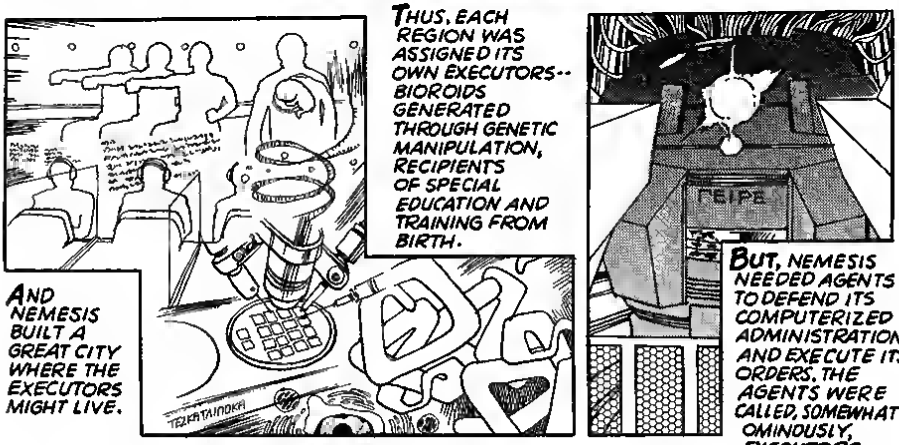
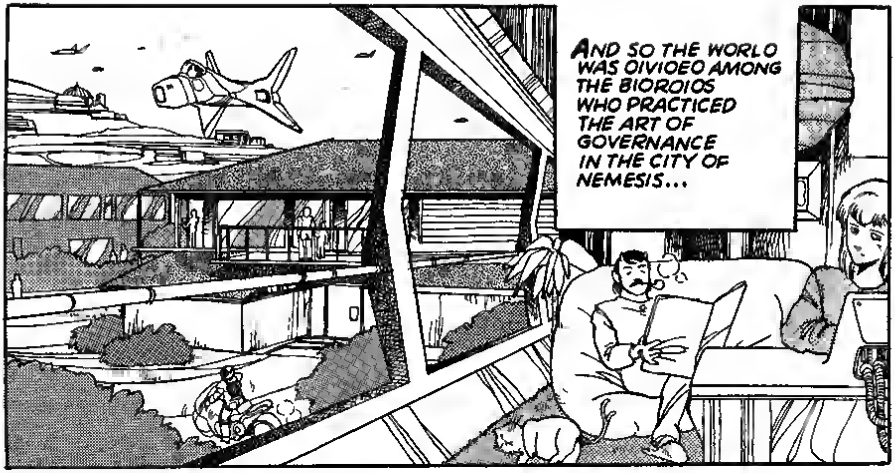
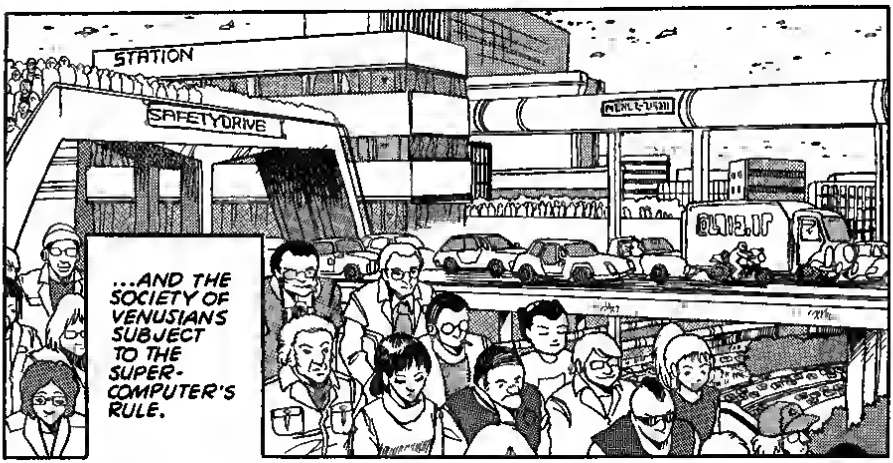



WHEN IT BEGAN, AND WHEN IT ENDED, IS SOMETHING KNOWN ONLY TO THOSE WHO WERE THERE.
WHAT IS KNOWN IS THAT THE HUMAN CIVILIZATION ON VENUS EVENTUALLY COMPLETED THE MAMMOTH SUPERCOMPUTER, NEMESIS.


THE NEMESIS SYSTEM WAS DESIGNED TO TAKE IN HAND ALL THE GOVERNMENT FUNCTIONS OF THE VENUSIAN FEDERATION. ITS MISSION: BRING ABOUT UTOPIA.
UPON COMPLETION OF NEMESIS, THE ENTIRE PLANET SURRENDERED ITSELF TO THE CONTROL OF THE ULTIMATE BENEVOLENT DICTATOR.

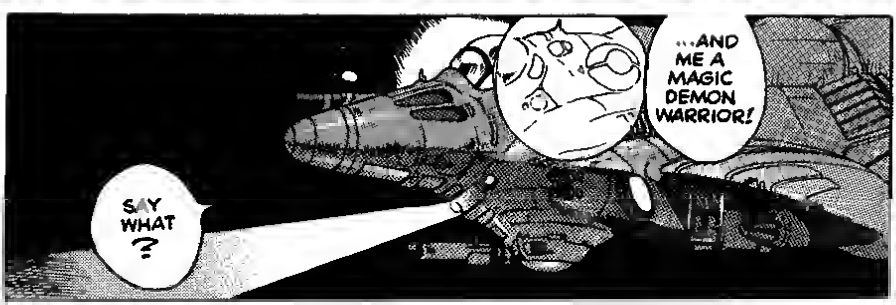

THUS, EACH REGION WAS ASSIGNED ITS OWN EXECUTORS-- BIOROIDS GENERATED THROUGH GENETIC MANIPULATION, RECIPIENTS OF SPECIAL EDUCATION AND TRAINING FROM BIRTH.
AND NEMESIS BUILT A GREAT CITY WHERE THE EXECUTORS MIGHT LIVE.
TEZENTAINOKA
BUT, NEMESIS NEEDED AGENTS TO DEFEND ITS COMPUTERIZED ADMINISTRATION AND EXECUTE ITS ORDERS. THE AGENTS WERE CALLED, SOMEWHAT OMINOUSLY, EXECUTORS.





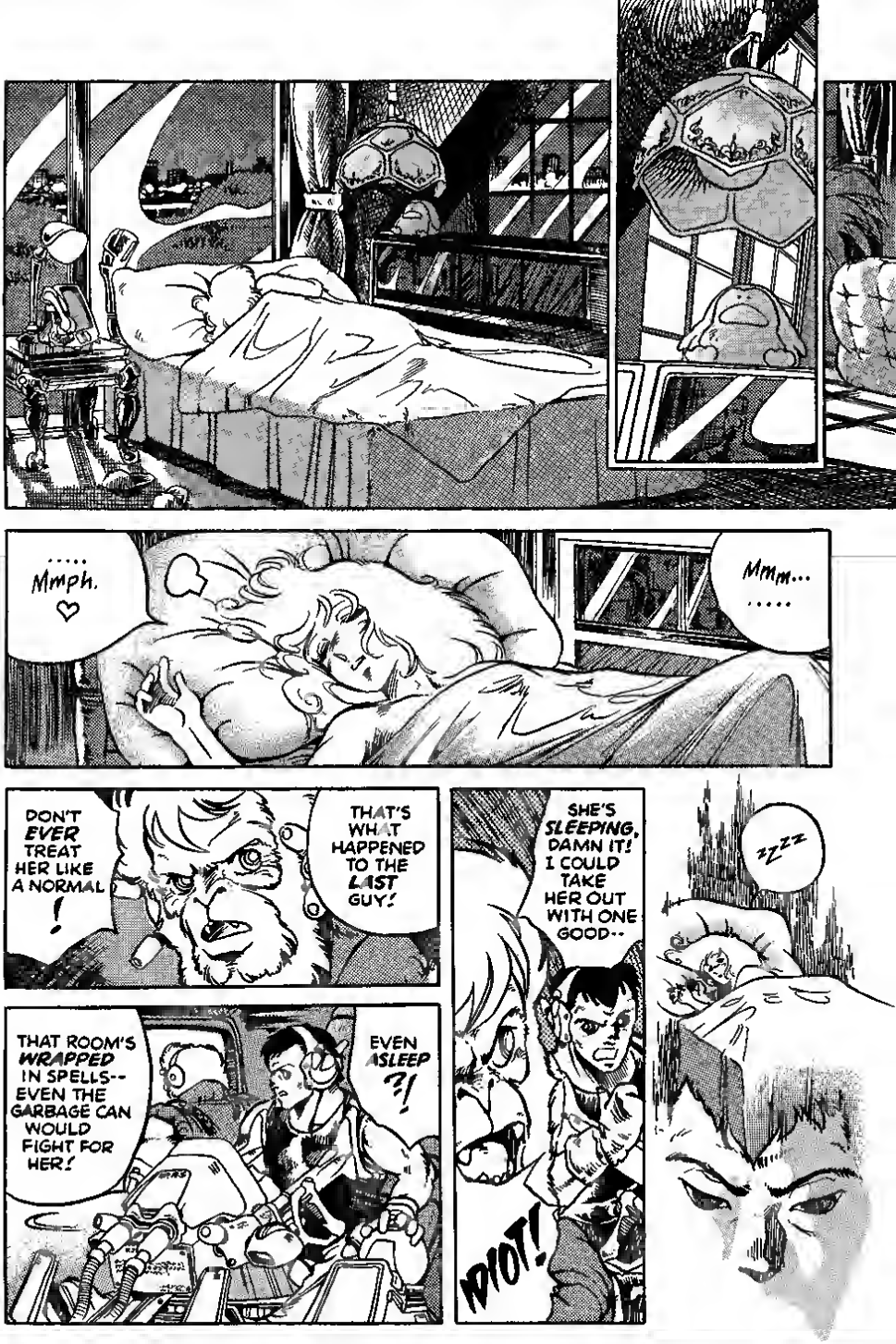
NEMESIS CREATED ANOTHER SELF-AWARE COMPUTER, **TANTALOS**, ENTRUSTING IT WITH THE TRAINING OF THE BIOROIDS, AND IT CONSTRUCTED ITS OWN MOBILE ROBOT TERMINAL, **URANUS**. IN TIME, CHRONOS--THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF THE BIOROIDS BUILT BY THE PERFECTIONIST URANUS--TOOK OVER THE REINS OF POWER FROM NEMESIS, AND TRUE GOVERNMENT BEGAN. ABOUT THE TIME LEGAL RESTRICTIONS WERE TIGHTENED ON THE SIZE OF THE BIOROID POPULATION, **ZEUS** WAS CREATED AND DEFEATED CHRONOS IN A FIERCELY CONTESTED ELECTION. EVENTUALLY, THE GENERATION OF NEW BIOROIDS WAS PROHIBITED, BUT NEMESIS REMAINED WARY LEST THE GOVERNMENT BECOME TOO STRONG. IN GREATEST SECRECY, IT WORKED WITH TANTALOS TO CREATE **TYPHON**. ZEUS LEARNED OF TYPHON JUST AFTER HER BIRTH AND DESTROYED HER IN A SAVAGE BATTLE IN THE ETNA MOUNTAINS. BUT NEMESIS ONCE AGAIN GENERATED THE TYPHON PROGRAM AND, CONCEALING HER FROM THE EYES OF ZEUS, RAISED HER IN THE WORLD OF MAN.

TEOTIHUACAN CITY.
VT 250 F
chartpak
COPY MIC
TAKAS

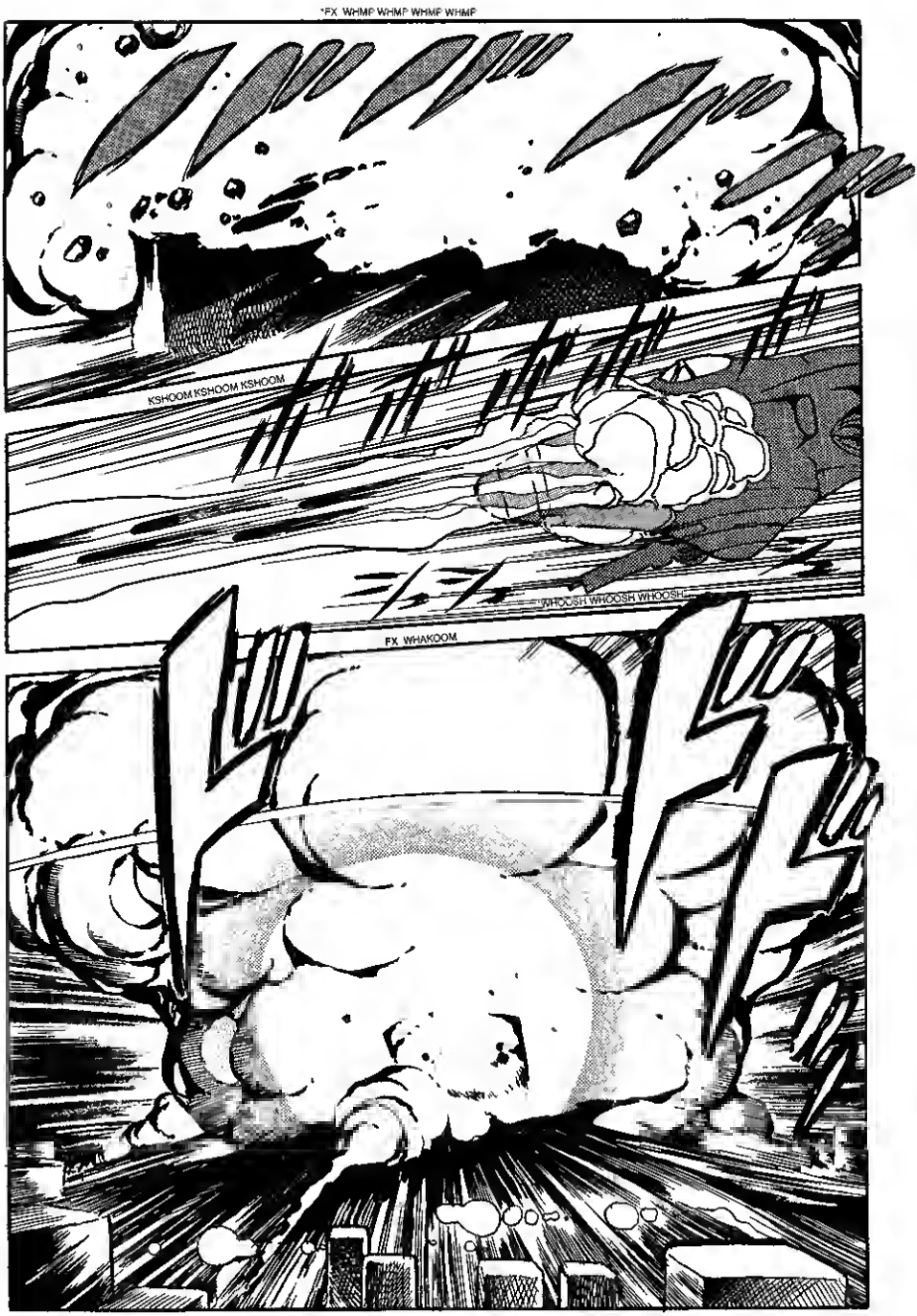

...AND ME A MAGIC DEMON WARRIOR!
SAY WHAT?

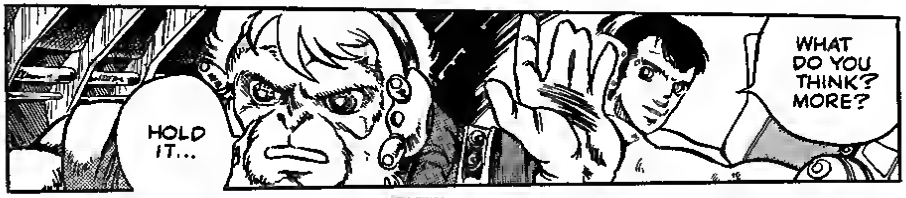
YOUR MIND SHOTS WOULDN'T EVEN FAZE HER.
I'M SAYING I CAN DO MIND SHOTS, TOO! WHY DON'T THEY JUST LET ME KILL HER FROM HERE?
HAW, HAW, HAW!

DREAD-NAUGHT CLASS. THE STRONGEST SORCERESS ON THE PLANET, I WAGER.
IS SHE REALLY THAT TOUGH?
A RESERVE EXECUTOR...?!
IT'S THE TARGET'S FAULT. SHE'S JUST TOO DANGEROUS. IF WE SCREW UP AND SHE GETS AWAY, THEN YOU CAN USE YOUR MAGIC ALL YOU WANT.
HAW!
LOOK, WE'RE ALL LICENCED A-CLASS FEDERAL POLICE! THIS WHOLE CHARADE'S A DAMN INSULT!
AND THERE AIN'T NO END TO THOSE GUYS! HAW!
HEY, HEY... NEMESIS WAS CREATED TO BUILD POLITICIANS, RIGHT?
ENTERING COMBAT ZONE NOW!
SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE END OF THE LINE--THE LAST DIRECT DESCENDANT OF NEMESIS.
ORDERS ARE ORDERS.
I FIGURE NEMESIS IS CHECKING OUT OF THIS POLITICAL SYSTEM.
IS IT REALLY OKAY TO WASTE HER?

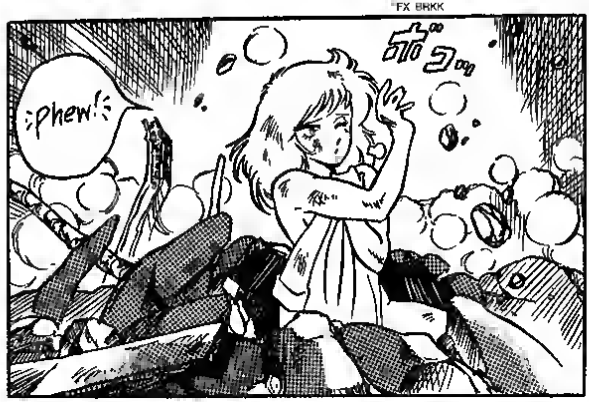

.....
Mmph.
Mmm...
.....
DON'T EVER TREAT HER LIKE A NORMAL!
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LAST GUY!
SHE'S SLEEPING, DAMN IT! I COULD TAKE HER OUT WITH ONE GOOD--
IDIOT!
ZZZZ
THAT ROOM'S WRAPPED IN SPELLS-- EVEN THE GARBAGE CAN WOULD FIGHT FOR HER!
EVEN ASLEEP?!

FIRST ROUND LOADED. FIRE WHEN READY. FIRE WHEN READY.
beep beep beep
...A COUPLE OF MICROWARP SHELLS WILL PUT HER OUT...ANY OBJECTIONS ?
Oh, WHAT THE HELL. IT'S ALL THE SAME...
Heh
KSHOOM
KSHOOM KSHOOM
WHKOOM
ドカ
zz Mph

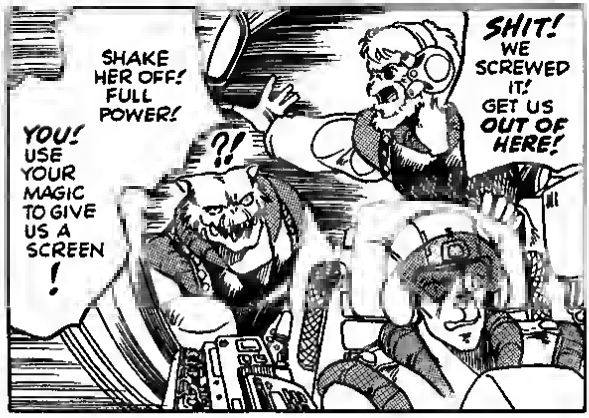

*FX WHMP WHMP WHMP WHMP
KSHOOM KSHOOM KSHOOM
WHOOSH WHOOSH WHOOSH
FX WHAKOOM


HOLD IT...
WHAT DO YOU THINK? MORE?

*FX BRKK

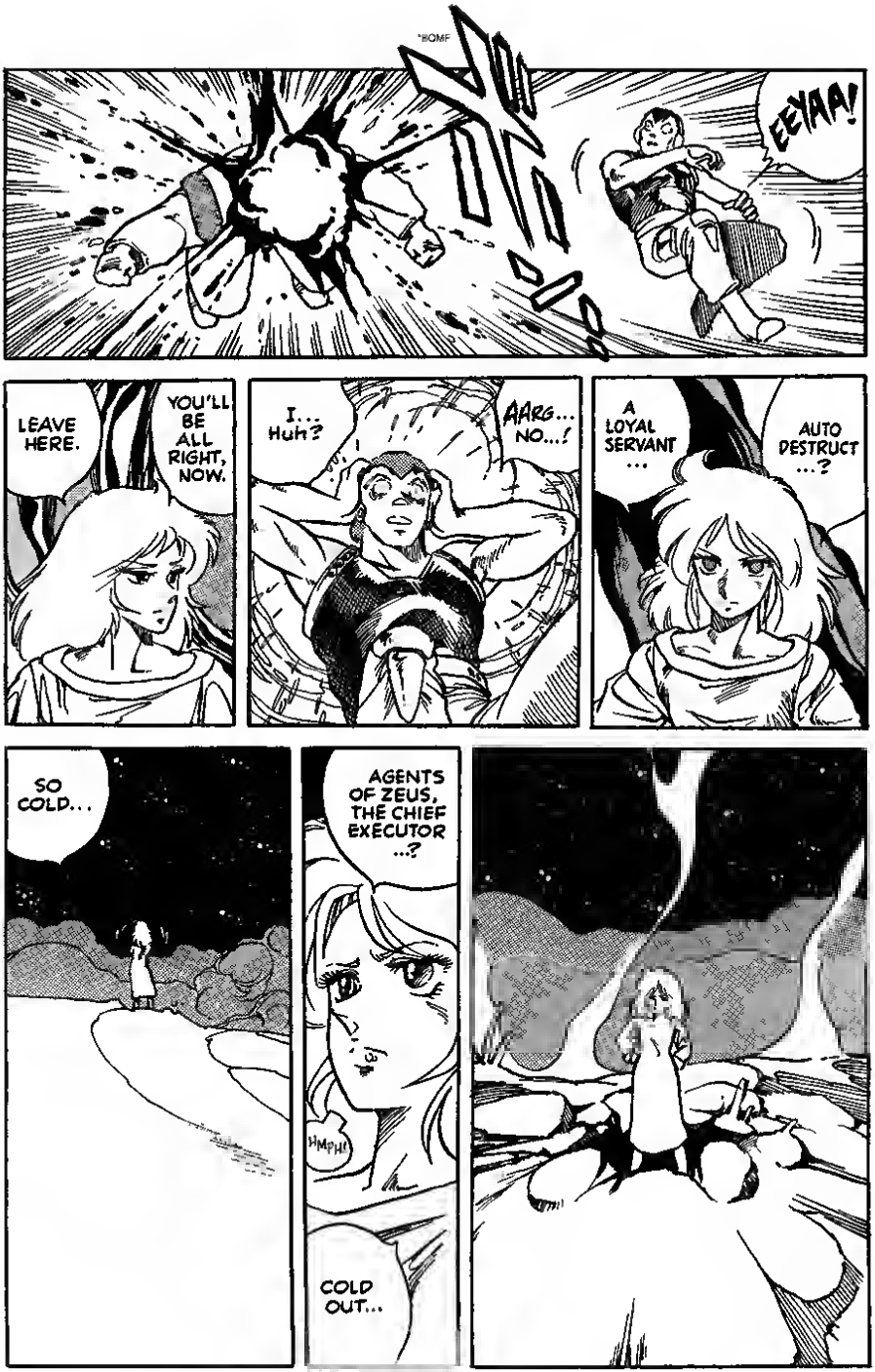

ガラッ
phew!

GTUNK

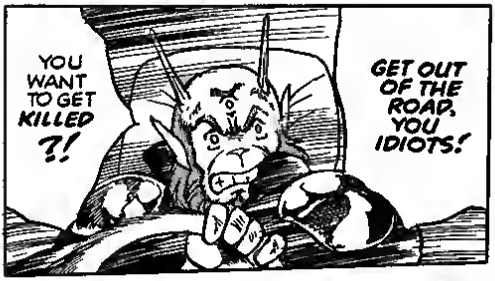

SHAKE HER OFF! FULL POWER!
SHIT! WE SCREWED IT! GET US OUT OF HERE!
YOU! USE YOUR MAGIC TO GIVE US A SCREEN!
?!

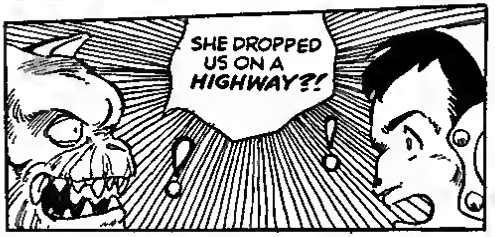
FX VZZT
. . . . .
. . . . .
FX VWOMM
IDIOT! STOP BABBLING AND HELP US GET AWAY!
HOLY... YOU MEAN WE REALLY DIDN'T FAZE HER?
Mmph... YAWN
HURRY!
ONCE WE'RE IN ORBIT, HEAD STRAIGHT FOR DARKSIDE.

SKRASSH
FX VNNN
HGHH...
AAA!
...?!
HNNNG!
WE'RE JUST... ZEUS...
AAARGH!
.....


*BOMF
EEYAA!
LEAVE HERE.
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, NOW.
I... Huh?
AARG... NO...!
A LOYAL SERVANT ...
AUTO DESTRUCT ...?
SO COLD...
AGENTS OF ZEUS, THE CHIEF EXECUTOR ...?
HMPH!
COLD OUT...

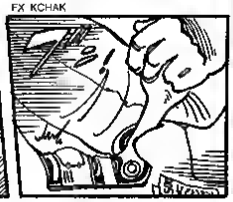
THAT HURT, DAMMIT!
Owww...
HNNG
FX WHIRR
...SHE'S GOT A HELL OF A LOT MORE POWER THAN I FIGURED!
I'D HEARD RUMORS, BUT...
WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO?
SO NOW WHAT? WE JUST GO BACK TO BASE?
NOTHIN' WE CAN DO... JUST FILE A REPORT.
SHIT.
FX HONK HONK HONK HONK
SKREEE





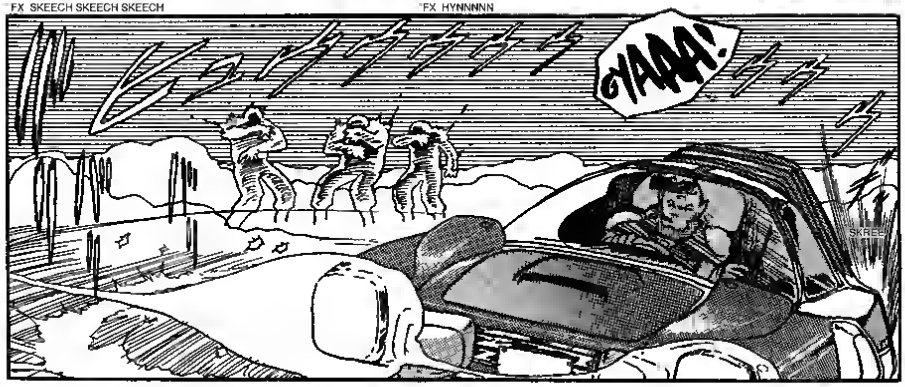
*FX VRMMMM

*FX KCHAK



*FX SKEECH SKEECH SKEECH

*FX HYNNNNN



*FX VRRMMMMM

*FX FZZK ZZKK FZZK ZZKK

VRMMMM
WHA··?
I BETTER REPORT THIS TO NEMESIS.
ZEUS' PRIVATE TROOPS. eh... Hmmm.
FWEEET
PLEASE, SIR! DON'T··
WHY, hic! YOU SHUN UVVA BITCH!
FX WHOK
ばん!
FX GRAB
WHO TH'HELL hic! YOU, YA··
FX HIC HIC HIC
BOSS!
DADDY!
ばん ばん

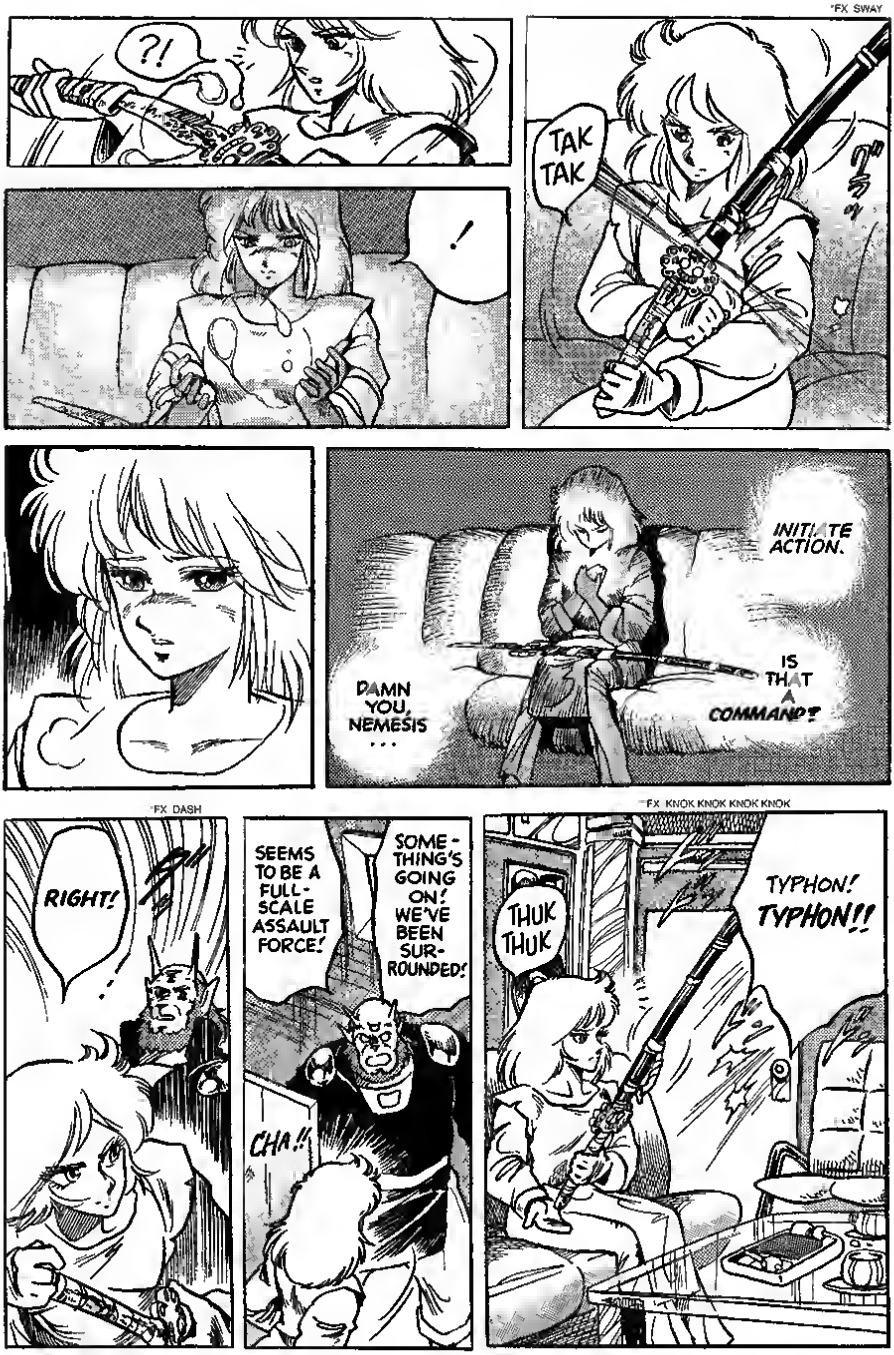
*FX FWDD
CUSTOMERS LIKE HIM, WE DON'T NEED. BESIDES, I'M CLOSING EARLY.
BUT DADDY! HE WAS A CUSTOMER!
GET EVERYONE TO MY PLACE AND WAIT FOR ME THERE.
I'VE GOT SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO DISCUSS.
BUT...BUT BOSS--IT'S ONLY SEVEN O'CLOCK!
IT'S IMPORTANT . . .
. . . SO DO IT AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE
ALL RIGHT, THEN.

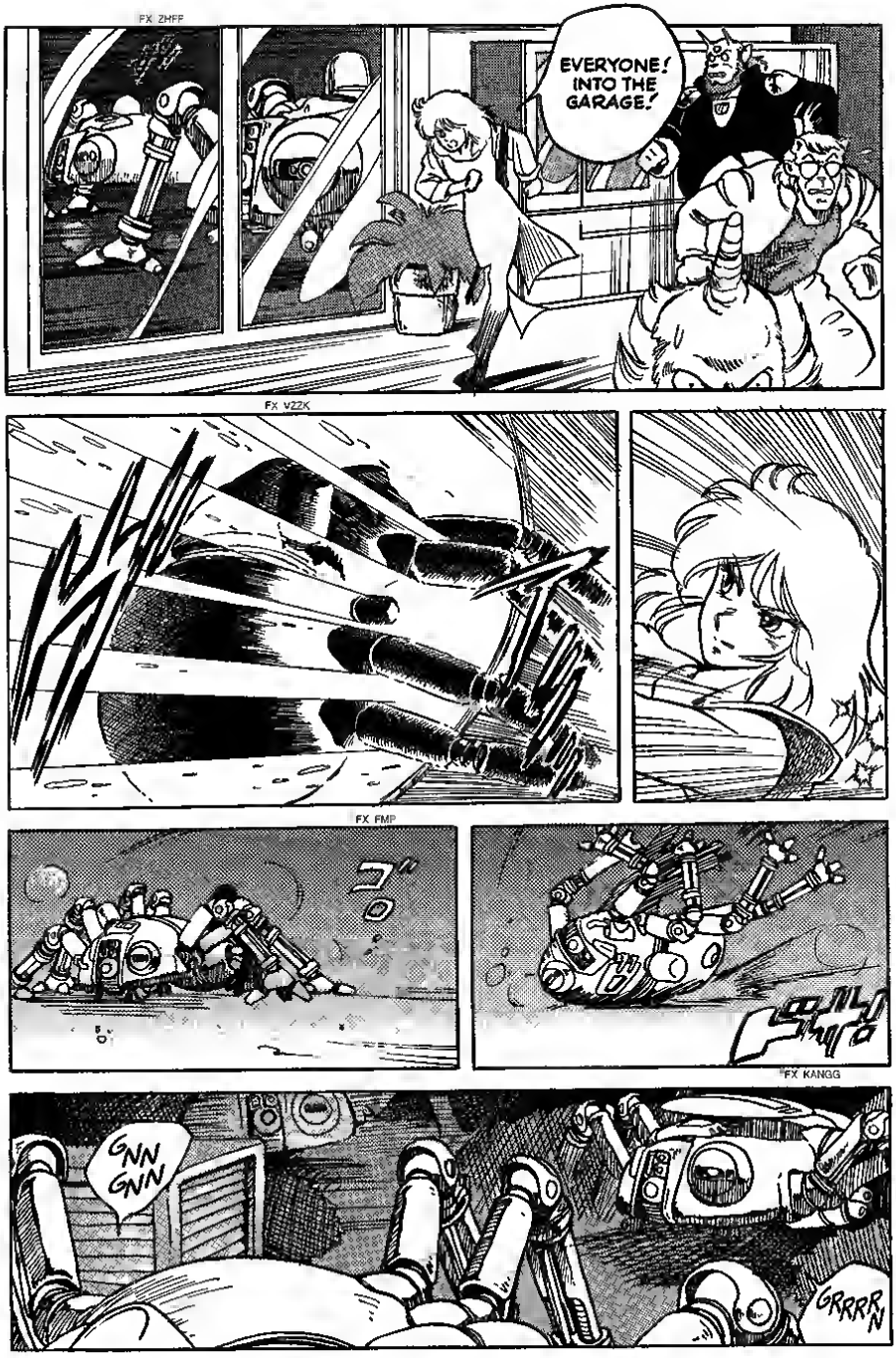
WHAAAAT?!
FORGET IT. THE RESTAURANT ONIMAL SUFFERS FROM A SERIOUS SLUMP IN BUSINESS. IT WILL GO BANKRUPT, AND ITS EMPLOYEES WILL SCATTER TO THE FOUR WINDS.
OUR SALES AND QUALITY HAVE BEEN IMPROVING STEADILY, SO WHA--
IT'S ABOUT THE SHOP.
WAAAHHHH!!
NOW WHAT DO I DO?
THIS IS JUST GREAT
LESSEE. MY SEVERANCE PAY SHOULD BE...
I DIDN'T HEAR THAT NOPE, NOT A THING.
OH, NO NONO NO!!
*FX BEEP BEEP BEEP
THE REAL REASON I'M DOING THIS IS BECAUSE OF THE DEMANDS OF MY MAIN LINE OF WORK ...AND THE WILL OF NEMESIS.
THIS IS JUST A FRONT. A PRETEXT.
SHUT UP AND LISTEN!!
*FX BAM
LET ME EXPLAIN!
BUT WHY?!
HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE MAGIC CARAVAN?
BUT... BUT WHAT ABOUT US?
YES. WE WILL ALL JOIN THEM-- SEPARATELY OF COURSE-- AND RUN A BRANCH STORE.
THAT GROUP OF NOMADS THAT PEDDLES STUFF THEY CLAIM IS AMBROSIA* AND NECTAR†?
*Food bestowing immortality • †Wine of the Gods.

THEY SAY SHE'S A SORCERESS WHOSE POWER MATCHES FIVE DIVISIONS OF THE INTERPLANETARY FORCES, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT...
Y-YES... SHE'S THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF NEMESIS.
?!
EVER HEAR OF DUNA TYPHON?
I WAS TOLD TO HAND THE SWORD OVER TO HER TODAY AND LEAVE TEOTI-HUACAN.
WHEN TYPHON WAS BORN, NEMESIS GAVE ME A SWORD FOR SAFEKEEPING.
YES.
DOES THIS INVOLVE HER?
IS YASHA HOME? CAN I COME IN?
!
HELLO? ANYONE HOME?

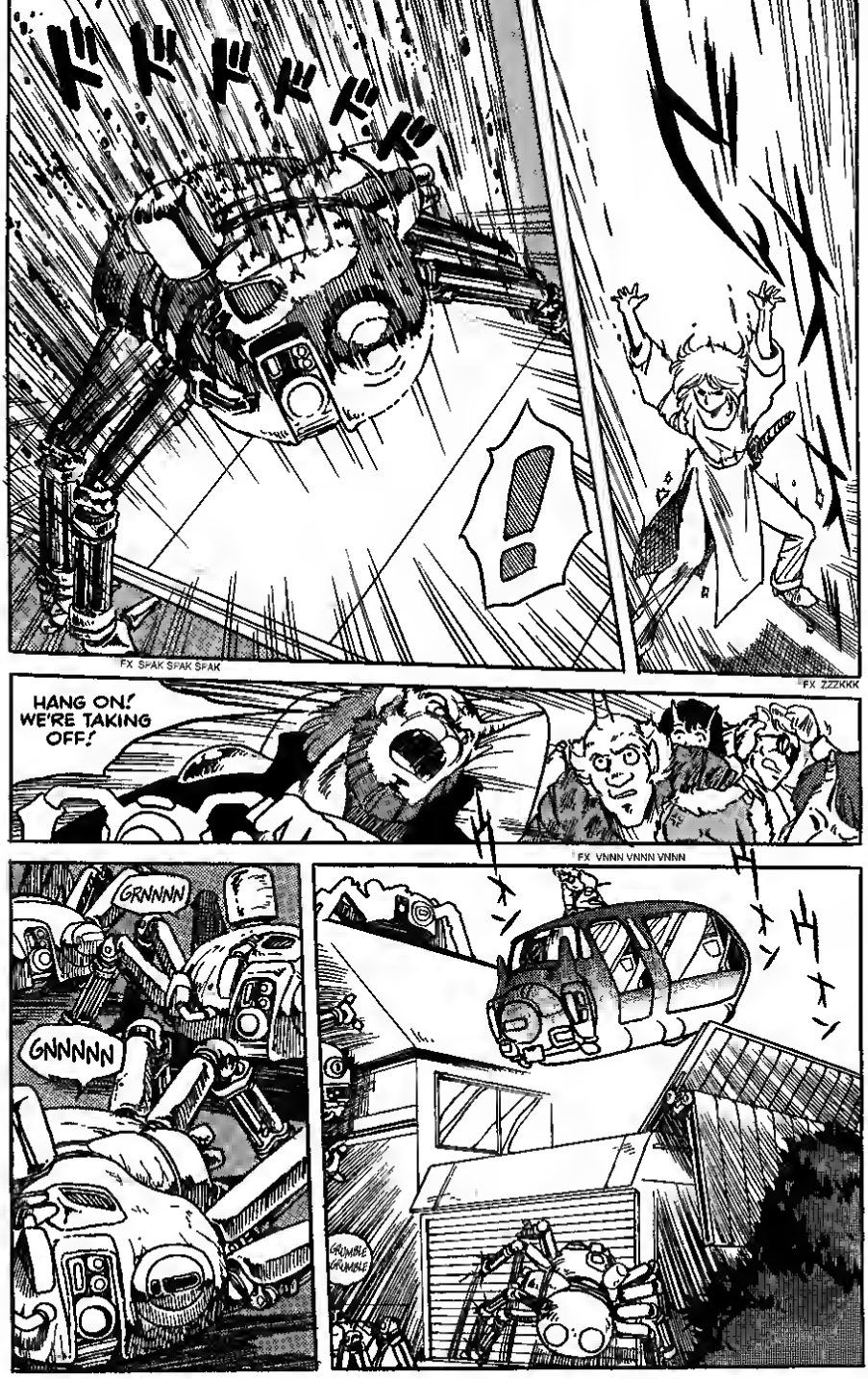
FX SHUMF
SORRY TO BOTHER YOU...
TYPHON!
CAN I STAY OVER TONIGHT? I--hmm?
...BUT MY HOUSE HAS JUST BEEN DESTROYED.
FX TRMP TRMP TRMP TRMP
HERE IT IS.
FX ZZKK SFZKK FZZK
Uh-huh.
I HAVEN'T TOUCHED IT...THE SEAL IS STILL UNBROKEN.
*FX GULP

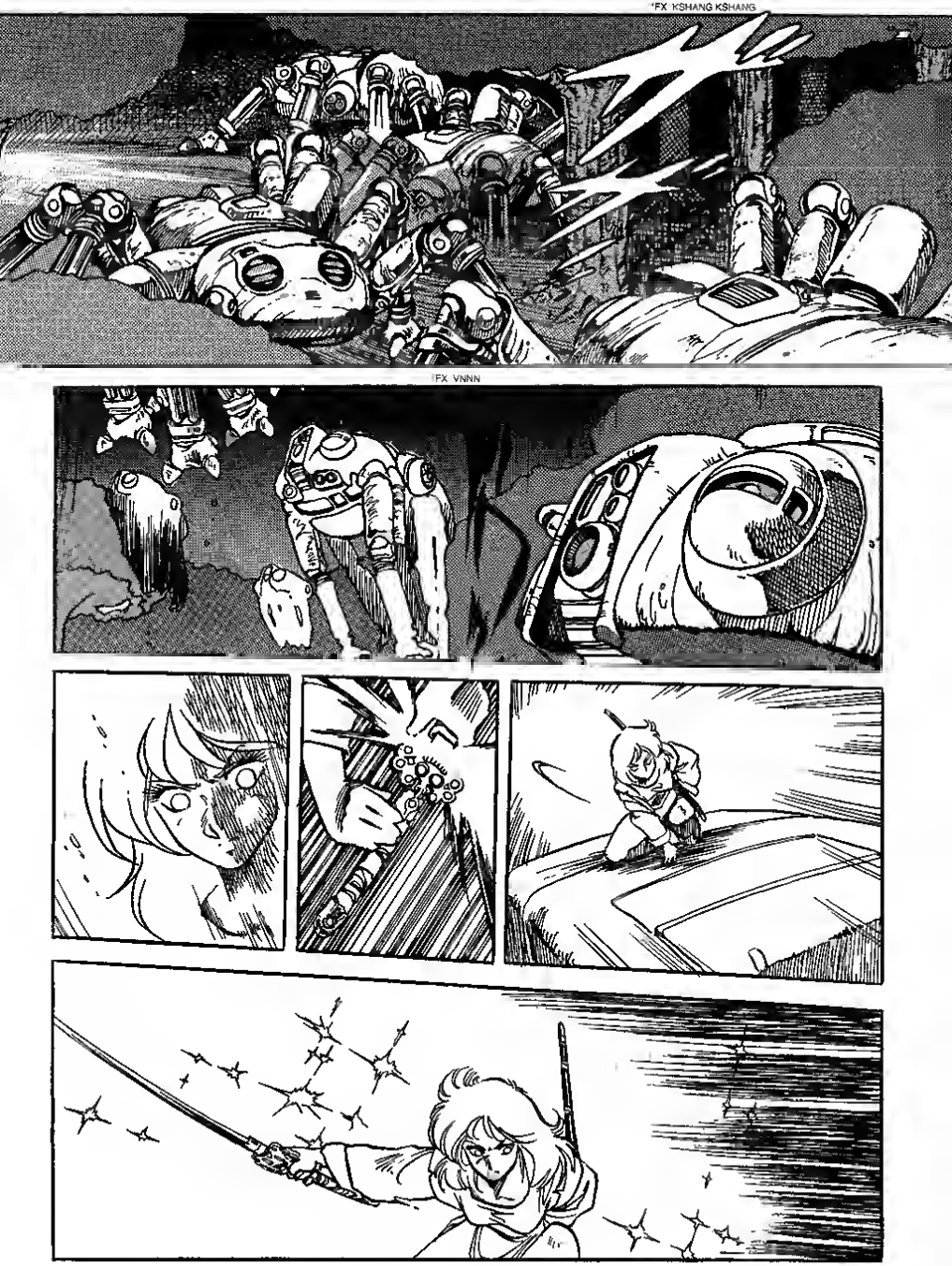
*FX HYNN
*FX GRIP
FX CHAK
ARE YOUR EYES ALL RIGHT?
WHAT TH-?!
THANKS.
MY APOLOGIES.
EXCUSE ME, BUT COULD EVERYONE LEAVE THE ROOM, PLEASE?
NO... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE THE HILT.
IS SOMETHING WRONG?


?!
!
*FX SWAY
TAK TAK
INITIATE ACTION.
IS THAT A COMMAND?
DAMN YOU, NEMESIS ...
*FX DASH
RIGHT!
SEEMS TO BE A FULL-SCALE ASSAULT FORCE!
SOMETHING'S GOING ON! WE'VE BEEN SURROUNDED!
CHA!!
**FX KNOK KNOK KNOK KNOK
THUK THUK
TYPHON! TYPHON!!

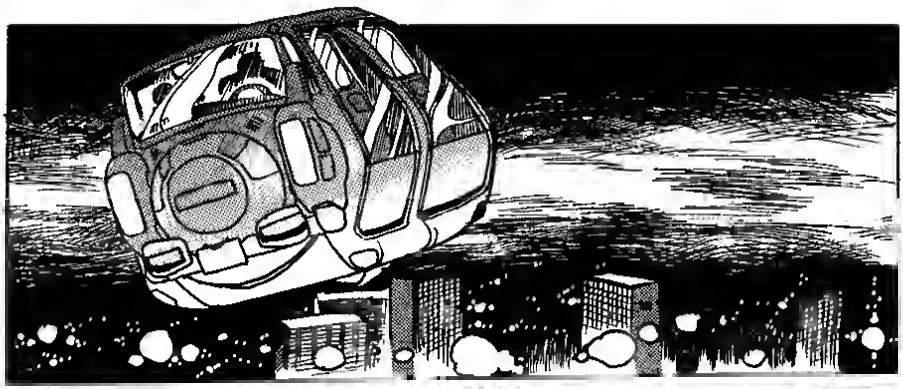

FX ZHFF
EVERYONE! INTO THE GARAGE!
FX VZZK
FX FMP
FX KANGG
GNN GNN
GRRRR

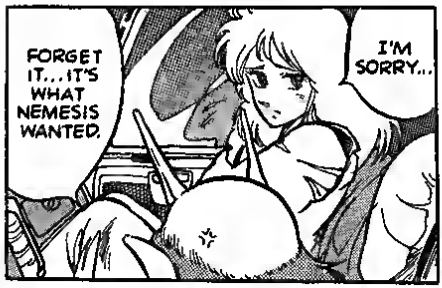
KONGOKI!
HURRY!! INTO THE VAN!
FLAM
FRSSHH
KSSH
AAA!
FX SKZZK
FX SKRAKK
TYPHON! THERE'S ONE ON THE SKYLIGHT!
EEK! W..TCH THOSE HANDS, PAL!
HEY, YOU!
DON'T PUSH, YOU IDIOT!
THIS IS NO TIME FOR FIGHTING, YOU TWO!
DON'T GIVE ME ANY CRAP!

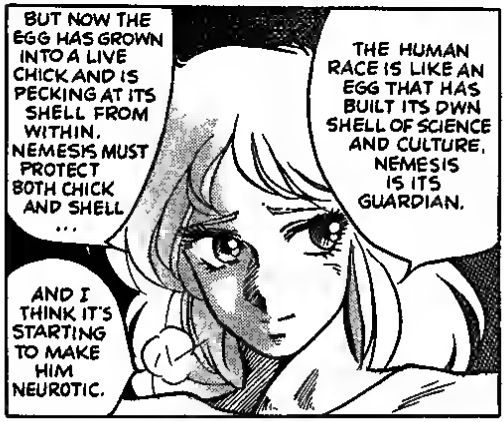

ドドドドドド
!
FX SPAK SPAK SPAK
FX ZZZKKK
HANG ON! WE'RE TAKING OFF!
FX VNNN VNNN VNNN
GRNNNN
GNNNNN
GRUMBLE GRUMBLE

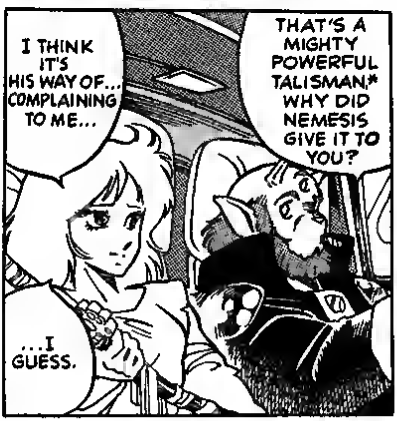

*FX KSHANG KSHANG
!FX VNNN

FX WHOOM
SHOW ME, NEMESIS!!
JUST HOW POWERFUL IS YOUR WILL?!
WITH JUST ONE BLAST...!
VAPORIZED...! ALL OF THEM!






BUT NOW THE EGG HAS GROWN INTO A LIVE CHICK AND IS PECKING AT ITS SHELL FROM WITHIN. NEMESIS MUST PROTECT BOTH CHICK AND SHELL ...
AND I THINK IT'S STARTING TO MAKE HIM NEUROTIC.
THE HUMAN RACE IS LIKE AN EGG THAT HAS BUILT ITS OWN SHELL OF SCIENCE AND CULTURE. NEMESIS IS ITS GUARDIAN.

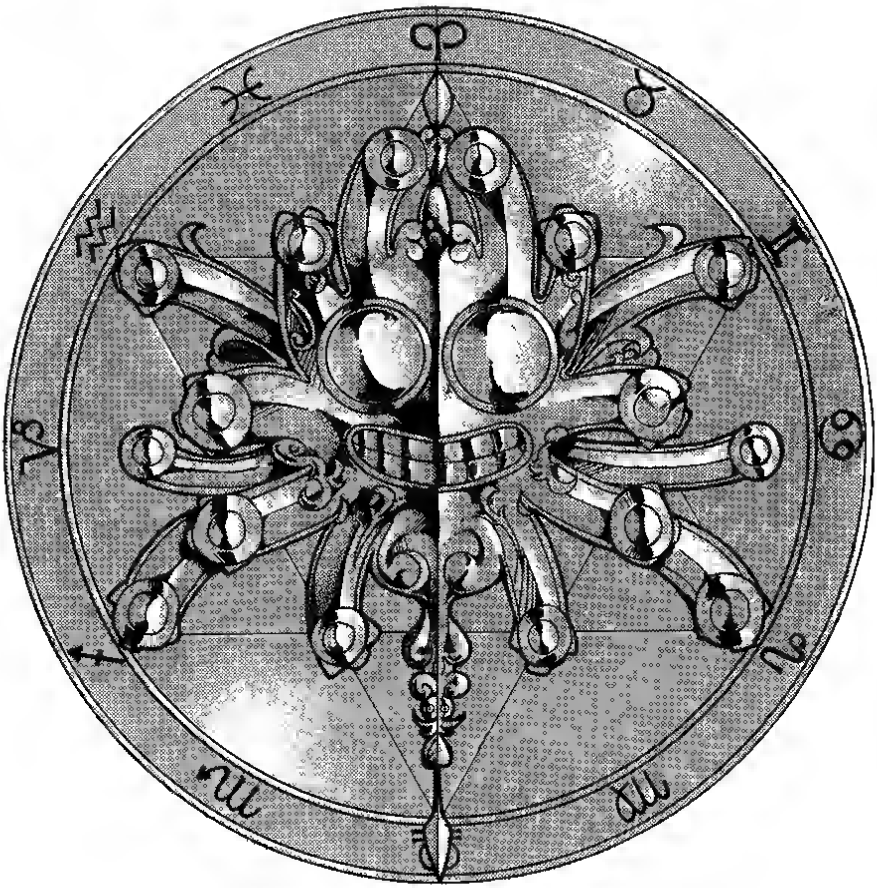


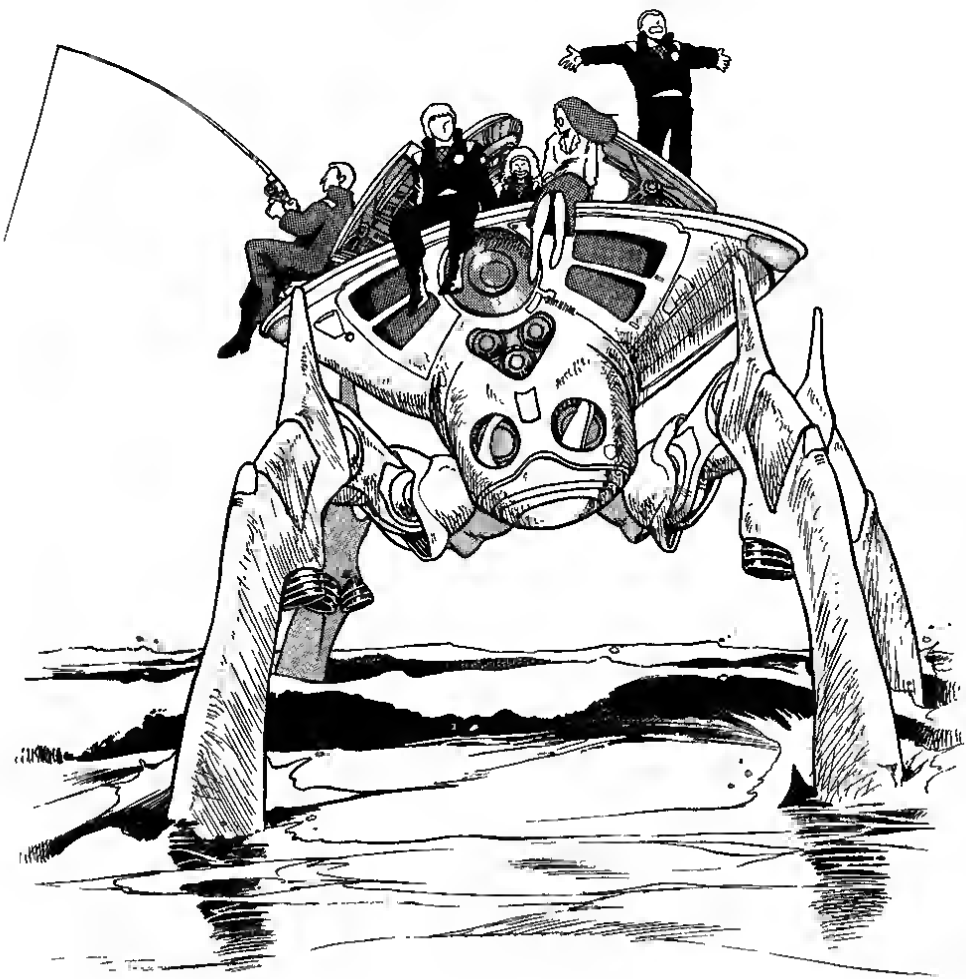
*An object invested with great power which it will vent only for a specific purpose. Without a talisman a sorcerer can draw only upon his personal power.

HE CANNOT TRANSCEND HIS ROLE AS NOTHING MORE THAN A TOOL.
NEMESIS POSSESSES THE SUM TOTAL OF ALL HUMAN WISDOM, YET ULTIMATELY HE IS JUST A MACHINE.
THE RULERS AND THE RULED SUFFER FROM THE GAP BETWEEN IDEALS AND REALITY.
HE HAS BECOME DANGEROUS...
AND RECENTLY HE SEEMS TO HAVE DEVELOPED A DISTASTE FOR HUMAN EXISTENCE.
THE SAME GOES FOR ZEUS, THE PRESENT CHIEF EXECUTOR. BUT ZEUS HAS EMOTIONS.
WELL, I DIDN'T REALLY EXPECT MY LIFE TO STAY PEACEFUL FOREVER...
A TALISMAN THAT MANIFESTS THE GREATEST POWER IN THE WORLD, eh... SO THAT'S WHY ZEUS PANICKED AND LAUNCHED AN ATTACK.
THIS SWORD IS IN PERFECT PHASE WITH MY OWN POWER.
AND IT SEEMS THE TIME HAS COME WHEN MY POWER WILL BE NEEDED...
"FX: FWMP"
EEK! DON'T SNEAK UP ON ME LIKE THAT!
HEY, TYPHON... WHAT WERE THOSE SPIDER-THINGS BACK THERE?
THOSE WERE SERVOBOTS, REMOTE-CONTROLLED MACHINES. THE LATEST THING OUT OF THE CYBERNETICS LABS.
I THINK YOU'LL BE SEEING A LOT MORE OF THEM.

THAT'S A GOOD ATTITUDE FOR HIM TO HAVE. HE SHOULD BE EVEN MORE SCARED THAN HE IS!
??
SHOWS HOW SCARED OF YOU ZEUS IS...
YOU MEAN THEY HAVE DIFFERENT MODELS?
Huh?
WHAT IF YOU HAD ONE SHAPED LIKE A HUMAN ...?
YUCK! FORGET IT! THEY LOOK TOO MUCH LIKE SPIDERS!
A SERVO-BOT, I MEAN.
ACTUALLY, YASHA... I BET YOU COULD USE ONE.
YEAH... BE NICE TO HAVE A TASTY-LOOKING SERVOBOT! IF YOU GET MY MEANING...
THAT REMINDS ME... I'M HUNGRY, DADDY!
SOUNDS DELI-CIOUS!
HOTDOG MODEL..?
OCTOPUS MODEL... CAT MODEL...
!
OH YEAH! GIMME A SWEET YOUNG THING MODEL
A PERFECT HOUSEWIFE MODEL!
A PLAY-MATE MODEL!
LINGERIE AND FISHNET STOCKINGS MODEL!
.....
.....

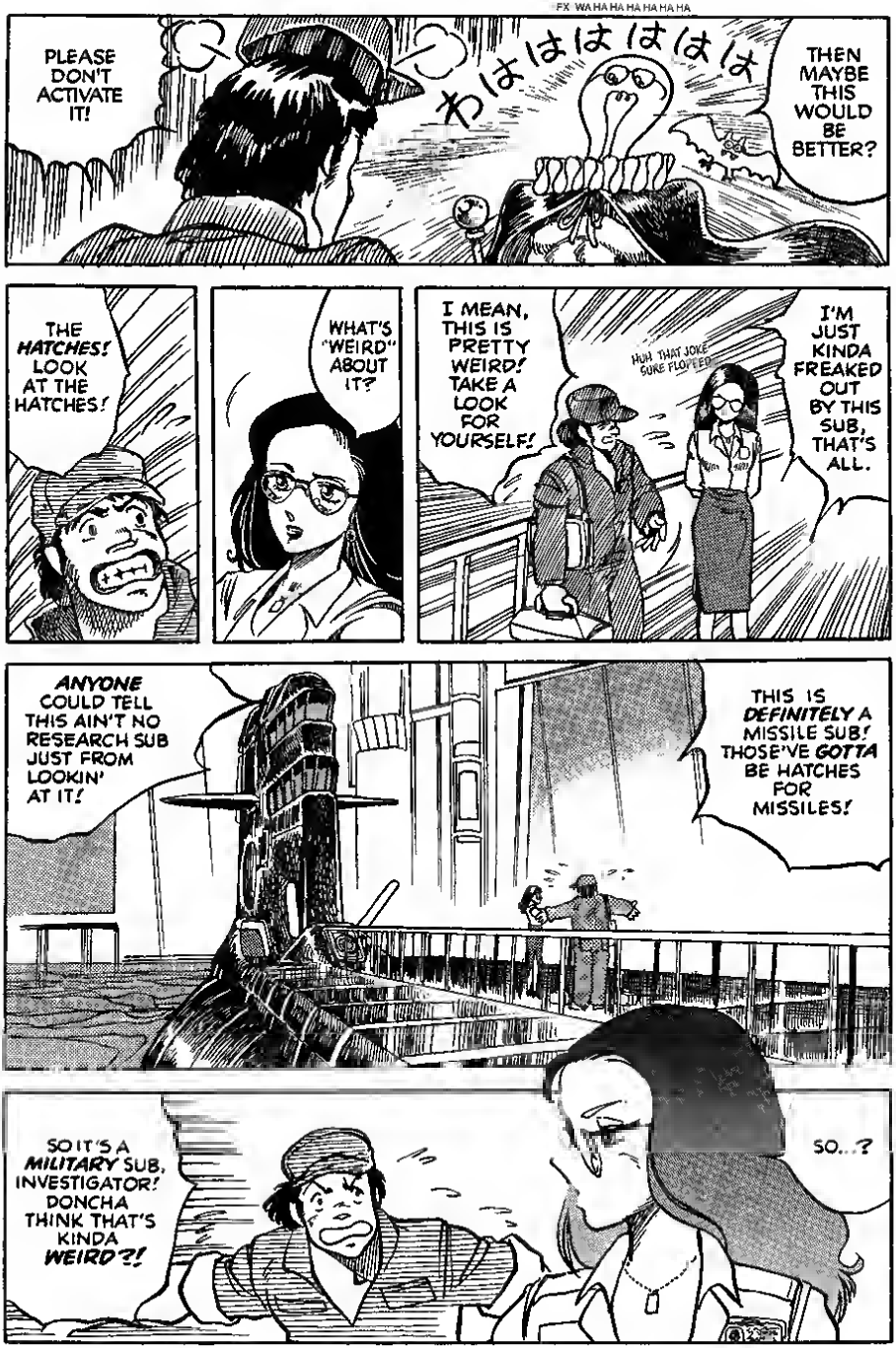
PROLOGUE





CENTRAL CAMP: VENUSIAN PROJECT FOR TERRAFORMING THE THIRD PLANET
I'M SUPPOSTA MAINTAIN THIS ALL BY MYSELF?!
JEEZ, IT'S HUGE!
HOW TH'HELL SHOULD I KNOW?
WONDER WHY THEY DIDN'T JUST BUILD IT HERE?
YEAH, IT'S BIG, ALL RIGHT. THEY MUST'VE ASSEMBLED IT AT A SPACE STATION AND BROUGHT IT DOWN BY SHUTTLE.
WH- WHOA! NO WAY!
HEY, YOU WANT ME TO TELL THE TOP BRASS HOW MUCH YOU'RE COMPLAINING ...?
NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT, ANYWAY.
I HEARD THEY'RE GONNA USE THIS AS AN OCEAN FLOOR SURVEY SHIP. SO WHY'D THEY NEED SOMETHIN' THE SIZE OF A GODDAMN NAVY BATTLESUB, huh?!
THEY THINK WE'RE DUMB OR SOMETHIN'?!
WELL, THERE MUST BE SOME REASON. ANYWAY, SEE THAT YOU DO A GOOD JOB ON IT.

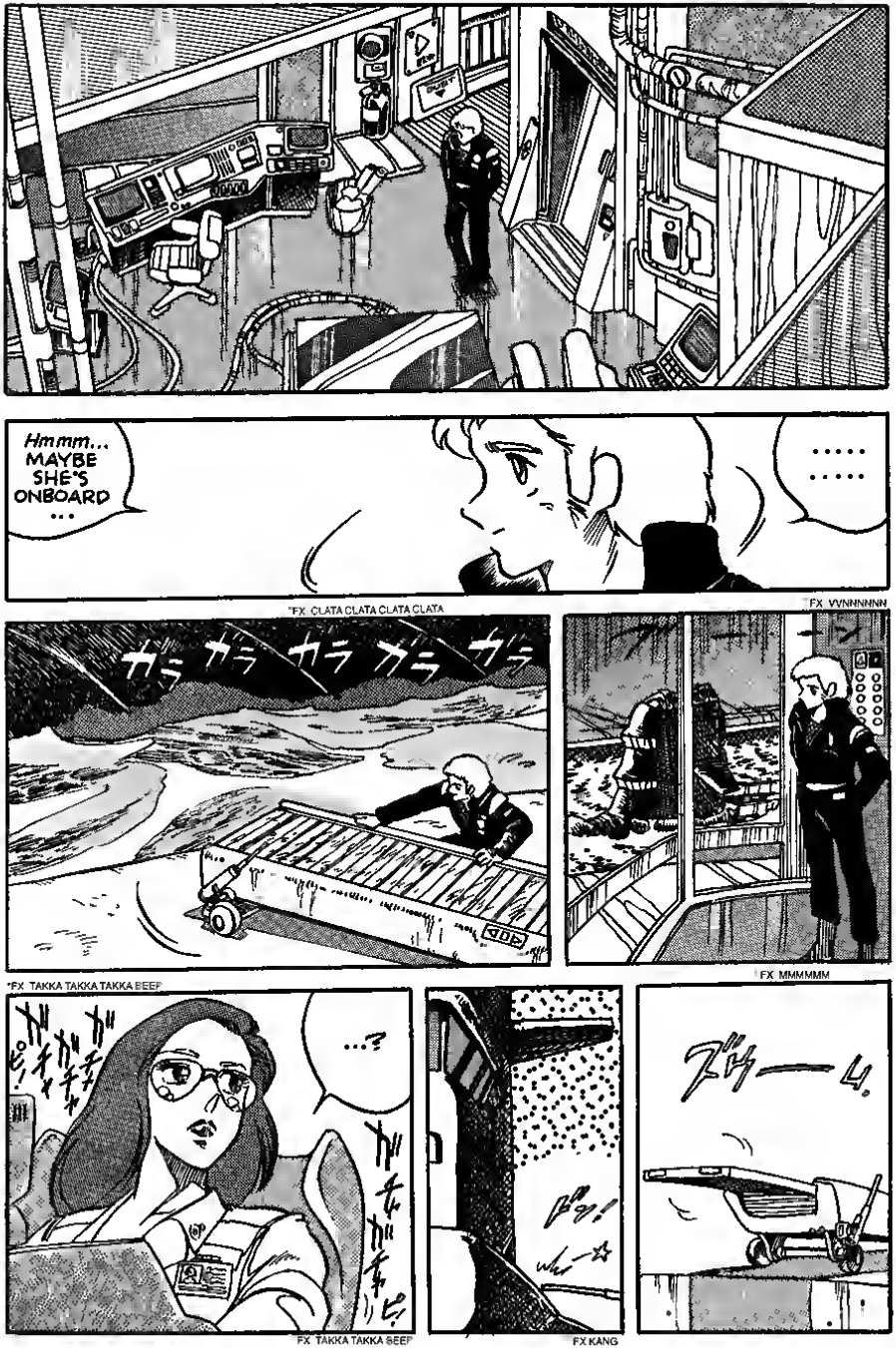
Huh?!
JERK...
I DUNNO ABOUT THAT SLIMY BASTARD ...
MAN, THAT'S NOT EVEN FUNNY.
HE MUSTA SMELLED WORK OR SOMETHIN' ...
GONE ALREADY... SHIT!
HEY! WAIT!
*WHOA!
IS ANYTHING WRONG...?
J-JEEZ! CHIEF INVESTIGATOR PANDORA! DON'T SCARE ME LIKE THAT!
YOU'RE AWFULLY DARK LATELY...
HEY..

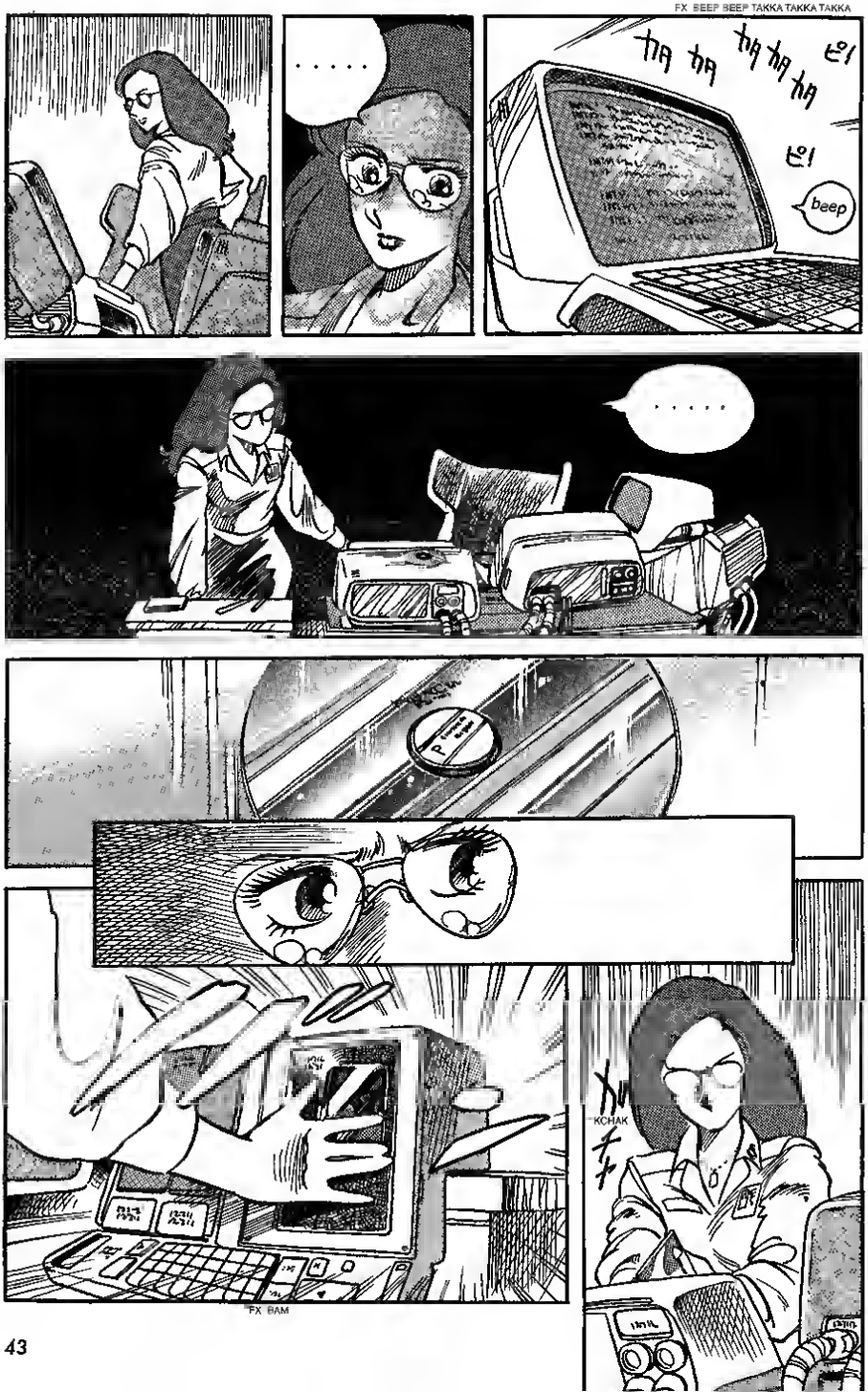

FX WAHAHAHAHAHAHA
わはははははは
PLEASE DON'T ACTIVATE IT!
THEN MAYBE THIS WOULD BE BETTER?
THE HATCHES! LOOK AT THE HATCHES!
WHAT'S "WEIRD" ABOUT IT?
I MEAN, THIS IS PRETTY WEIRD! TAKE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF!
HUH THAT JOKE SURE FLOPPED
I'M JUST KINDA FREAKED OUT BY THIS SUB, THAT'S ALL.
ANYONE COULD TELL THIS AIN'T NO RESEARCH SUB JUST FROM LOOKIN' AT IT!
THIS IS DEFINITELY A MISSILE SUB! THOSE'VE GOTTA BE HATCHES FOR MISSILES!
SO IT'S A MILITARY SUB, INVESTIGATOR! DONCHA THINK THAT'S KINDA WEIRD?!
SO...?

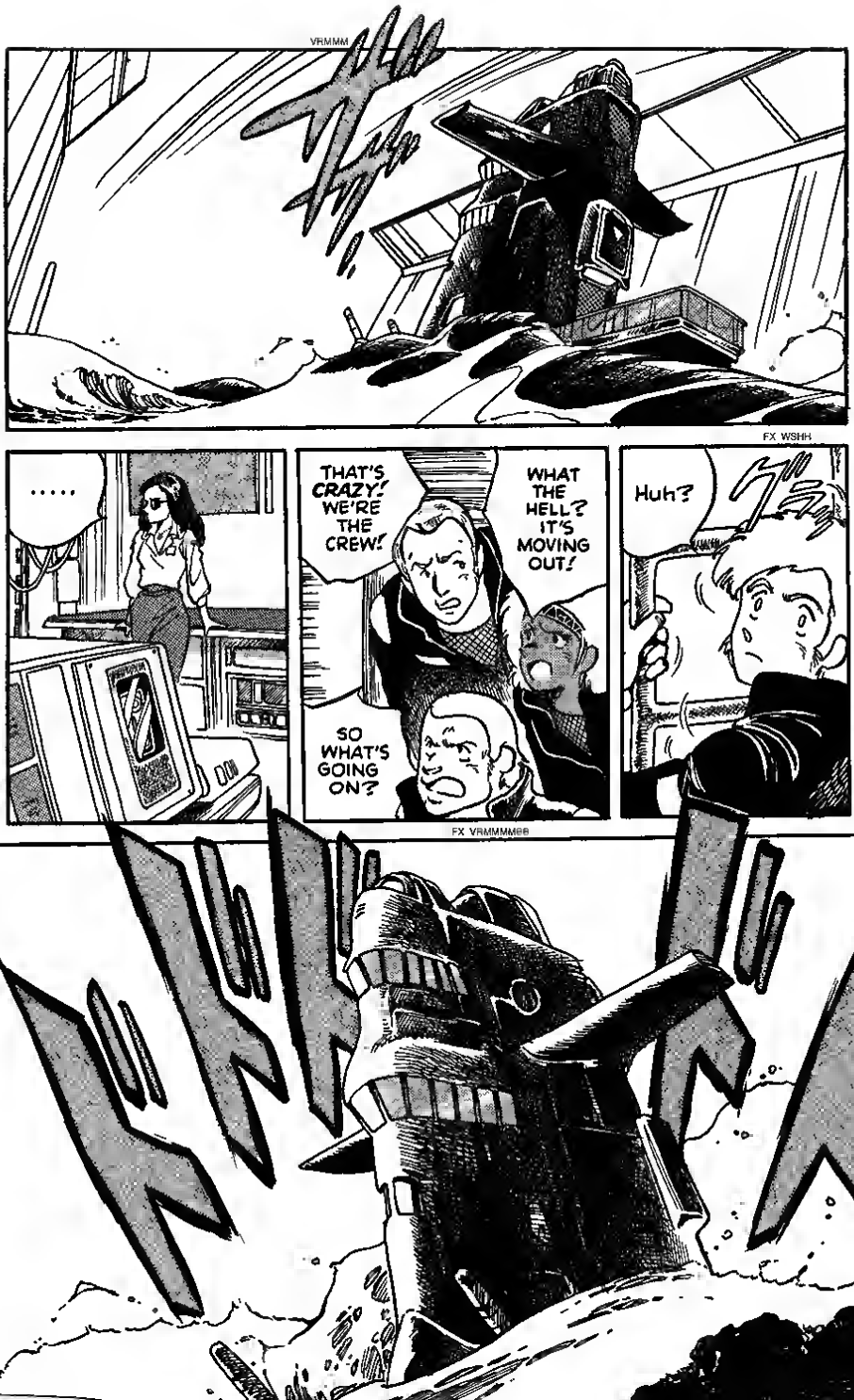
EXACTLY. SORRY ABOUT THAT.
FX KCHAK
WAIT A SEC! THIS...
Huh?! I...
THIS AIN'T NO SURPRISE FOR YOU!
WELL, IT'S A SHAME, AT ANY RATE.
THEY'LL CATCH YOU! THEY'LL DO ONE'A THOSE BRAINBURNS ON YA!
N-NO! WAIT!! YOU CAN'T JUST KILL ME!
NO NO NO!
NOOOO!!
FX AAAAAAA
FX GLAM
SUCH A TIDY FELLOW!
MY! HOW ACCOMMODATING OF HIM!
FX KBLOOSH
THAT IS A SHAME.
I GUESS YOU REALLY CAN TELL AT A GLANCE ...
MUMBLE...
FX TOK TOK
HRNG!!

AT LAST, MY FRIENDS!
CENTRAL CAMP: ASSEMBLY HALL.
ZZZ
ZZZ
...BE INHABITABLE BY HUMAN BEINGS!
THIS PLANET WILL SOON...
ZZZ
FX PFFF
...IS ABOUT TO COME TRUE!
AT LONG LAST, WE ARE READY TO PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THE PROMETHEUS PROJECT THAT BEGAN, YEARS AGO, WITH THE ARTIFICIAL SUN! THE LONG-HELD DREAM OF THE VENUSIAN PEOPLE...
Ipelium AUTHORITY
AS EACH TEAM COMPLETES ITS WORK, IT WILL RETURN TO THE SPACE STATION AND AWAIT A FLIGHT OUT.
WHEN WE--THE INITIAL TERRAFORMING GROUP--PULL OUT, THE FIRST-PHASE CONSTRUCTION GROUP WILL ARRIVE!
LET US NOW RECOUNT THE EARLY DAYS. .
FX SHUFFLE SHUFFLE
TO BE BLUNT, THIS LENGTHY PROJECT IS FINALLY ON THE VERGE OF COMPLETION! NO LONGER MUST WE DEVASTATE OUR MOTHER PLANET VENUS FOR THE SAKE OF THE COLONIES!
FX ZZZ ZZZ GNXX ZZZZ GZNX
...WE WILL NOT BE SHORT OF LAND OR RESOURCES FOR SOME TIME TO COME!
AS A RESULT...
KOFF

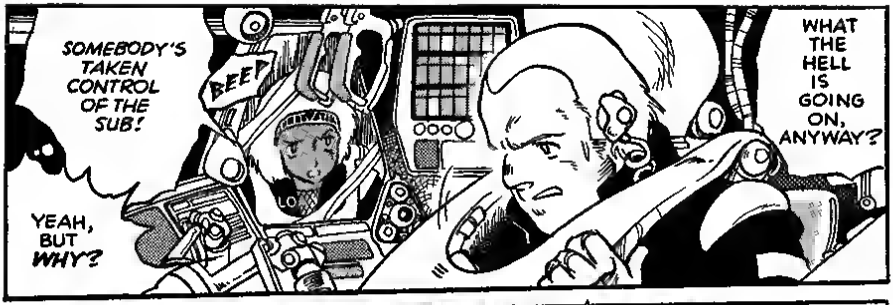
YEAH, NOT BAD. SO HOW COME WE INVESTIGATORS HAVE TO LISTEN TO THESE SPEECHES?
HAW HAW! PRETTY GOOD!
HARRUMPH! THIS LENGTHY SPEECH IS FINALLY ON THE VERGE OF blah blah blah...!"
MY SHOULDERS ARE STIFF...
AAAHH... WHAT A RELIEF! MY BRAINS WERE GOING NUMB.
ACTUALLY I FIGURED I'D HEAD OVER TO VISIT PANDORA... SORRY!
Er... WELL...
HEY, EREBUS! YOU WANNA HEAD OVER TO THE BAR?
BEEP BEEP
GOTCHA! THANKS!
I THINK SHE'S DOWN AT THE DOCK WHERE THAT SUB ARRIVED TODAY!
MY, MY! AREN'T WE DEVOTED! GOOD LUCK!
OF COURSE!
.....
WANNA GO TAKE A LOOK?
"FX PSSHT

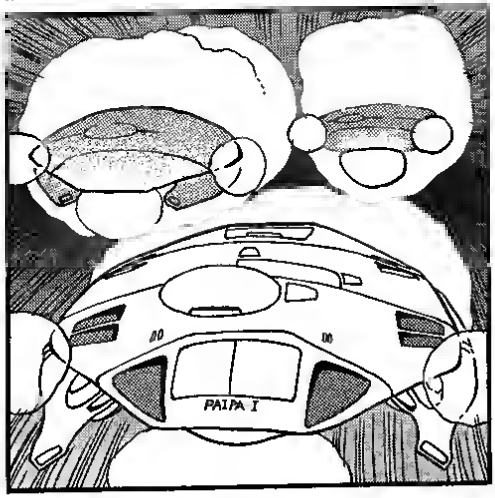

Hmmm... MAYBE SHE'S ONBOARD ...
.....
.....
*FX: CLATA CLATA CLATA CLATA
*FX: VVNNNNNN
ガラ ガラ ガラ ガラ ガラ
*FX: TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA BEEP
*FX: MMMMMM
...?
ガチャガチャ ピピ
*FX: TAKKA TAKKA BEEP
ピピ!
*FX: KANG
ズゥーム。


FX BEEP BEEP TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA
. . . . .
beep
. . . . .
FX BAM
KCHAK


VRMMM
FX WSHH
.....
THAT'S CRAZY! WE'RE THE CREW!
WHAT THE HELL? IT'S MOVING OUT!
SO WHAT'S GOING ON?
Huh?
FX VRMMMMBB

VRMMMBB
FX SLIP
FX KCHAK
VRMMMBB
FX SHHP
VRMMMBB
FX FWOOOSH
FX RUN
I MEAN, IT'S OUR SHIP!
IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE FOR THE EPIMETHEUS TO LEAVE WITHOUT US!
WHAT DO YOU THINK?! I'M GOING AFTER IT!!
COME ON!!
Huh? WHERE?!


SOMEBODY'S TAKEN CONTROL OF THE SUB!
BEEP
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON, ANYWAY?
YEAH, BUT WHY?

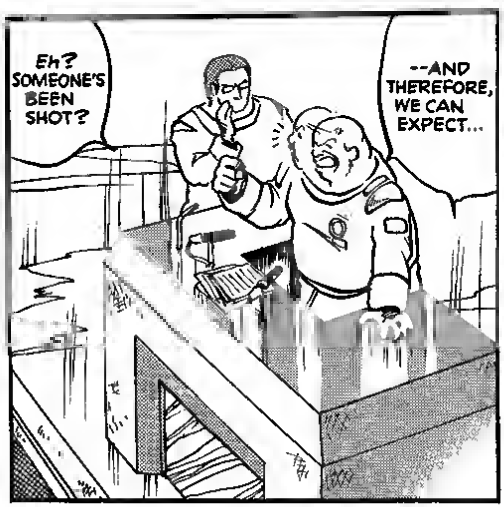

PAIPA I

LET'S GO!
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT!

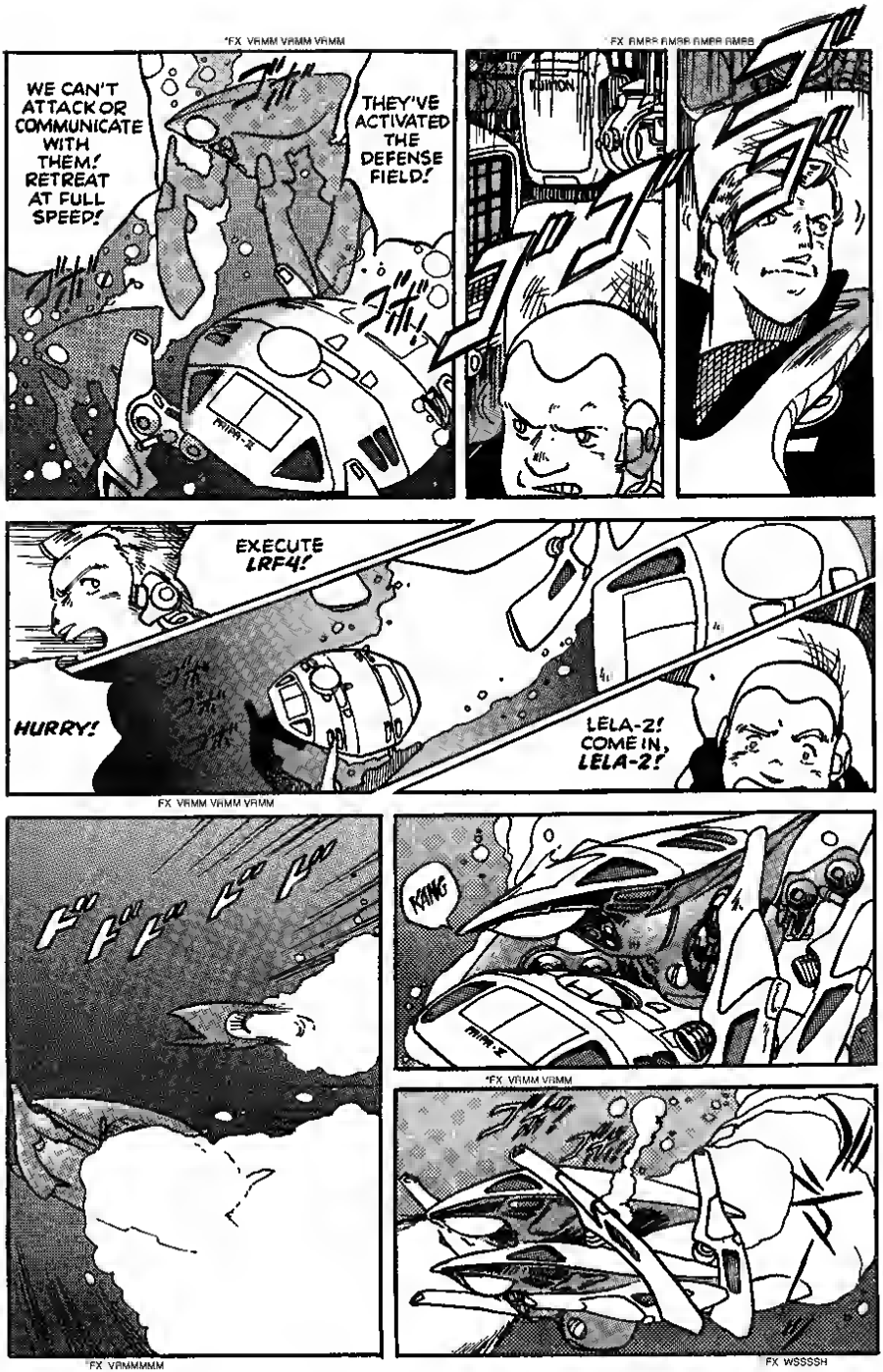
FX VMMMM

CALL THE GENERAL DIRECTOR!
EREBUS IS INSIDE...IF WE CAN REACH HIM, WE'LL BE ABLE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S UP.

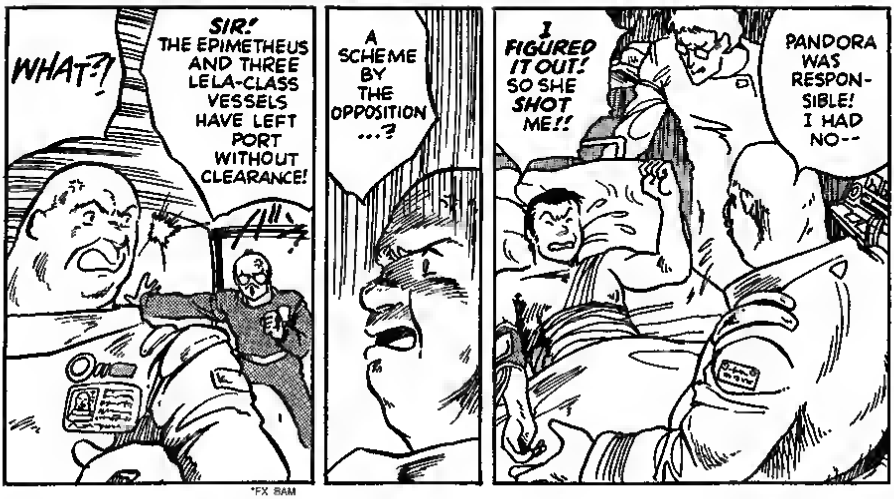
WHA-- WHAT DID YOU SAY?!


Eh? SOMEONE'S BEEN SHOT?
--AND THEREFORE, WE CAN EXPECT...

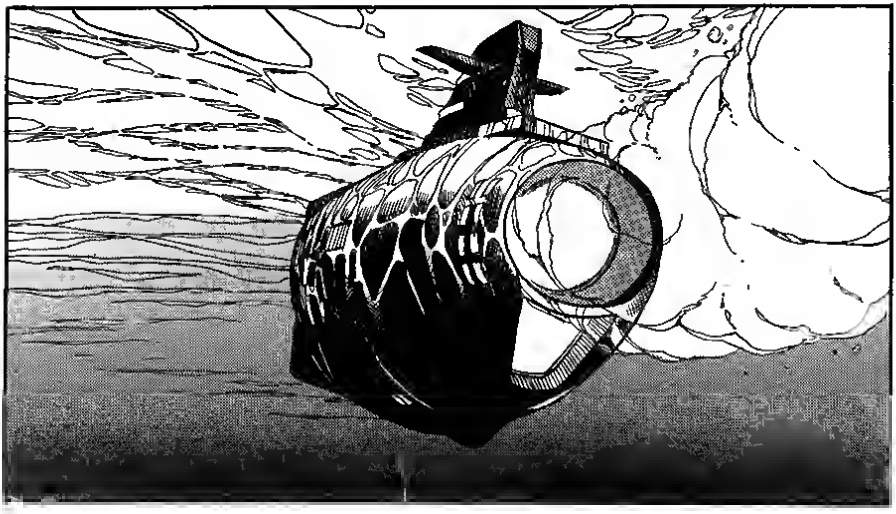
FX: TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA
?
BOOO BOOBOO BOO
KSHOOM
*FX: FWOOSH
WAIT!
I'LL INTER-CEPT THEM!
THEY'VE LAUNCHED A MISSILE!
GENERAL COMMAND! THIS IS THE LELA-1! DO YOU READ ME?
*FLASH

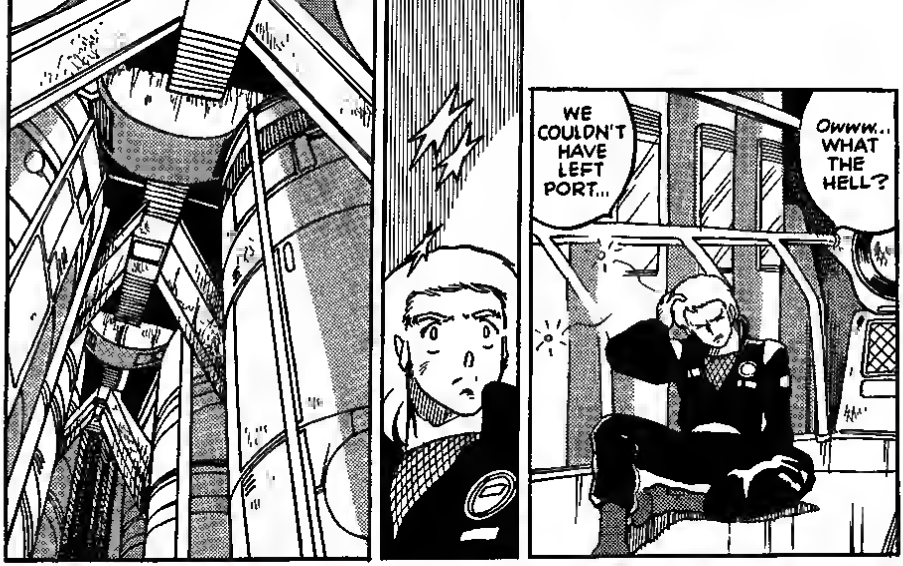

*FX VRMM VRMM VRMM
WE CAN'T ATTACK OR COMMUNICATE WITH THEM! RETREAT AT FULL SPEED!
THEY'VE ACTIVATED THE DEFENSE FIELD!
*FX RMRR RMRR RMRR RMRR
EXECUTE LRF4!
HURRY!
LELA-2! COME IN, LELA-2!
FX VRMM VRMM VRMM
KRANG
*FX VRMM VRMM
*FX VRMMMMM
FX WSSSSH

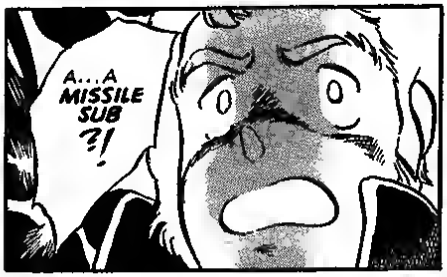
THE EPIMETHEUS IS A MISSILE SUBMARINE ?!

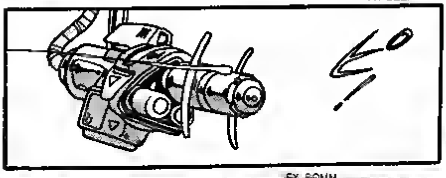

WHAT?!
SIR! THE EPIMETHEUS AND THREE LELA-CLASS VESSELS HAVE LEFT PORT WITHOUT CLEARANCE!
A SCHEME BY THE OPPOSITION ...?
I FIGURED IT OUT! SO SHE SHOT ME!!
PANDORA WAS RESPONSIBLE! I HAD NO--

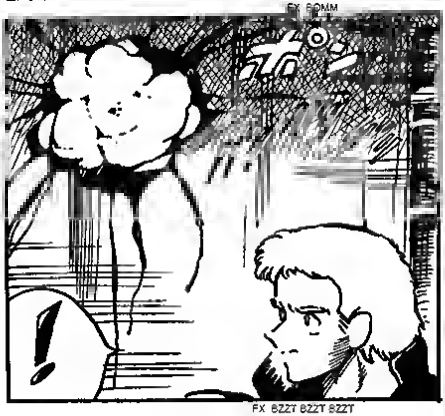
*FX: BAM

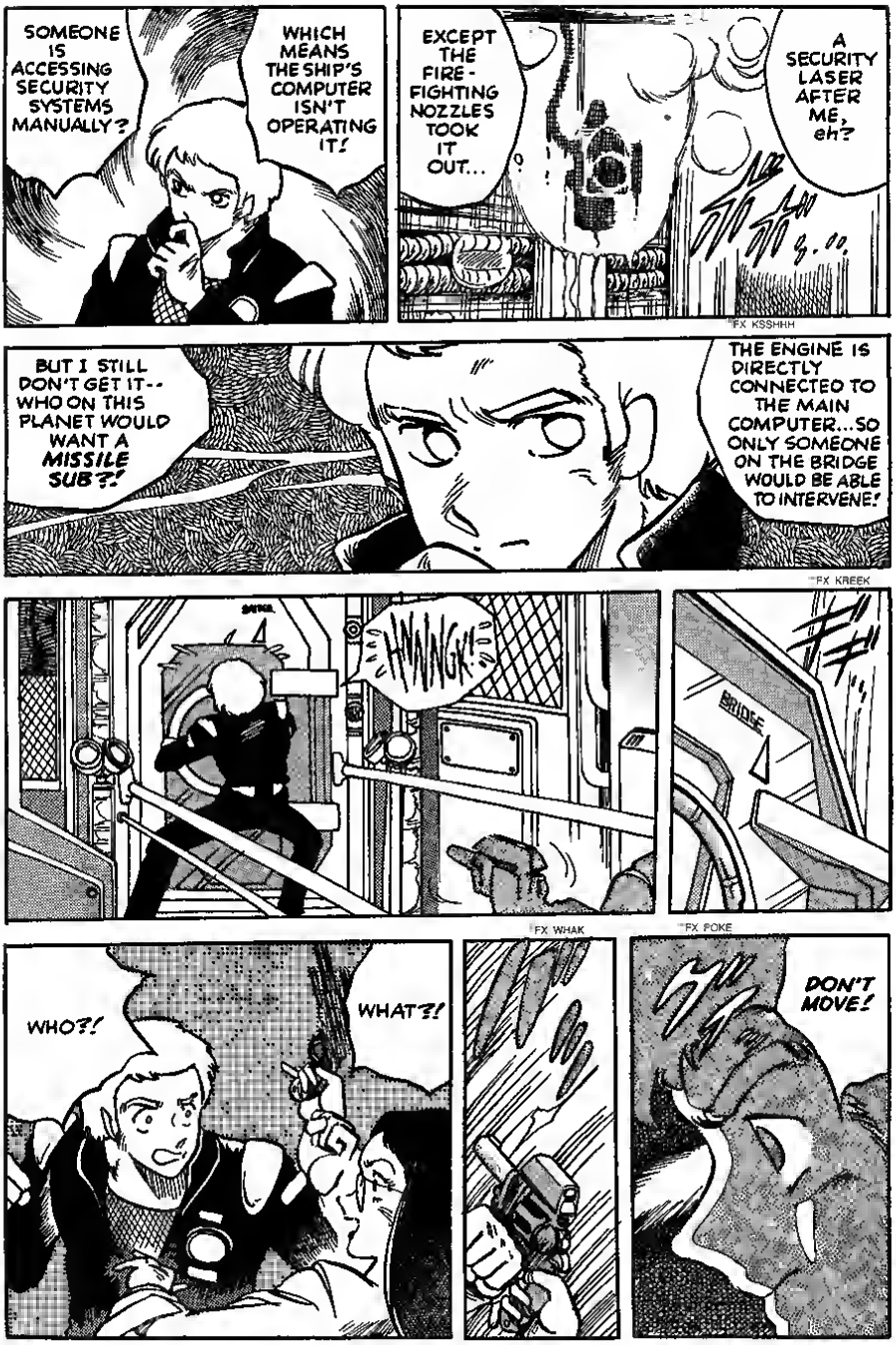



WE COULDN'T HAVE LEFT PORT...
Owww.. WHAT THE HELL?


A...A MISSILE SUB ?!

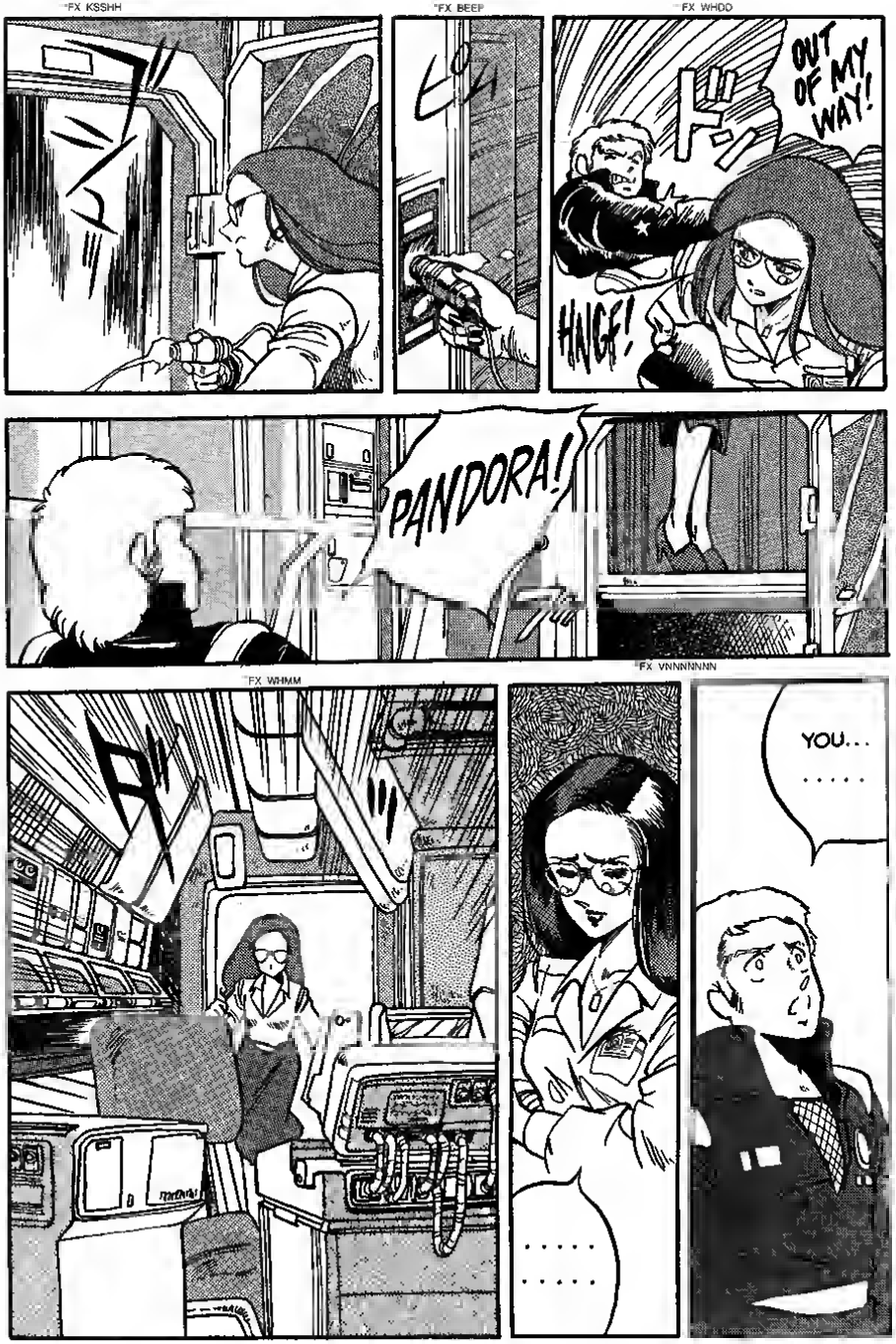

FX BEEP

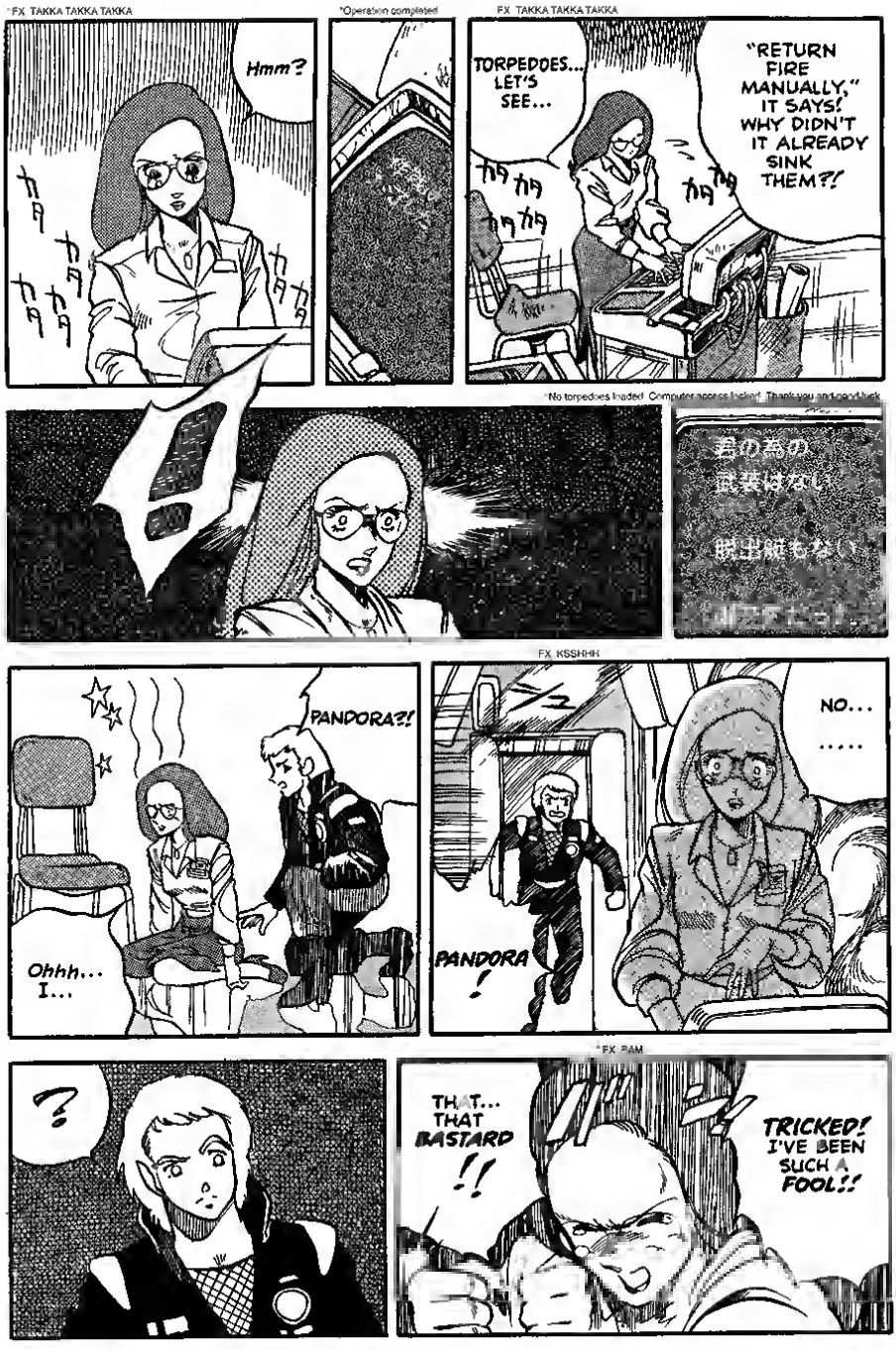

FX BZZT BZZT BZZT


SOMEONE IS ACCESSING SECURITY SYSTEMS MANUALLY?
WHICH MEANS THE SHIP'S COMPUTER ISN'T OPERATING IT!
EXCEPT THE FIRE-FIGHTING NOZZLES TOOK IT OUT...
A SECURITY LASER AFTER ME, eh?
FX KSSHHH
BUT I STILL DON'T GET IT-- WHO ON THIS PLANET WOULD WANT A MISSILE SUB?!
THE ENGINE IS DIRECTLY CONNECTED TO THE MAIN COMPUTER...SO ONLY SOMEONE ON THE BRIDGE WOULD BE ABLE TO INTERVENE!
FX KREEK
HWANG!
BRIDGE
FX WHAK
FX POKE
WHO?!
WHAT?!
DON'T MOVE!

...?!
EREBUS ?!
PANDORA ?!
GUESS WE BOTH LUCKED OUT, huh? HAH HA...
DON'T TELL ME YOU GOT CAUGHT UP IN THIS, TOO?!
I... er...
WELL, N-NO...
FX: KCHNK
MAYBE THEY WANT TO SURRENDER.
THE SUB IS SLOWING DOWN!
BELOW COMBAT SPEED?! YOU THINK THEY'LL STOP?

AM I RIGHT?
IN THAT CASE, THE SOONER WE ATTACK, THE BETTER--RIGHT?! WHATEVER THEY'RE UP TO, IT'S NOT GOOD!
WHOEVER IT IS SEEMS TO HAVE A SCHEDULE THEY'RE TRYING TO KEEP.
I THINK THAT ATTACK WAS JUST MEANT TO SLOW US DOWN-- A FEINT.
FX VRMM VRMM
WE'LL ATTACK FROM BELOW!
LET'S GIVE THAT TRUCK DRIVER SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT--
PROBABLY. ANYWAY, THESE LELA-CLASS SUBMERSIBLES CAN OUTDIVE ANY MISSILE SUB.
FX GOGOGOGOGOGO
FX BEEE BEEE
FX BEEE BEEE
?!
FX GOGOGOGOGOGOGOGOGO

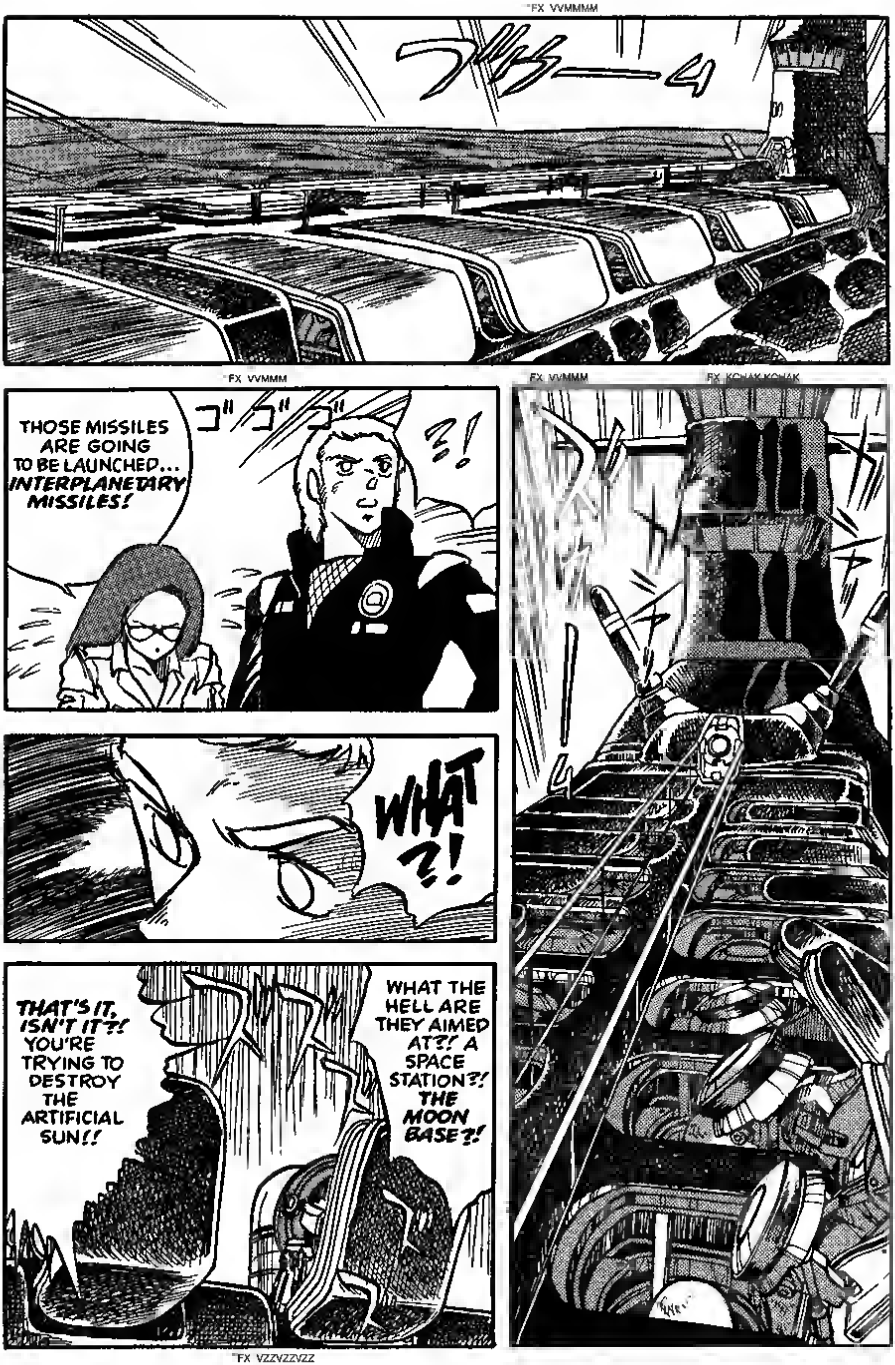

FX KSSHH
FX BEEP
FX WHOO
ドーン
OUT OF MY WAY!
HAGE!
PANDORA!
FX WHMM
FX VNNNNNNN
YOU...
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .


FX TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA
Hmm?
*Operation completed
FX TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA
TORPEDOES... LET'S SEE...
"RETURN FIRE MANUALLY," IT SAYS! WHY DIDN'T IT ALREADY SINK THEM?!
*No torpedoes loaded. Computer access locked. Thank you and good luck.
君のための
武器はない
脱出艇もない
FX KSSHHH
PANDORA?!
Ohhh... I...
NO... .....
PANDORA !
?
*FX RAM
THAT... THAT BASTARD !!
TRICKED! I'VE BEEN SUCH A FOOL!!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? WHO TRICKED YOU? ANSWER ME!!
NO... I... .....
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, PANDORA?!
PLEASE TELL ME.
PLEASE...
PANDORA!!
VRMMM

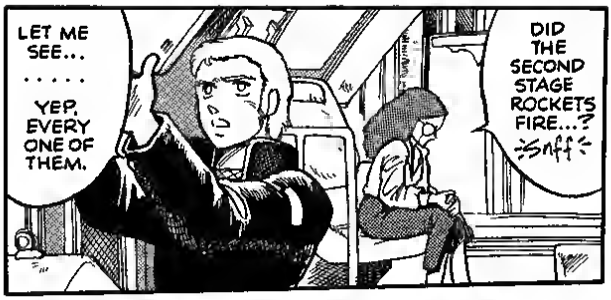
DIVE UNDER THE SUB AND FIRE IT OFF -- LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET A REACTION OUT OF THEM.
YOU GOT ANY SONOBUOYS LOADED IN YOUR TUBES?
*FX BEEP
BEEP
GOT YOU!
IF YOU'RE CONSCIOUS AGAIN, YOU CAN START DRIVING YOUR OWN SUB!
I'M GONNA CHARGE YOU FOR THE FUEL!
Oh, HOW PERFECTLY THOUGHTLESS OF ME!
I HAVEN'T DETECTED ANY LAUNCH TRANSIENTS-- HOW COME?
YAWN
*KWHOOSHH
KANG
LET'S GO!
THAT SHOULD DO IT--WE'LL MOVE UP ALONGSIDE AND HOOK OUR MANIPULATORS ONTO THE DECK RAILING!

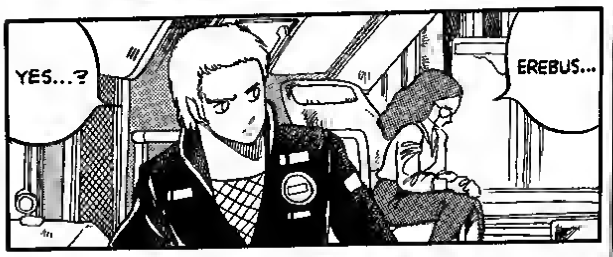
THAT'S CRAZY!
HEY! THEY'RE SURFACING!
FX VRMMM VRMMM
FX VRMMM VRMMM VRMMM
AIEEE!
Huh?
GOODNESS... YOU'RE BEGINNING TO SOUND LIKE OFFICER MATERIAL!
AW, COME ON!
KBOOSH
SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU FLATTER ME?!
WE'RE IN TROUBLE NOW... URGH...


FX VVMMMM
FX VVMMM
FX VVMMM
FX KOWAKOWAK
THOSE MISSILES ARE GOING TO BE LAUNCHED... INTERPLANETARY MISSILES!
WHAT?!
THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT?! YOU'RE TRYING TO DESTROY THE ARTIFICIAL SUN!!
WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY AIMED AT?! A SPACE STATION?! THE MOON BASE?!
FX VZZVZZVZZ

I'M NOT THE CRAZY ONE!!
YOU MUST BE CRAZY!! WHY DO YOU WANT TO DO THAT?!
BUT JUST LOOK AT WHAT THE MEDDLING OF THE VENUSIANS HAS DONE TO IT!
YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW THIS PLANET WOULD BE VALUABLE TO US?!
LIKE THOSE GIANT REPTILES YOU GUYS HUNT DOWN WITH YOUR SUBS!
YES, MAYBE... BUT--
IF AN ENVIRONMENT PERMITS ONE LIFEFORM TO SURVIVE, IT'S GOING TO NOURISH OTHER KINDS OF LIFE, TOO--THAT'S INEVITABLE! AND DESPITE OUR ATTEMPTS TO MAKE ADJUSTMENTS, ALREADY SEVERAL MILLION SPECIES OF LIFE HAVE EVOLVED HERE WITH DNA STRUCTURES UNIQUE TO THIS PLANET!!
THE MOST RECENT SMALL LAND ANIMALS CAN MAINTAIN THEIR BODY TEMPERATURE ON THEIR OWN! DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING?!
A YEAR ON THIS PLANET ISN'T LIKE A YEAR ON VENUS-- IT'S THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE DAYS LONG! TEMPERATURE-ADAPTIVE CHANGES ARE INCREDIBLY RAPID!
THEY'RE MAMMALS, JUST LIKE US!

...WE WILL DIE OFF, NO MATTER HOW MANY LAND RESOURCES WE HAVE AT OUR DISPOSAL!
IF A LIFEFORM EMERGES THAT CAN RETAIN DNA INFORMATION MORE RELIABLY AND IN GREATER QUANTITY THAN WE VENUSIANS DO...
.....
.....
BUT I'M JUST A PAWN TO BE SACRIFICED...
BUT...
SO YOU'RE DESTROYING THE ARTIFICIAL SUN...
*FX. KWOOSH KWOOSH KWOOSH

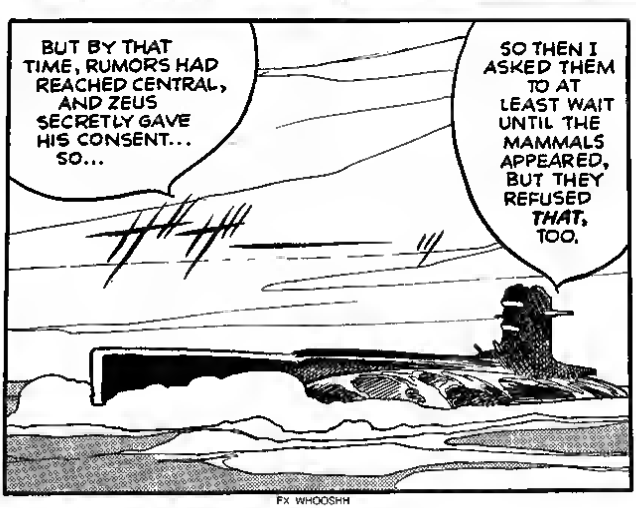

LET ME SEE...
.....
YEP, EVERY ONE OF THEM.
DID THE SECOND STAGE ROCKETS FIRE...?
:Snff:


YES...?
EREBUS...

...BUT THEY SAID MY ARGUMENTS WEREN'T CONVINCING, AND THE RISK WAS MINIMAL...
ACTUALLY, I REQUESTED SEVERAL TIMES THAT THE TERRAFORMING PROJECT BE HALTED...

ゴー
ROARRR

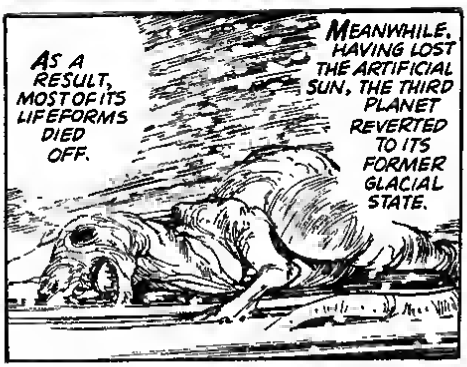
BUT WHY GO TO SUCH LENGTHS TO KEEP IT SECRET?

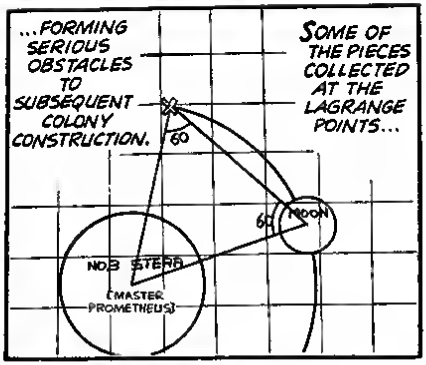

BUT BY THAT TIME, RUMORS HAD REACHED CENTRAL, AND ZEUS SECRETLY GAVE HIS CONSENT... SO...
SO THEN I ASKED THEM TO AT LEAST WAIT UNTIL THE MAMMALS APPEARED, BUT THEY REFUSED THAT, TOO.
FX WHOOSHH

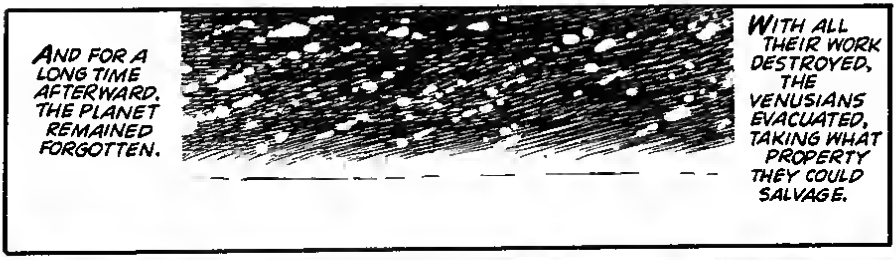
SO THAT'S WHY THEY USED A MISSILE SUB--THEY'RE HARD TO DETECT, AND DON'T REQUIRE A LARGE SUPPORT BASE...
NOW I GET IT...
YEAH... POLITICIANS ARE A SELFISH BUNCH.
IF HE ORDERED IT STOPPED IN HIS OWN NAME, IT WOULD AFFECT HIS POLITICAL STANDING, I SUPPOSE...
I...I WONDER WHAT WILL BECOME OF ME...?
I GUESS SO...
WELL, YOU'VE DONE A PRETTY SEVERE THING... NO DOUBT THERE WILL BE RETRIBUTION IN KIND.
Huh?
IT'LL NEVER WORK...
I GUESS ONLY INTERSTELLAR SPACE REMAINS FOR THE VENUSIANS...
WE'RE IN AN AGE NOW WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY SPACE COLONIES AND LABS THAT THEY OBSTRUCT NAVIGATION.

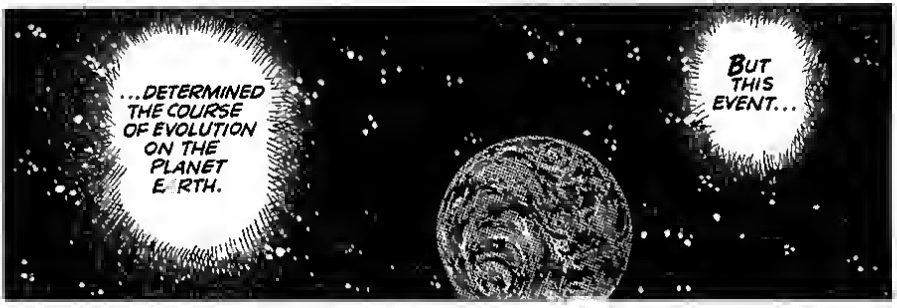
AND THEY MAY OUTNUMBER US ALREADY...
LIFEFORMS WITH A DNA STRUCTURE BETTER THAN OURS, huh...
WHOOSH!
WE'VE REACHED OUR LIMIT AS A SPECIES...
EREBUS...
SORRY ABOUT THAT.
I SHOULDN'T HAVE YELLED AT YOU EARLIER.
THANK YOU...

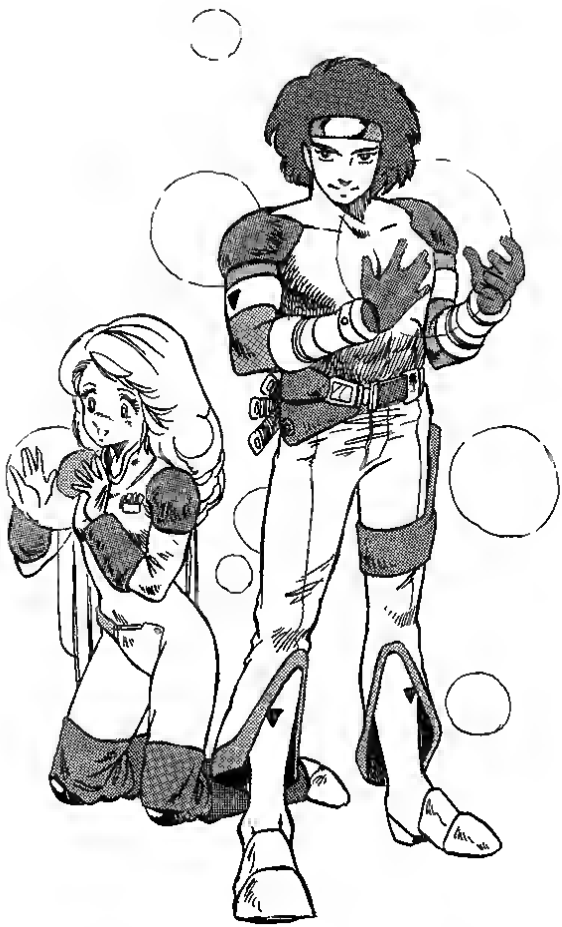
THE EXPLOSION PULVERIZED APPROXIMATELY SIX PERCENT OF THE MOON'S MASS AND HALTED ITS ROTATION.
THE MISSILE TRAJECTORIES WERE FLAWLESS. THE ARTIFICIAL SUN ON THE LUNAR SURFACE WAS DESTROYED, AND A CHUNK OF BEDROCK FIVE HUNDRED MILES IN DIAMETER WAS BLOWN BEYOND THE ORBIT OF MARS.

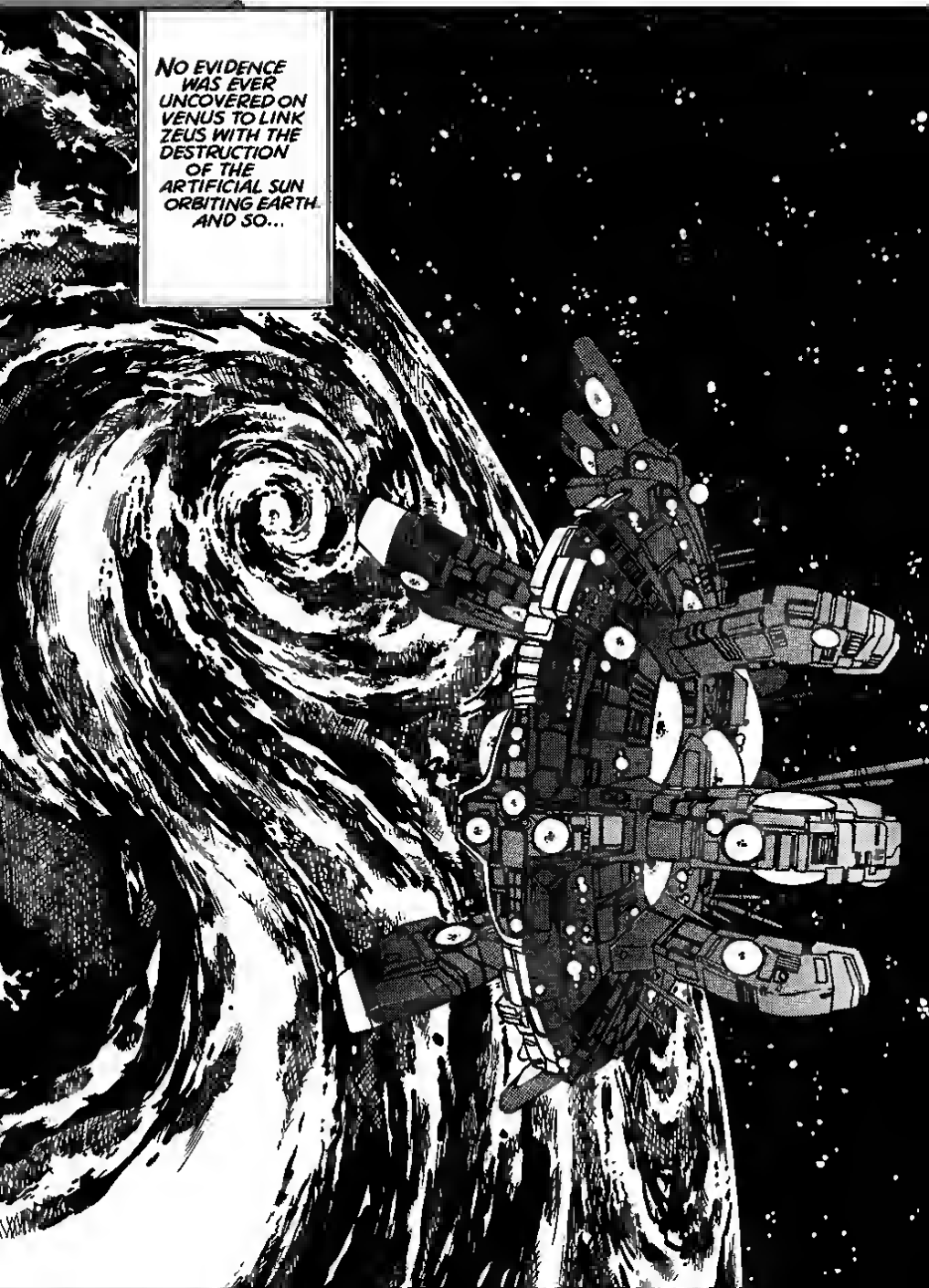

AS A RESULT, MOST OF ITS LIFEFORMS DIED OFF.
MEANWHILE, HAVING LOST THE ARTIFICIAL SUN, THE THIRD PLANET REVERTED TO ITS FORMER GLACIAL STATE.

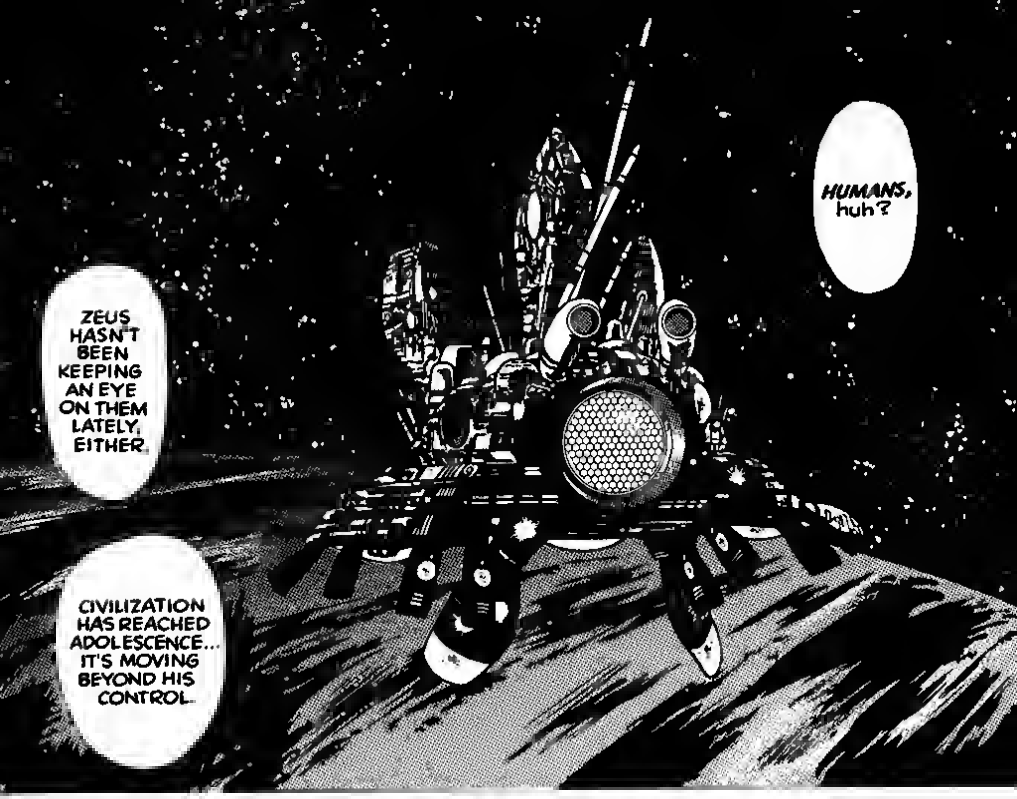

...FORMING SERIOUS OBSTACLES TO SUBSEQUENT COLONY CONSTRUCTION.
SOME OF THE PIECES COLLECTED AT THE LAGRANGE POINTS...
60
60
MOON
NO.3 STERN
(MASTER PROMETHEUS)

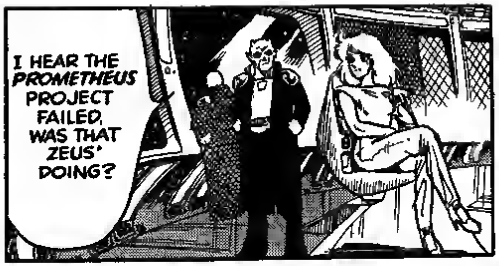

AND FOR A LONG TIME AFTERWARD, THE PLANET REMAINED FORGOTTEN.
WITH ALL THEIR WORK DESTROYED, THE VENUSIANS EVACUATED, TAKING WHAT PROPERTY THEY COULD SALVAGE.

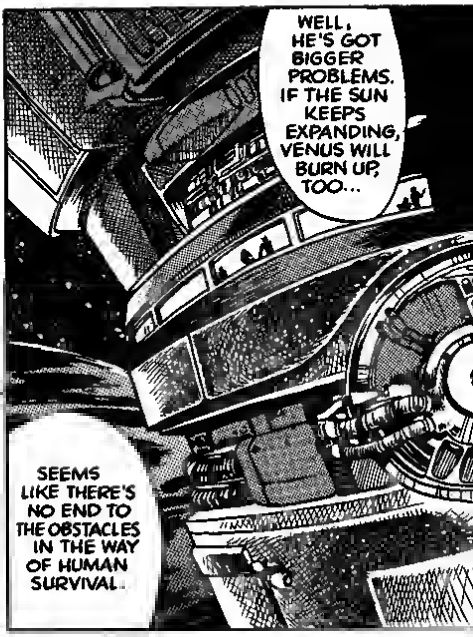

...DETERMINED THE COURSE OF EVOLUTION ON THE PLANET E RTH.
BUT THIS EVENT...

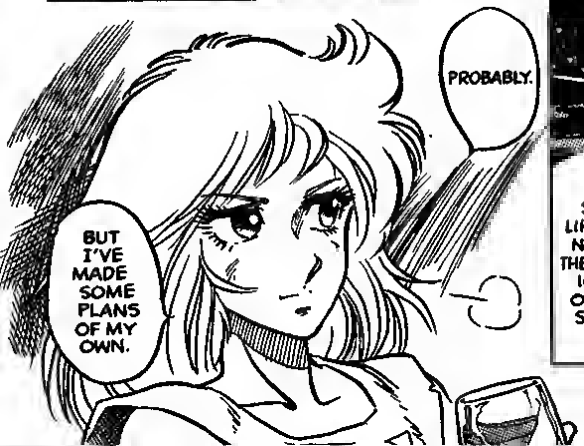


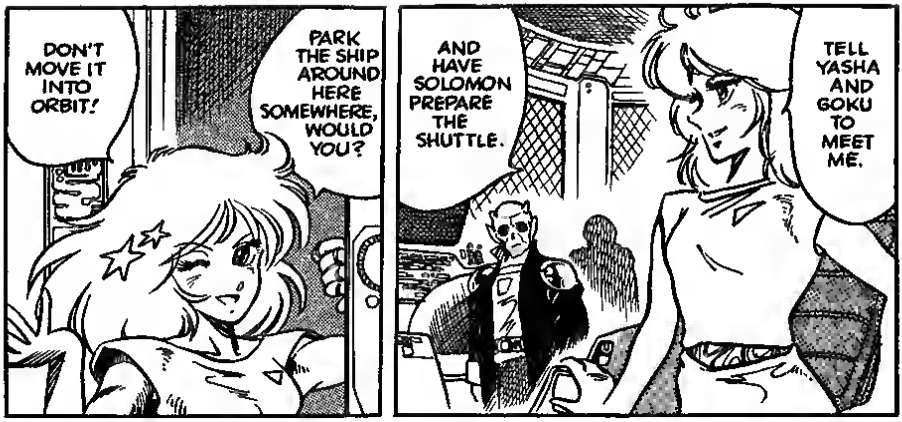

NO EVIDENCE WAS EVER UNCOVERED ON VENUS TO LINK ZEUS WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ARTIFICIAL SUN ORBITING EARTH. AND SO...


HUMANS, huh?
ZEUS HASN'T BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON THEM LATELY, EITHER.
CIVILIZATION HAS REACHED ADOLESCENCE... IT'S MOVING BEYOND HIS CONTROL.

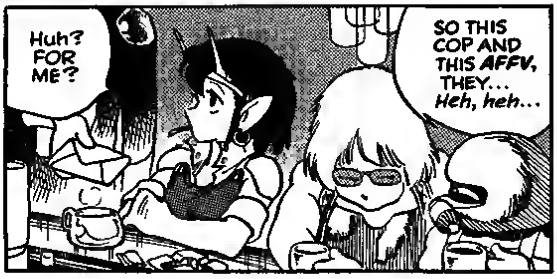

I HEAR THE PROMETHEUS PROJECT FAILED. WAS THAT ZEUS' DOING?

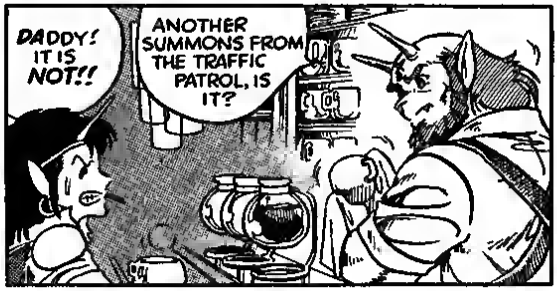

WELL, HE'S GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS. IF THE SUN KEEPS EXPANDING, VENUS WILL BURN UP, TOO...
SEEMS LIKE THERE'S NO END TO THE OBSTACLES IN THE WAY OF HUMAN SURVIVAL.


PROBABLY.
BUT I'VE MADE SOME PLANS OF MY OWN.


DON'T MOVE IT INTO ORBIT!
PARK THE SHIP AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE, WOULD YOU?
AND HAVE SOLOMON PREPARE THE SHUTTLE.
TELL YASHA AND GOKU TO MEET ME.

MAIN STREET - SHIPBOARD *COFFEE SHOP ONIMAL*

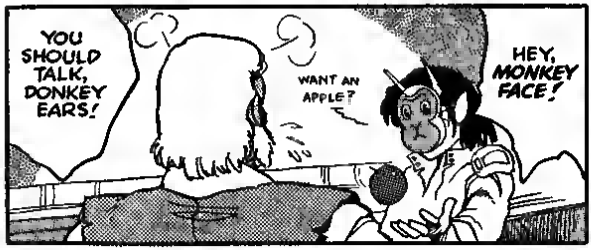




Hmm?
HOBBY
COFFEE SHOP
WELL, WELL!

HANG IN THERE!
I'VE HEARD THE LATEST--THINGS MUST BE TOUGH ON YOU, TOO..

IT'S FROM TYPHON, RIGHT?
Mr. SOHN GOKU... JUST THE FELLOW I WANTED TO SEE.
YES.


YOU SHOULD TALK, DONKEY EARS!
WANT AN APPLE?
HEY, MONKEY FACE!

YO!
TING
TING

Hee. hee... THE MONKEY WANTS A MOUNTAIN!
OKAY!
I'LL HAVE A "BLUE MOUNTAIN" COFFEE.

HEY, HEY! LOOK WHO'S HERE!

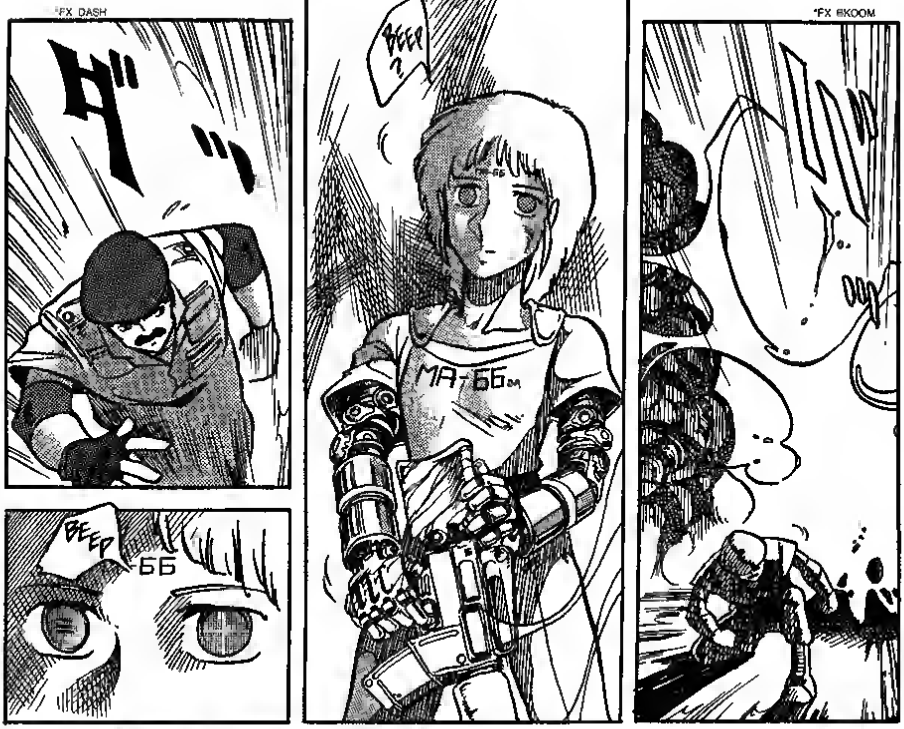
THAT'S ENOUGH OF YOUR STUPID JOKES!!

SHUTTLE HANGAR
OHHHN
THIS IS RIDIC-ULOUS!
HAVE YOU CHOSEN A LANDING SITE?
TYPHON!
WASTING HALF A PAGE ON SOMETHING THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE STORY!!!
ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?!
JUST WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!
SAY, TYPHON...
Ohhh
PUT US DOWN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF NORTH LOBE.
Hmm... LET'S SEE.
AYE, AYE!

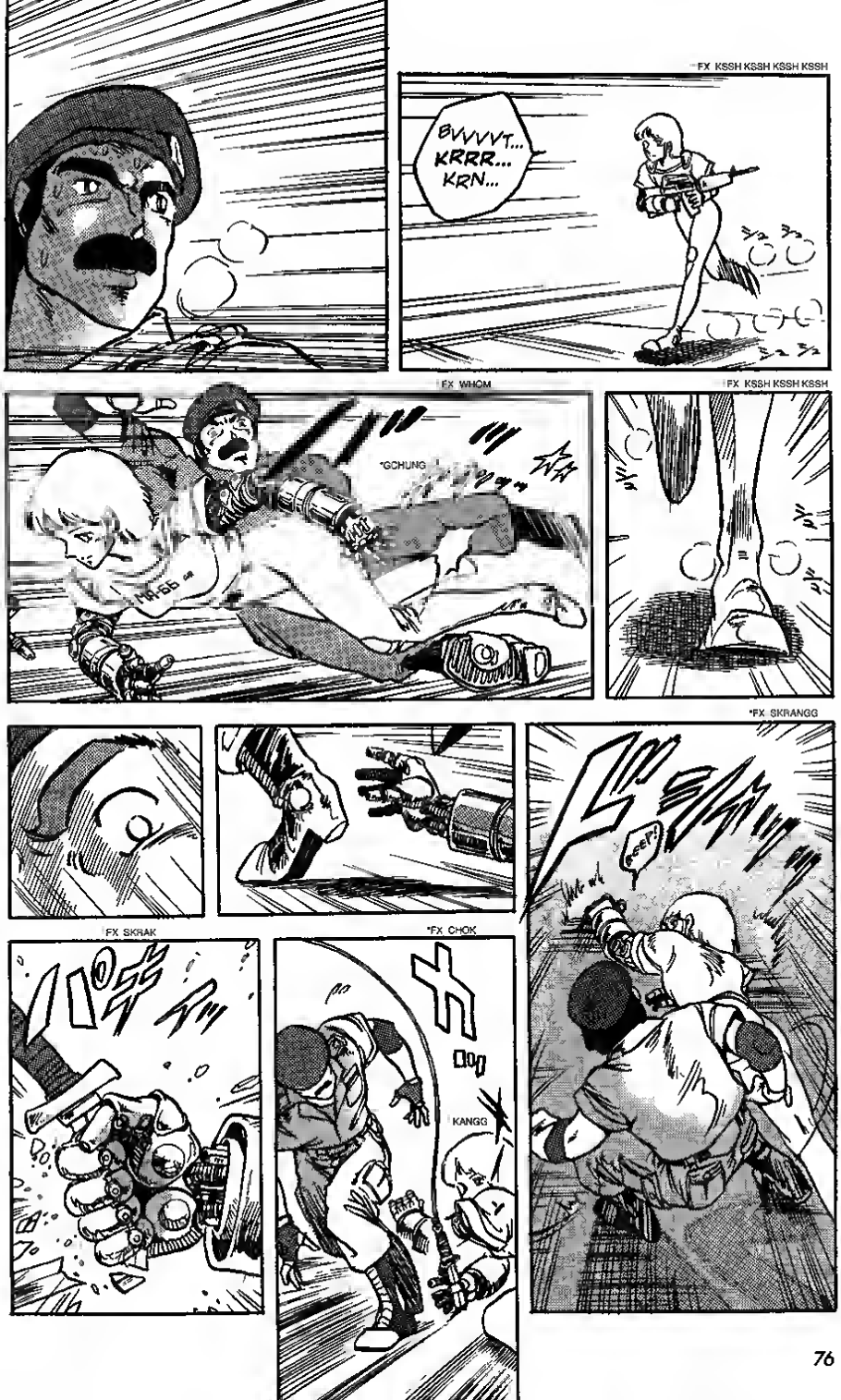
ONLY ACCORDING TO ZEUS!
YOU DON'T MEAN SORCERY USED FOR EVIL PURPOSES, DO YOU? YOU'VE NEVER--
Huh?
*FX BEEP BEEP
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ONCE WE LAND ON VENUS?
BLACK MAGIC, OF COURSE!
DUNA TYPHON IS GOING TO BE MAKING HER FIRST BIG MOVE IN QUITE A WHILE!
SEE YOU LATER...
AND THERE'LL BE SPECTATORS, TOO...ZEUS AND HIS CRONIES.
ANYWAY, THAT'S WHAT I'LL BE DOING.
HAW, HAW! THAT'S NO SURPRISE!
?!
Er...I REALLY DON'T THINK I GET IT!

PUBLIC CORRUPTION

BATTLEFIELD: Part One


*FX DASH
ダッ
BEEP ?
MA-BB
*FX BOOM
BEEP
BB

FX BOOM
FX BEEP BEEP BEEP
KCHAK
BEEP

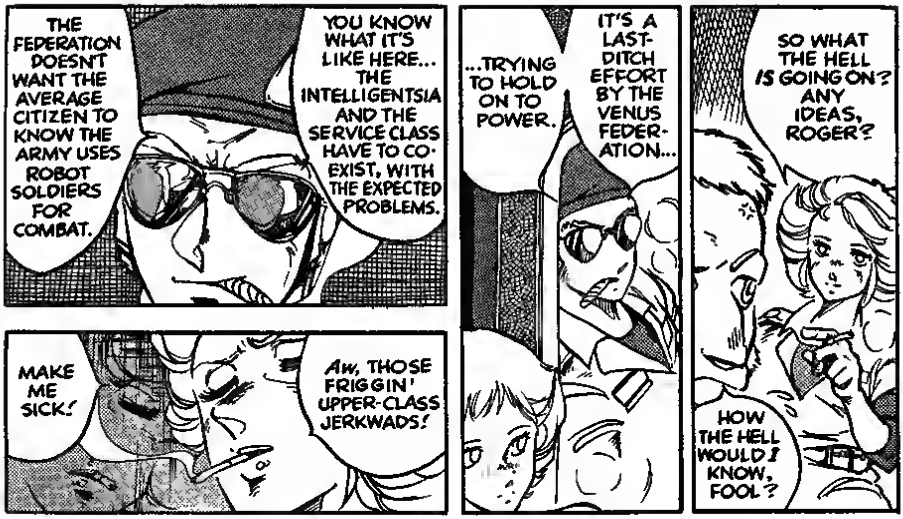

FX KSSH KSSH KSSH KSSH
BVVVVT...
KRRR...
KRN...
FX WHOM
*GCHUNG
FX KSSH KSSH KSSH
*FX SKRANGG
FX SKRAK
*FX CHOK
KANGG

*FX CHOK
MA-66
KRK KRR KWEEEE!!
*FX KRANG
KWEE KWEEEE...
*FX WHSSSHH
*FX VYYN
*FX SPZZK ZZKK

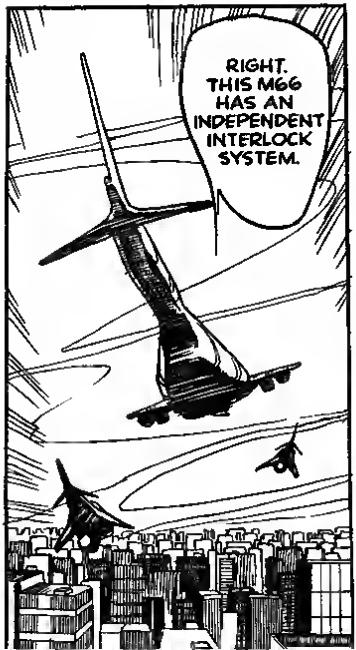
*FX WHOM
AAA!
*FX SKRAK
*FX BIPBIPBIP
*FX BEEEEP
*FX WHEWW
*FX FKOOM
ドカ
*FX VSSSHHHHH
*FX FMP
*FX VREEEEE
*FX SKRANG
ZZKK
MA-55

FX WHMP
RIGHT!
YES, SIR!
WHITE LION TO RED FOX .. DO YOU READ, RED FOX?!
beep
beep
RED FOX, HERE... GO AHEAD, WHITE LION.
beep
GIVE US THE CURRENT POSITION OF THE NEXT M66, OVER.
beep
THE ONE NEAREST YOU IS TRAVELING ON THE M1 HIGHWAY OUT OF SOUTH LODE TOWARD OUTLAND.
YOUR INTERCEPT POINT IS NORTH OF THE ROUTE 107 EXIT. RED FOX OUT.
beep

YES, SIR.
Uh, CAPTAIN...?
WE WON'T BE THERE FOR SEVEN MINUTES. RELAX.
Aaahh.
HERE
YEAH, SURE... WHY NOT?
FX MASH
YEAH?
CAPTAIN ADAMS, SIR?
FX GRIN
YOU NEED A BREAK, TOO...
WHY DON'T YOU HAVE SOME?
WHY THE SHELTERS?
THEY DECLARE MARTIAL LAW?
THEY EVACUATED EVERYONE TO THE SHELTERS.
THE CITY'S DESERTED ...
.....
.....
THE CITIZENS HAVEN'T BEEN TOLD A THING.. THEY'RE ALL COWERING IN THE SHELTERS, POOR BASTARDS.
THE TV AND RADIO ARE ALL SHUT DOWN. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE.

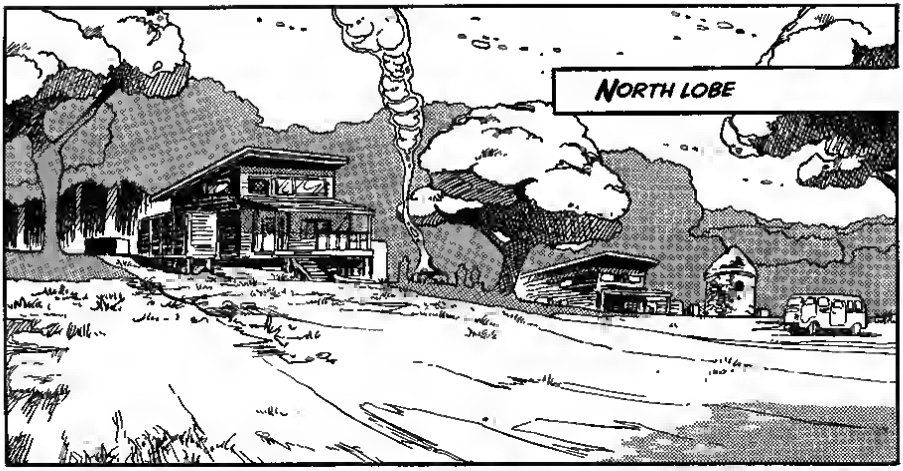

THE FEPERATION DOESN'T WANT THE AVERAGE CITIZEN TO KNOW THE ARMY USES ROBOT SOLDIERS FOR COMBAT.
YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE HERE... THE INTELLIGENTSIA AND THE SERVICE CLASS HAVE TO CO-EXIST, WITH THE EXPECTED PROBLEMS.
...TRYING TO HOLD ON TO POWER.
IT'S A LAST-DITCH EFFORT BY THE VENUS FEDERATION...
SO WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON? ANY IDEAS, ROGER?
HOW THE HELL WOULD I KNOW, FOOL?
MAKE ME SICK!
Aw, THOSE FRIGGIN' UPPER-CLASS JERKWADS!

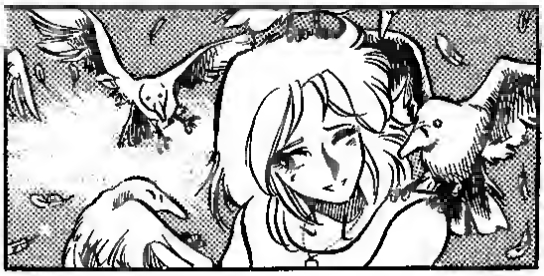
THEY'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO TAKE THE BLAME!
COME ON! WHAT ELSE?
SO, WHAT DO YOU FIGURE THE ELITE IS MAKING OF THIS MESS?


RIGHT. THIS M66 HAS AN INDEPENDENT INTERLOCK SYSTEM.

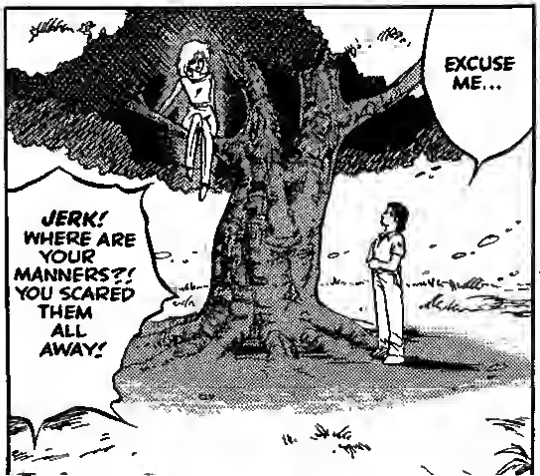
WE'VE GOT A MISSION--TO TAKE OUT THE FOUR M66 UNITS THAT HAVE ENTERED THE CITY.
WE'RE SOLDIERS, NOT PHILOSOPHERS.
ALL RIGHT, THAT'S ENOUGH.

YOU MEAN THE ONE THAT GOT OUT WHEN WE DROVE THEM INTO THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE?
THIS NEXT M66 MAY BE THE ONE THAT WAS ENGAGED IN JOINT OPS WITH THE LAST UNIT.



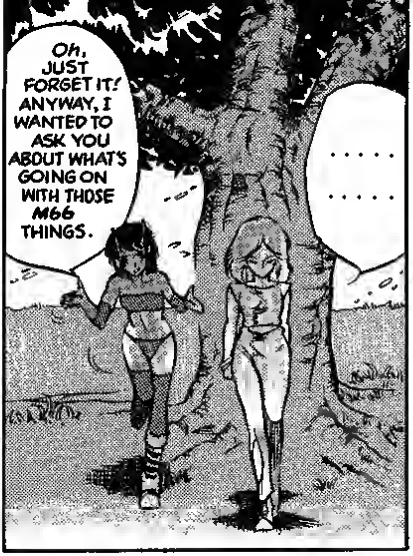


*FX: FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP!



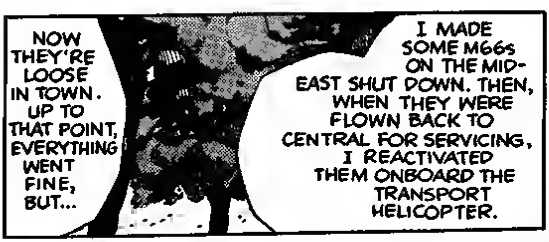
I SAID LEAVE ME ALONE!
ABOUT THE ONE THOUSAND AND TWENTY-THREE SORCERIES...
HOW DARE YOU READ OTHER PEOPLE'S MINDS!
GET LOST!
ABOUT THE POWER OF THE KUTA SWORD...
*FX FADE
WAIT... IS THAT YOU, YASHA..?
MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN A MALE, eh? HA, HA!
I LIKE YOUR FACE WHEN YOU GET THAT AGGRES--SIVE LOOK.
YOU WAHT SOME-THING?
I CAH'T ABIDE THAT SORT OF HUMAN--WHETHER IT'S ONE OF YOUR PHANTOMS OR NOT!
MY, MY! AREN'T WE TOUCHY TODAY?! WHATEVER IS THE MATTER WITH MISS DUNA TYPHON?
SHE

YOU BET. DADDY SAID, "TYPHON DID IT"...
Bye Bye!
WORD GOT AROUND FAST.

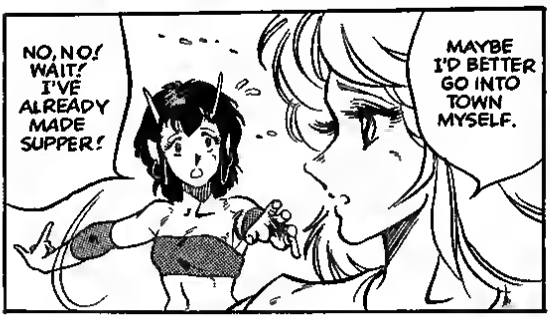

Oh, JUST FORGET IT! ANYWAY, I WANTED TO ASK YOU ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON WITH THOSE M66 THINGS.
. . . . .
. . . . .

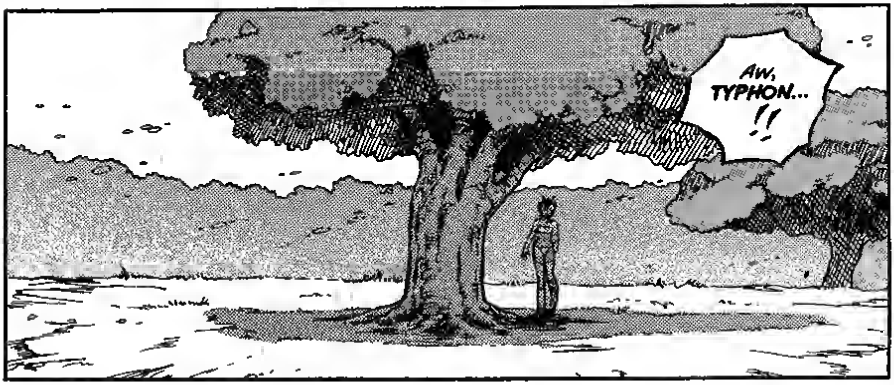
WELL, er... WHAT I MEAN IS...
BYE!
Oh, REALLY. THAT DAMN KONGOKI...

EEP!
JUST WHAT DO YOU MEAN ?!!

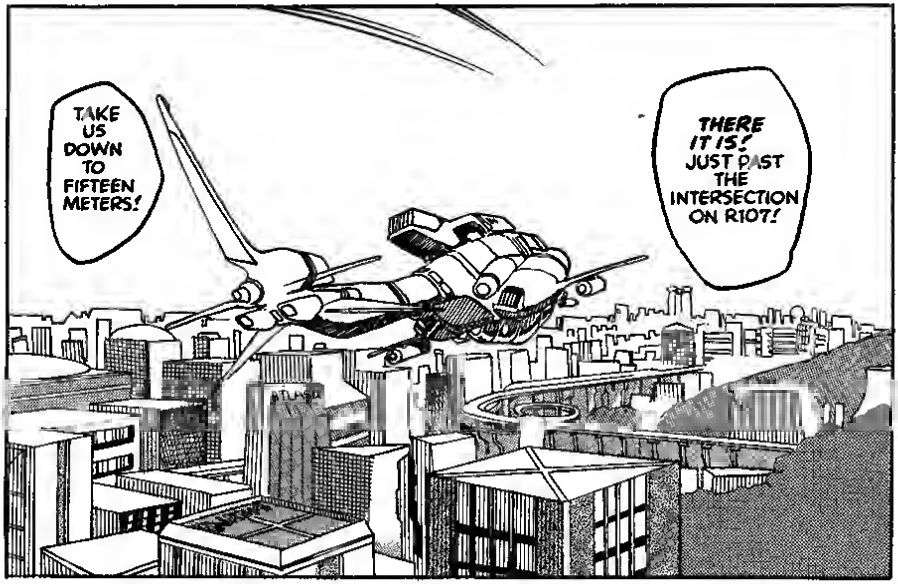

NOW THEY'RE LOOSE IN TOWN. UP TO THAT POINT, EVERYTHING WENT FINE, BUT...
I MADE SOME M66s ON THE MID-EAST SHUT DOWN. THEN, WHEN THEY WERE FLOWN BACK TO CENTRAL FOR SERVICING, I REACTIVATED THEM ONBOARD THE TRANSPORT HELICOPTER.

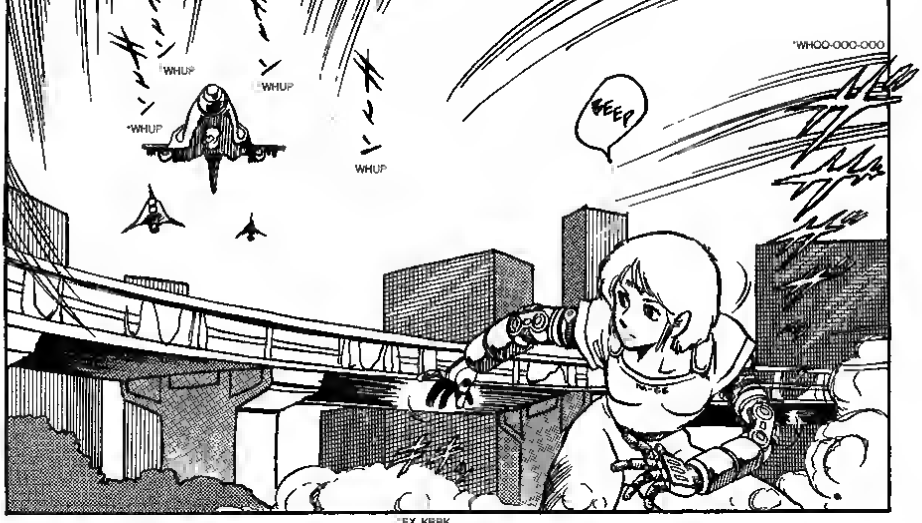
THINGS HAVEN'T QUITE GONE AS PLANNED.
Hmph!


NO, NO! WAIT! I'VE ALREADY MADE SUPPER!
MAYBE I'D BETTER GO INTO TOWN MYSELF.

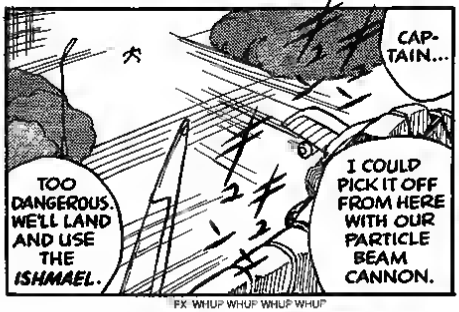


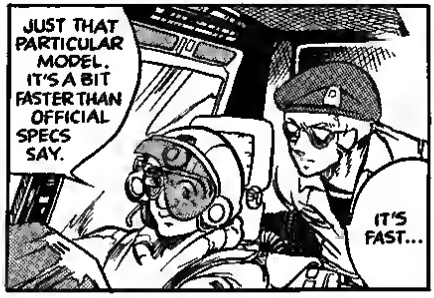
BATTLEFIELD: Part Two



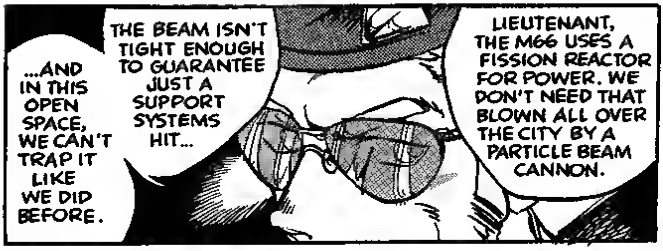


*FX KRAK

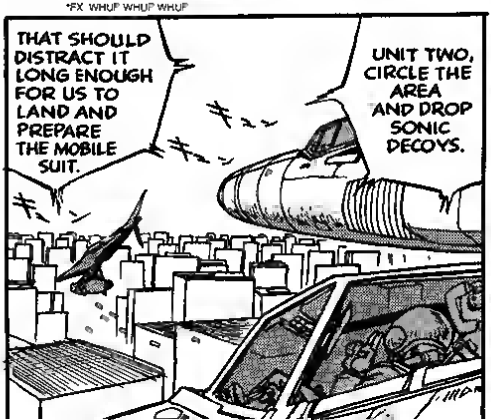


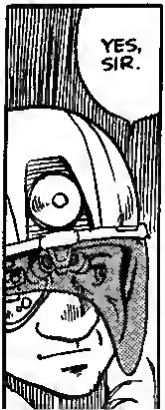


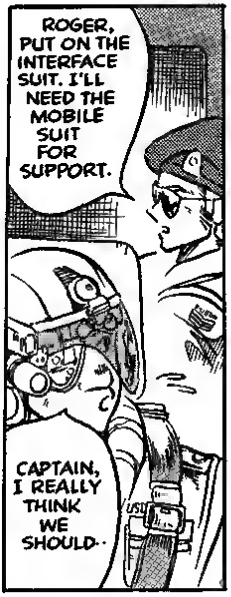
*FX WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP

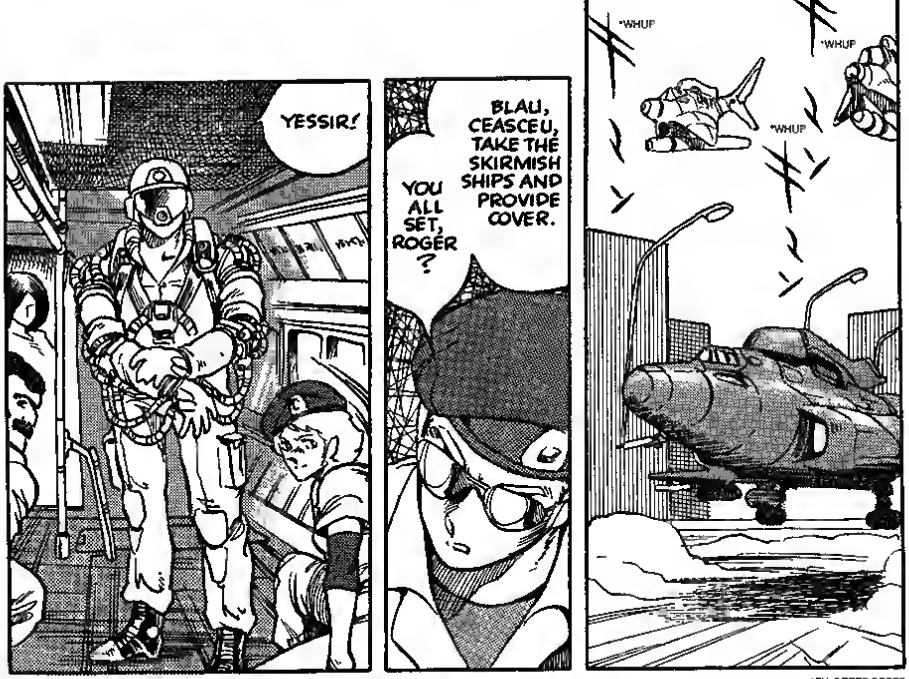

...AND IN THIS OPEN SPACE, WE CAN'T TRAP IT LIKE WE DID BEFORE.
THE BEAM ISN'T TIGHT ENOUGH TO GUARANTEE JUST A SUPPORT SYSTEMS HIT...
LIEUTENANT, THE M66 USES A FISSION REACTOR FOR POWER. WE DON'T NEED THAT BLOWN ALL OVER THE CITY BY A PARTICLE BEAM CANNON.

*FX WHUP WHUP WHUP

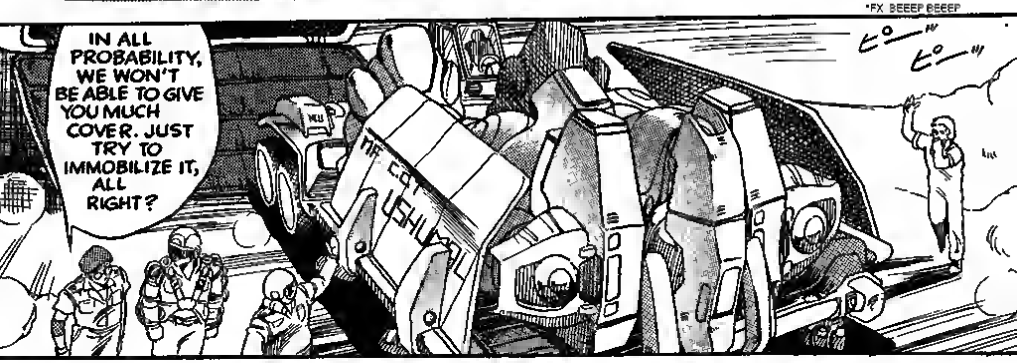

THAT SHOULD DISTRACT IT LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO LAND AND PREPARE THE MOBILE SUIT.
UNIT TWO, CIRCLE THE AREA AND DROP SONIC DECOYS.



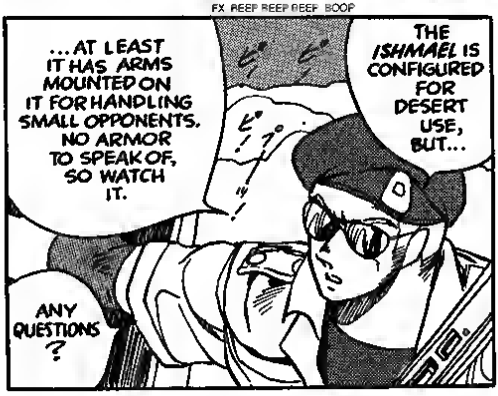


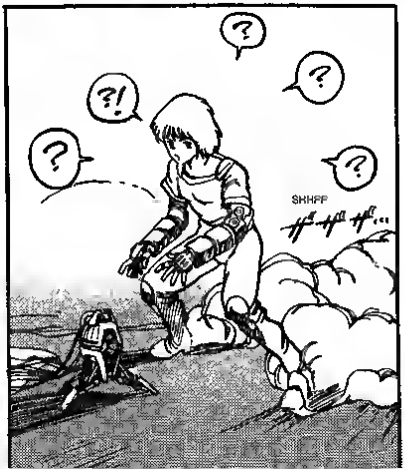


*FX BEEEP BEEEP



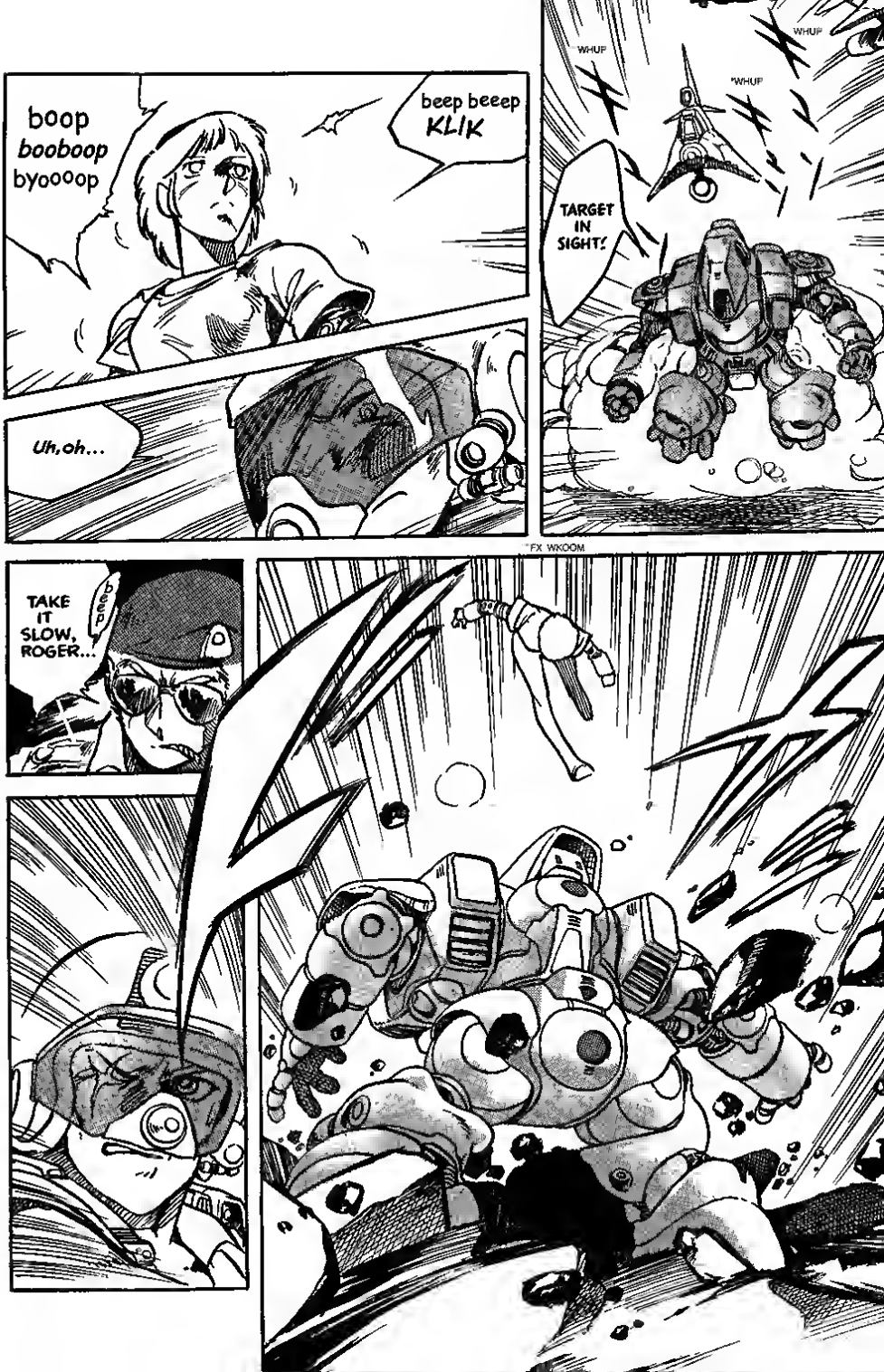
FX BEEP BEEP BEEP BOOP

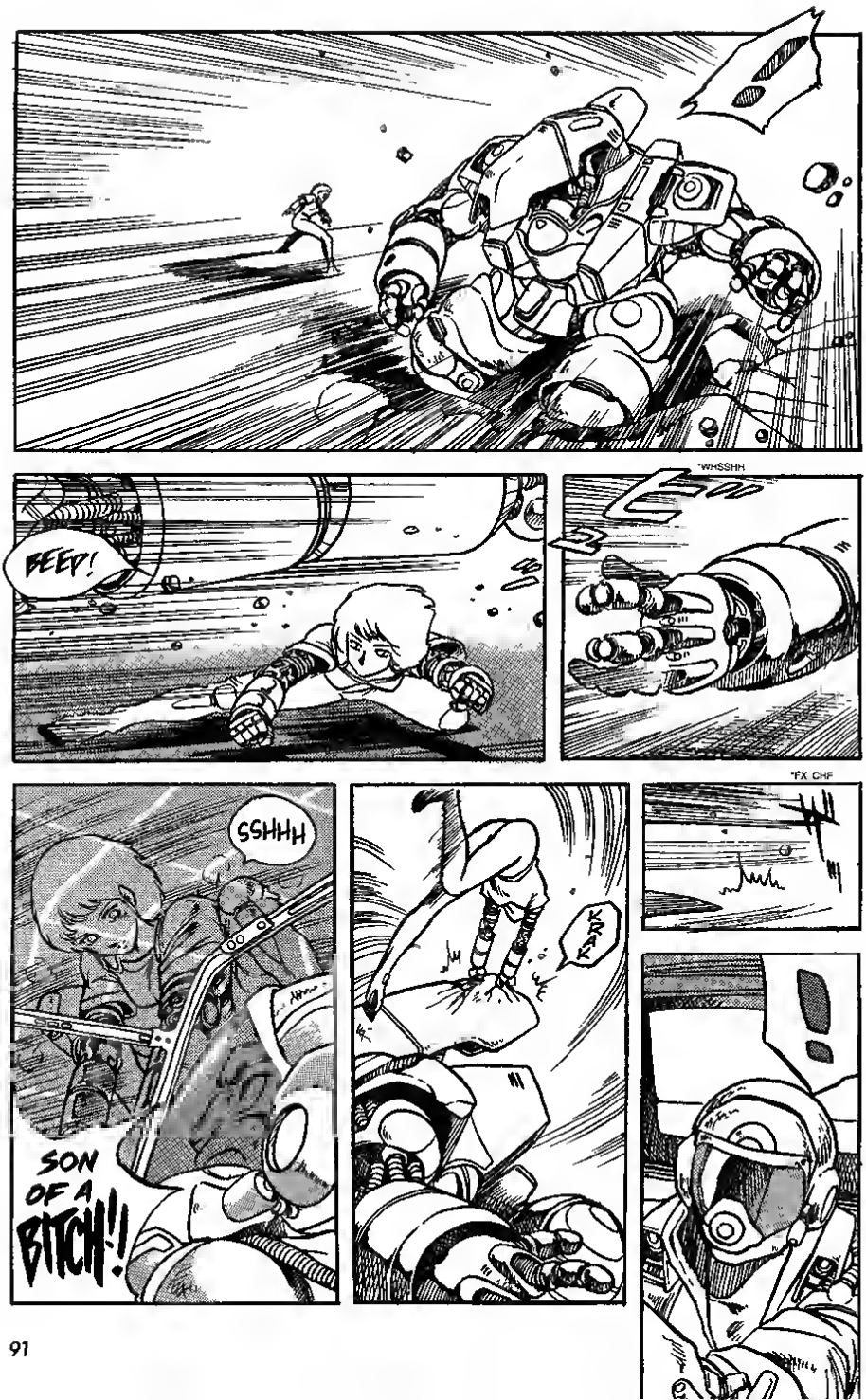

...AT LEAST IT HAS ARMS MOUNTED ON IT FOR HANDLING SMALL OPPONENTS. NO ARMOR TO SPEAK OF, SO WATCH IT.
THE ISHMAEL IS CONFIGURED FOR DESERT USE, BUT...
ANY QUESTIONS?



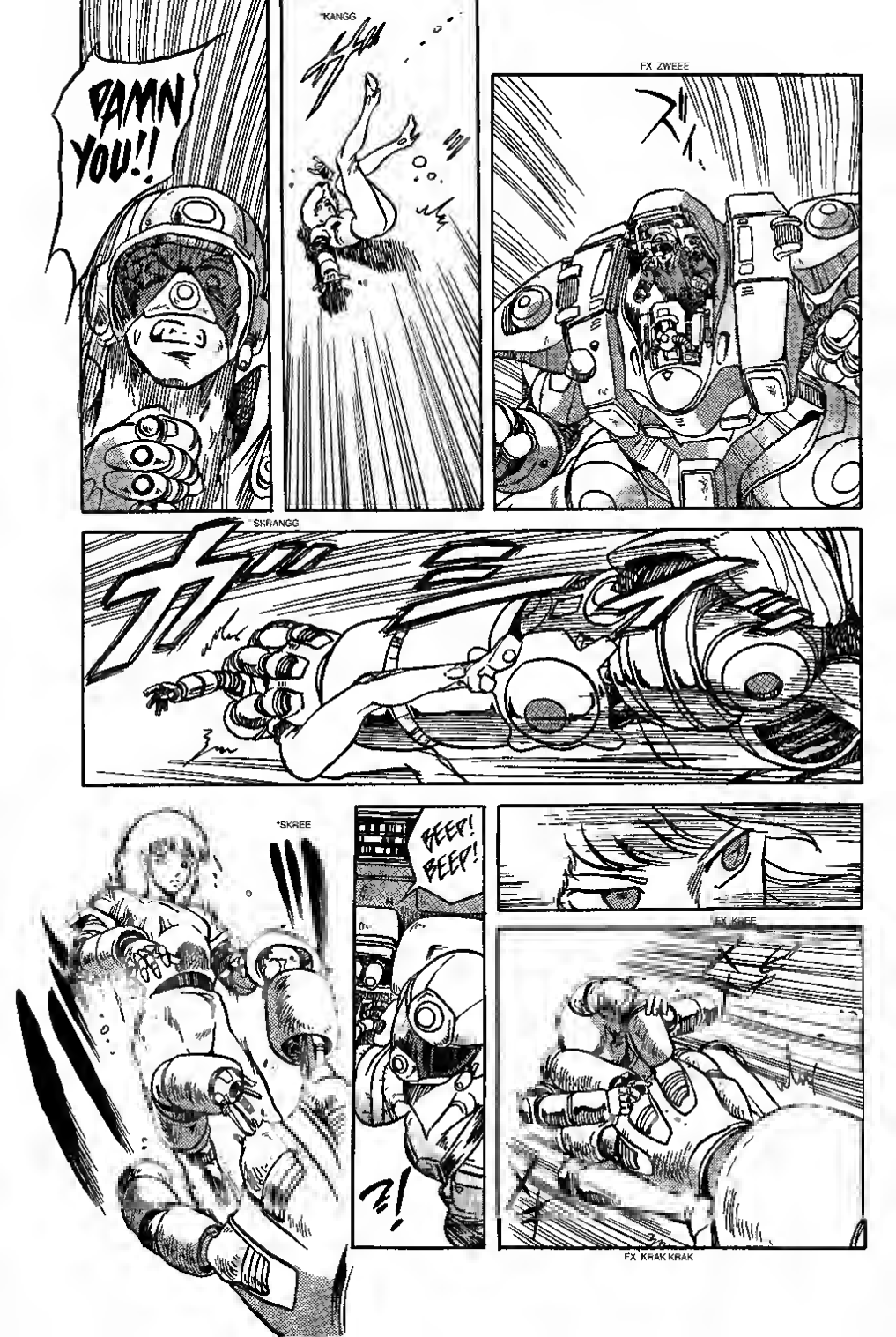
YOUR OPPONENT IS MERELY A MACHINE. DON'T FORGET THAT.
REMEMBER TO DO THINGS A ROBOT CAN'T--DON'T GIVE AWAY YOUR BIGGEST ADVANTAGE.
YOU SHOULD THINK OF ITS POWER AS EQUAL TO YOUR OWN.
THE M-66 IS MORE MANEUVER-ABLE ONLY IN THE SENSE THAT IT DOESN'T HAVE A PILOT.
FX VVRREEEEE
PEEP
PEEP
FX SHHHHH
PEEP
KLIK
PRRT
KLIK
FX KSHANG
FX HNNN HNNN HNNN
CLEAR THE AREA!
INTERFACE COMPLETED.

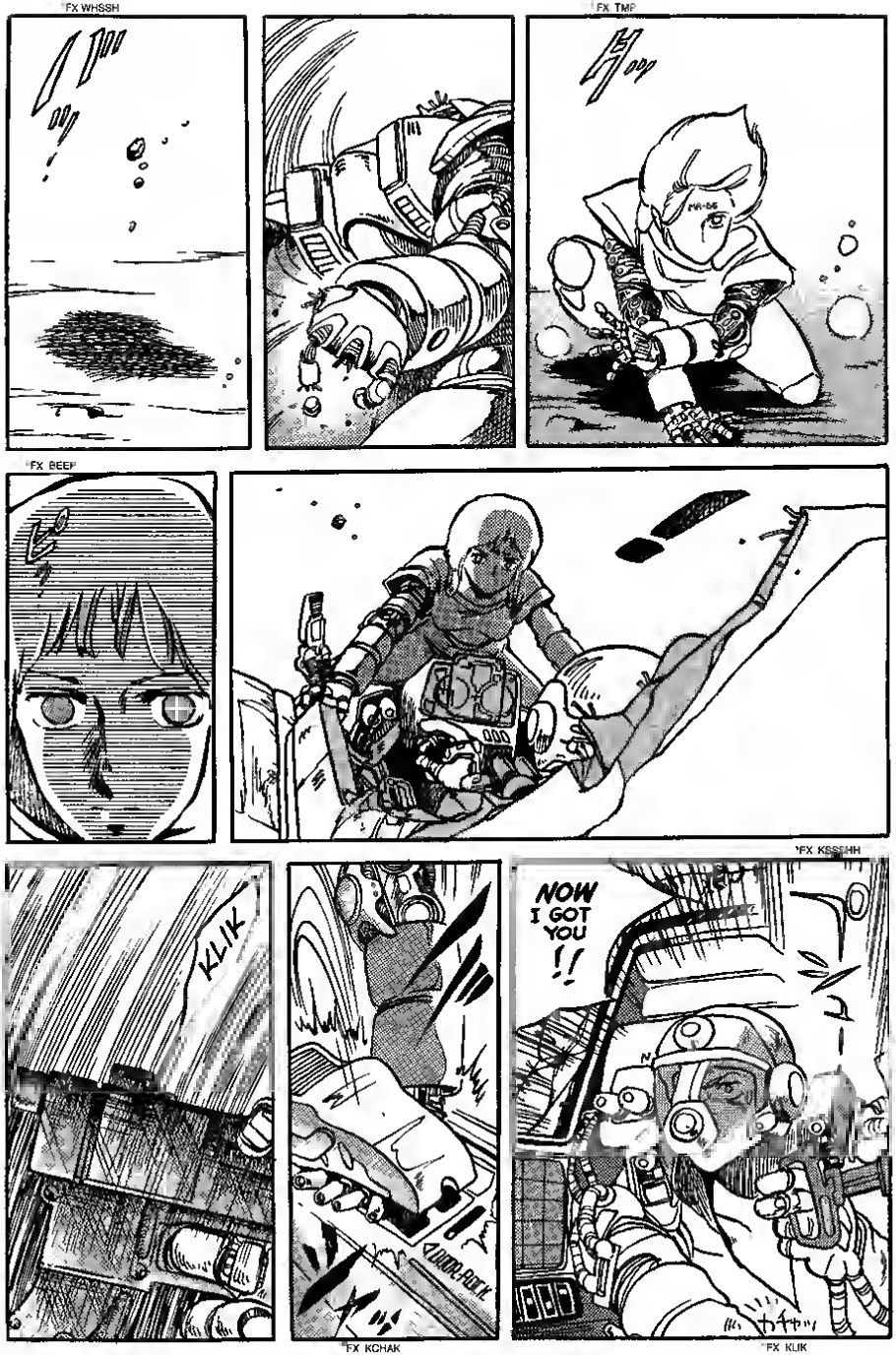
KLUK
KLUK
FX BEEP BEEP BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP
FX VVRRSEEEE
ON MY WAY, CAPTAIN.
FX KCHAK
FX KANG
FX CHAK
CEASCEU, COME AROUND FROM BEHIND ON THE RIGHT FLANK. BLAU, YOU FOLLOW ROGER THROUGH THE MIDDLE.
beep
CAPTAIN, THE M-66 HAS LOCKED IN ON US!
beep
FX KSHOOM
FX WHUP WHUP WHUP


boop
booboop
byoooop
beep beeep
KLIK
Uh, oh...
WHUF
WHUF
WHUF
TARGET IN SIGHT!
FX WKOOM
TAKE IT SLOW, ROGER...
beep


BEEP!
*WHSSHH
SSHHH
SON OF A BITCH!!
KRAK
*FX CHF

SKRIAK
CLANG!
ROGER! YOU CAN'T BREAK THE REACTOR VESSEL WITH THAT SUIT!
HIT IT AS HARD AS YOU CAN!!
ROGER! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!
THAT IDIOT!!
WE CAN'T COVER HIM NOW!
FX WRAMM
SHI--!
FX BRTTTT

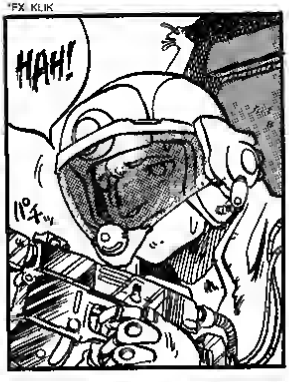

DAMN YOU!!
*KANGG
FX ZWEEE
*SKRANGG
*SKREE
BEEP! BEEP!
?!
FX KRAK
FX KRAK KRAK

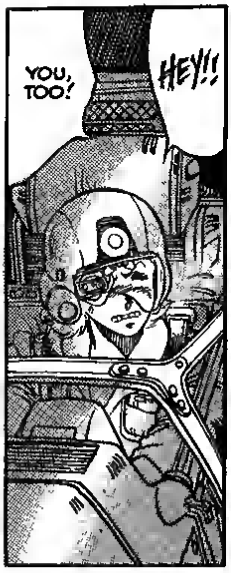

FX WHSSH
FX TMP
FX BEEP
FX KSSHH
KLIK
FX KCHAK
NOW I GOT YOU !!
FX KLIK

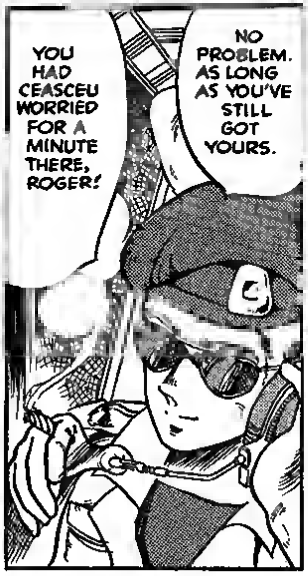
ボン！
*SLAM

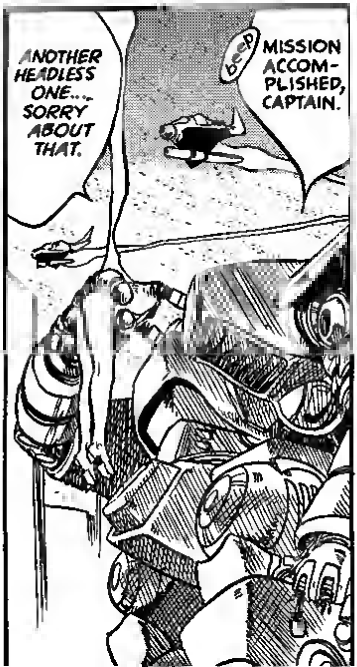
*FX: SLAM

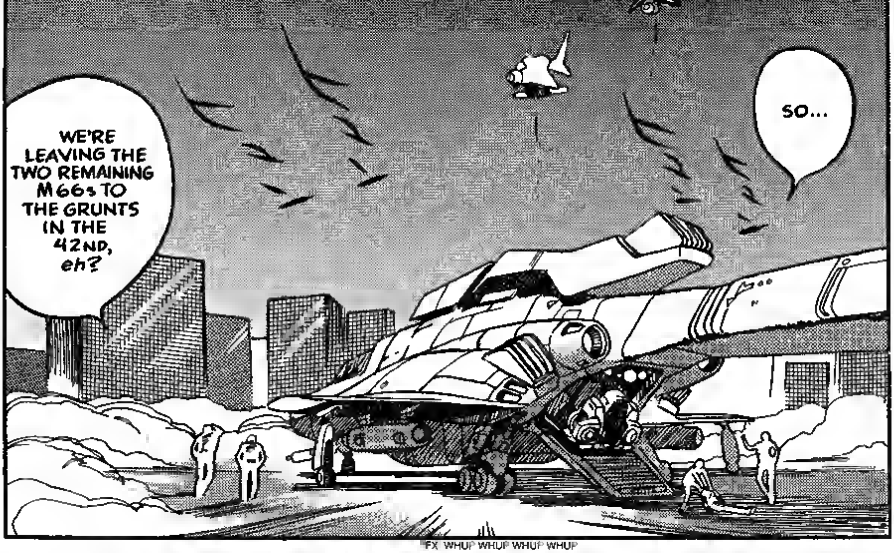
*FX: CHAKK CHAKK


*FX: KLIK
HAH!

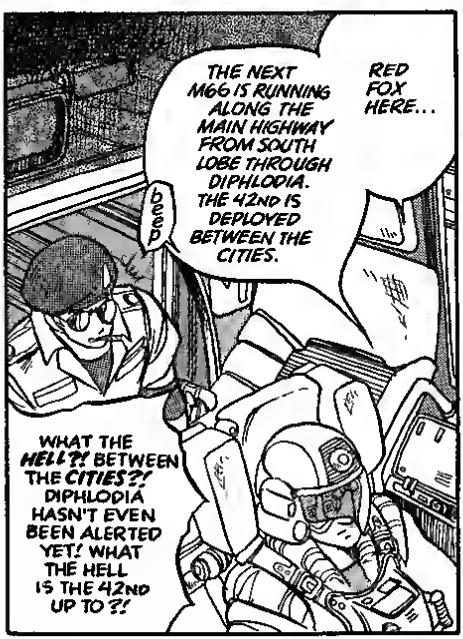

HEY!!
YOU, TOO!


YOU HAD CEASCEU WORRIED FOR A MINUTE THERE, ROGER!
NO PROBLEM. AS LONG AS YOU'VE STILL GOT YOURS.


ANOTHER HEADLESS ONE... SORRY ABOUT THAT.
BEEP
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, CAPTAIN.


WE'RE LEAVING THE TWO REMAINING M66s TO THE GRUNTS IN THE 42ND, eh?
SO...
FX WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP

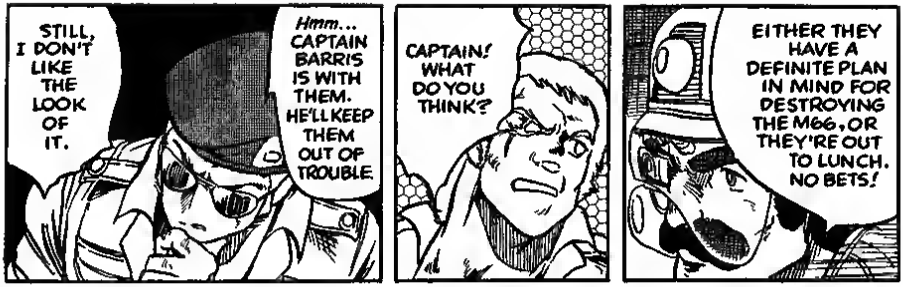
BUT THE 42ND ARE JUST REGULAR TROOPS... THINK THEY CAN DO IT?
FIGURE THEY DON'T WANT TO RELY ON US SPECIAL FORCES TYPES MORE THAN THEY HAVE TO.
YEAH, WELL... THE M66s BELONGED TO THE 42ND IN THE FIRST PLACE.

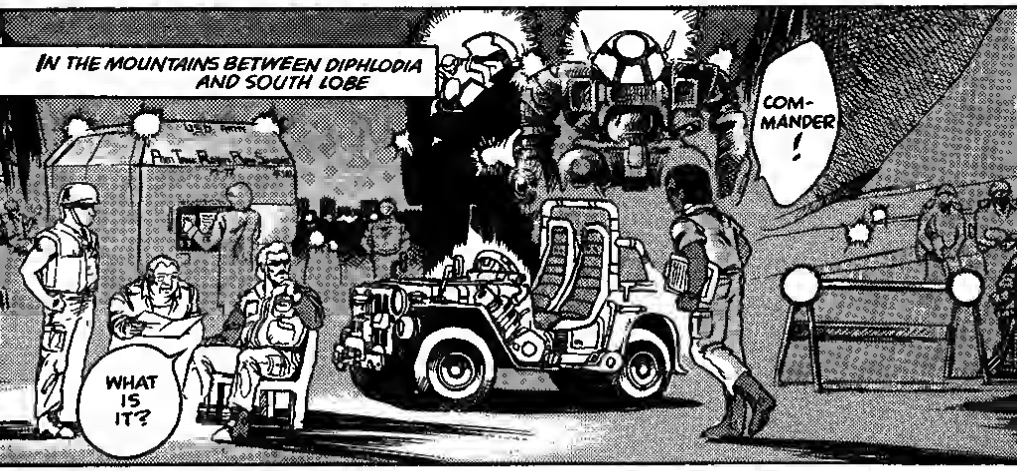

RED FOX HERE...
THE NEXT M66 IS RUNNING ALONG THE MAIN HIGHWAY FROM SOUTH LOBE THROUGH DIPHLODIA. THE 42ND IS DEPLOYED BETWEEN THE CITIES.
beep
WHAT THE HELL?! BETWEEN THE CITIES?! DIPHLODIA HASN'T EVEN BEEN ALERTED YET! WHAT THE HELL IS THE 42ND UP TO?!

Huh...

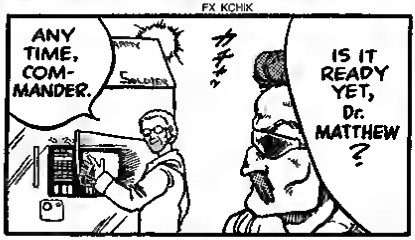
GOOD QUESTION.
STILL, THEY ACTED CONFIDENT WHEN I ASKED THEM ABOUT IT.

WHITE LION HERE... COME IN, RED FOX.
beep
beep
WELL, I'LL TRY TALKING TO THEM AGAIN.


STILL, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF IT.
Hmm... CAPTAIN BARRIS IS WITH THEM. HE'LL KEEP THEM OUT OF TROUBLE.
CAPTAIN! WHAT DO YOU THINK?
EITHER THEY HAVE A DEFINITE PLAN IN MIND FOR DESTROYING THE M66, OR THEY'RE OUT TO LUNCH. NO BETS!

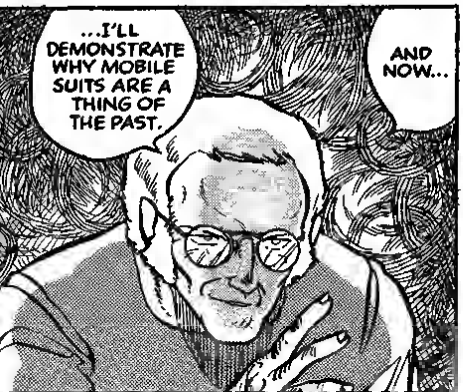

IN THE MOUNTAINS BETWEEN DIPHLODIA AND SOUTH LOBE
COM-MANDER!
WHAT IS IT?

FX KCHIK

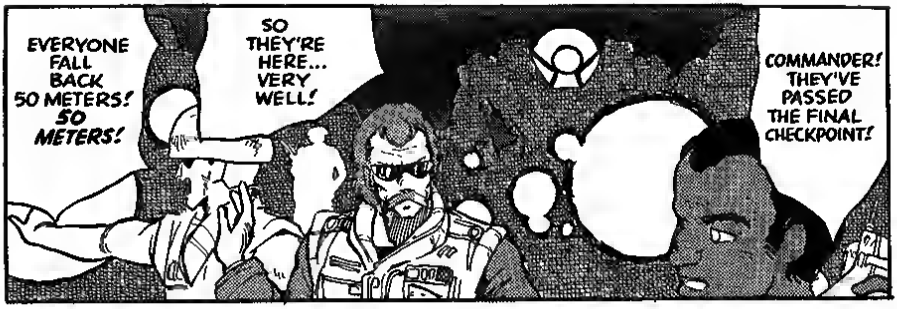

ANY TIME, COM-MANDER.
IS IT READY YET, Dr. MATTHEW?

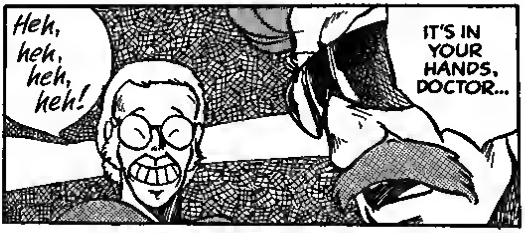
MY ASS IS ALREADY ON THE LINE FOR LETTING THOSE M66s ESCAPE.
I CAN'T LEAVE ANY MORE OF THIS JOB UP TO HIM...

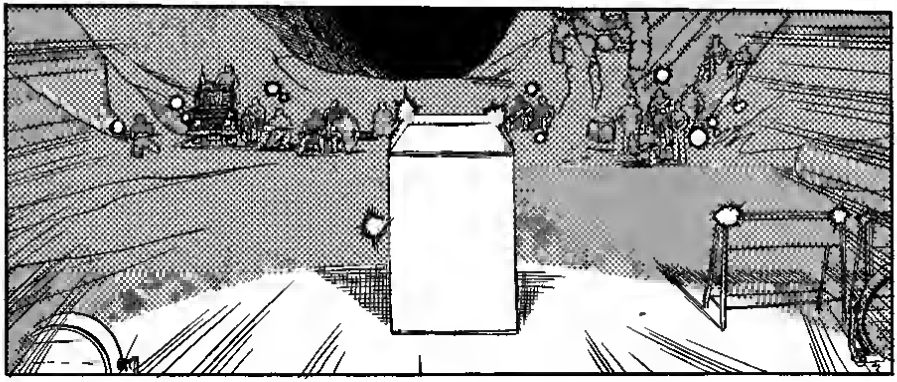
I KNOW WHAT IT SAYS -- DON'T BOTHER READING IT.
MES-SAGE FROM CAPTAIN ADAMS, SIR!


...I'LL DEMONSTRATE WHY MOBILE SUITS ARE A THING OF THE PAST.
AND NOW...

NOW, NOW...
IT'S JUST A ROBOT, AFTER ALL.
THEY'RE WORTH 1.2 MILLION EACH..
DO YOU HAVE TO DESTROY IT?
NOW WHAT?
TELL ME, DOCTOR...
IT CAN'T BE AFFECTED BY ANY OTHER COMMANDS-- IT JUST FIGHTS.
WHEN IT RECEIVES A "RETURN-TO-BLOCK" COMMAND, IT RETURNS TO ITS ANCHOR BLOCK "BED." UNTIL THEN, IT FIGHTS AS REQUIRED BY ITS PROGRAMMING.
WHEN THE M66 RECEIVES AN ATTACK COMMAND, IT ATTACKS ANYTHING THAT MOVES, ABOVE A CERTAIN SIZE, OR ANY METALLIC OBJECT WITH A HEAT SOURCE ABOVE A CERTAIN LEVEL.
HEY, THEY'RE JUST TOOLS, COMMANDER!
WHAT A WASTE...
THE "BEDS" FOR THESE M66s WERE LOST ALONG WITH THE TRANSPORT HELOS CARRYING THEM. THEY'RE LIKE WASPS WITHOUT A HIVE TO RETURN TO.
GOD, I LOVE THIS KIND OF STUFF! Hee, hee, hee...
JUST LIKE REAL SOLDIERS... HAW, HAW!
SO THERE'S NO WAY TO STOP THEM, EXCEPT BY DESTROYING THEM.

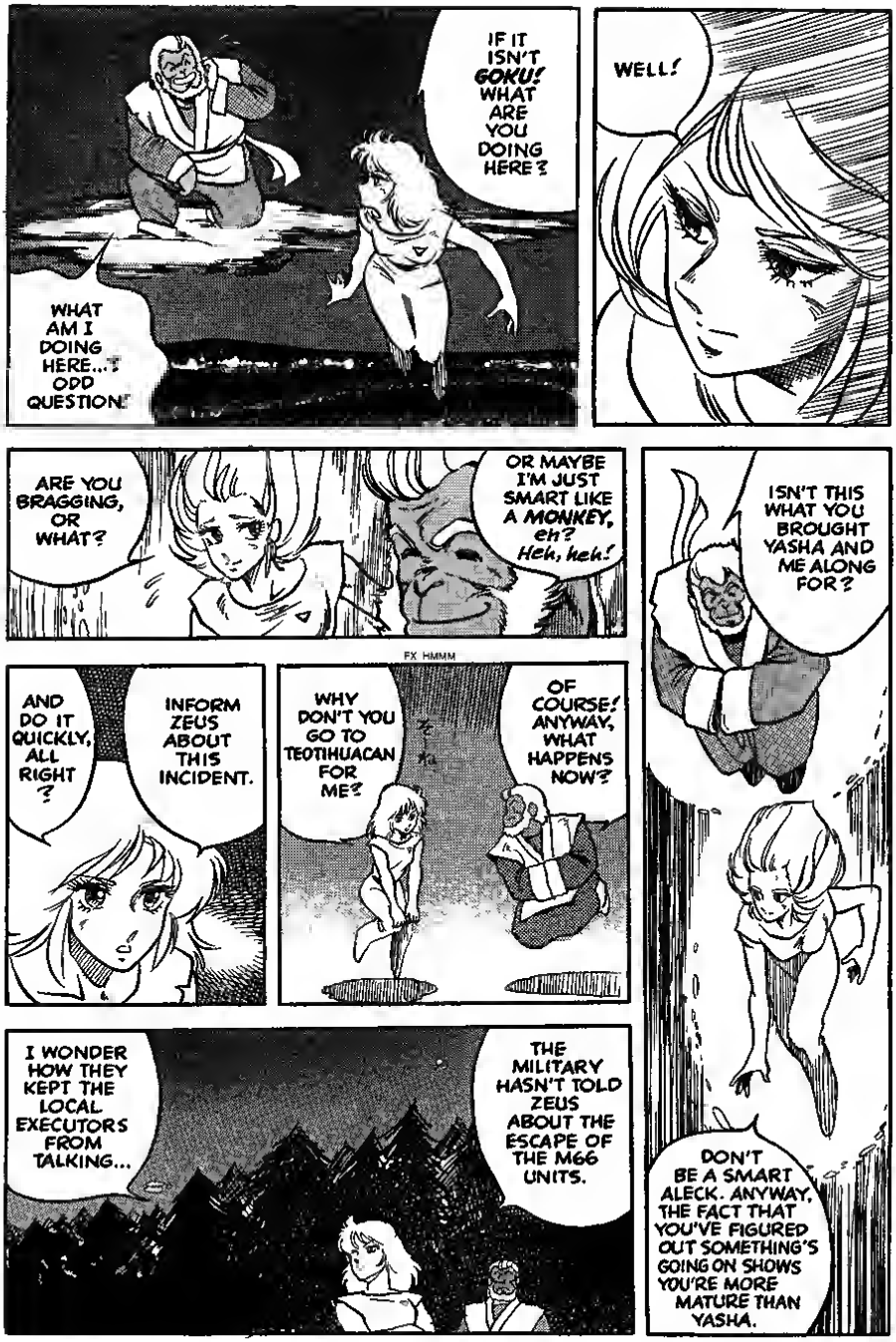


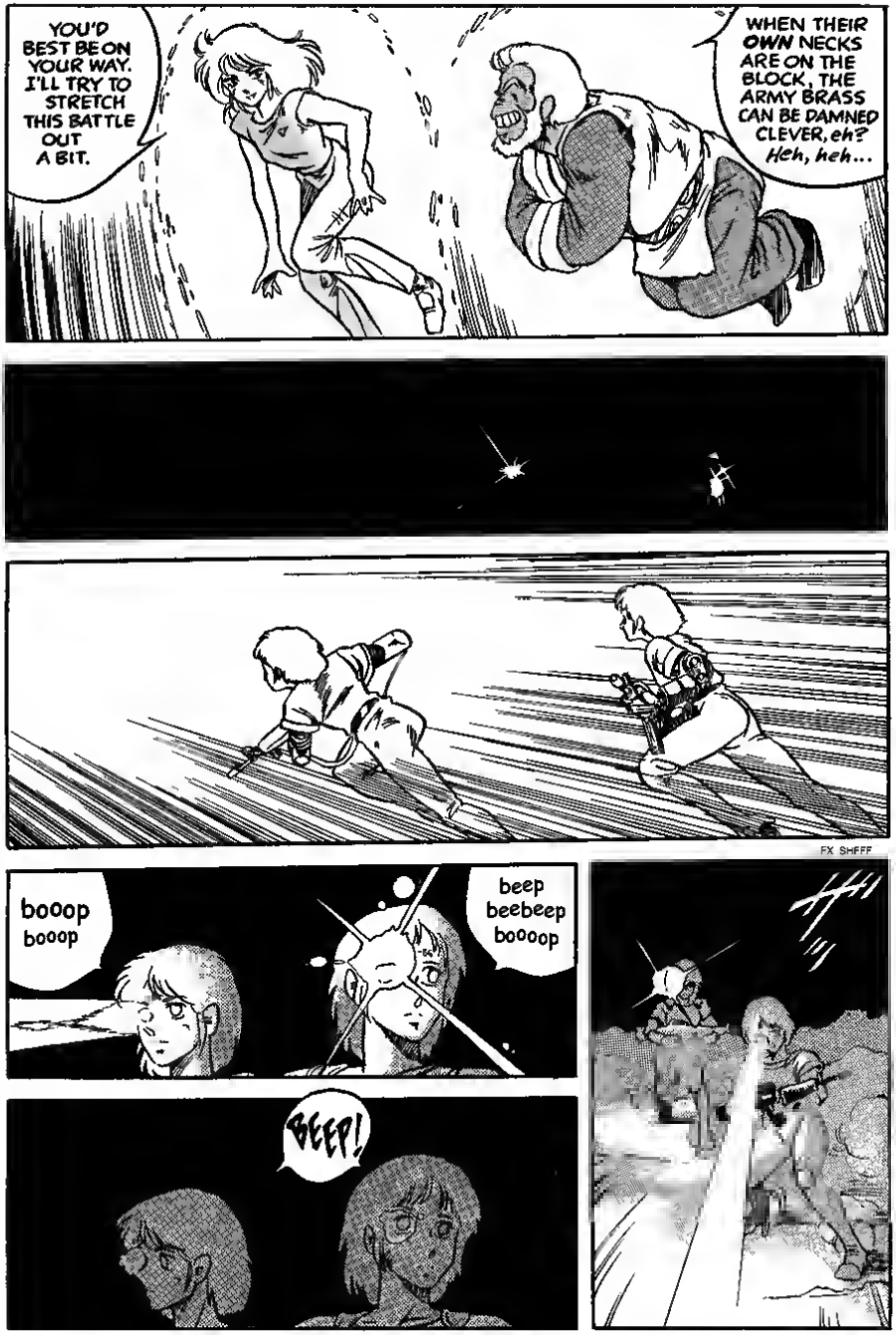




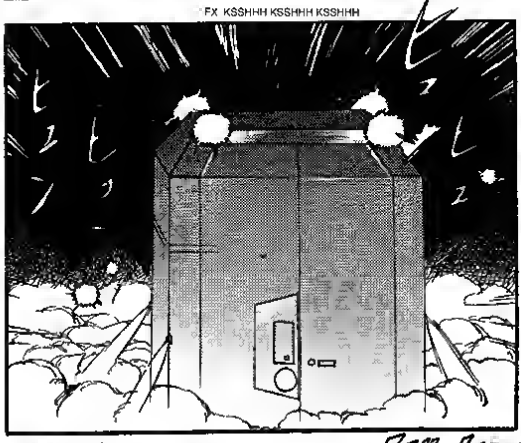
BATTLEFIELD: Part Three

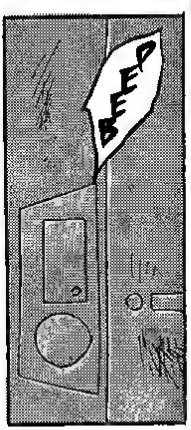
IN THE AIR ABOVE THE NORTH LOBE/ DIPHLODIA MOUNTAINS


IF IT ISN'T GOKU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WHAT AM I DOING HERE...? ODD QUESTION!
WELL!
ARE YOU BRAGGING, OR WHAT?
OR MAYBE I'M JUST SMART LIKE A MONKEY, eh? Heh, heh!
ISN'T THIS WHAT YOU BROUGHT YASHA AND ME ALONG FOR?
FX HMMM
AND DO IT QUICKLY, ALL RIGHT?
INFORM ZEUS ABOUT THIS INCIDENT.
WHY DON'T YOU GO TO TEOTIHUACAN FOR ME?
OF COURSE! ANYWAY, WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
I WONDER HOW THEY KEPT THE LOCAL EXECUTORS FROM TALKING...
THE MILITARY HASN'T TOLD ZEUS ABOUT THE ESCAPE OF THE M66 UNITS.
DON'T BE A SMART ALECK. ANYWAY, THE FACT THAT YOU'VE FIGURED OUT SOMETHING'S GOING ON SHOWS YOU'RE MORE MATURE THAN YASHA.


YOU'D BEST BE ON YOUR WAY. I'LL TRY TO STRETCH THIS BATTLE OUT A BIT.
WHEN THEIR *OWN* NECKS ARE ON THE BLOCK, THE ARMY BRASS CAN BE DAMNED CLEVER, *eh?* *Heh, heh...*
FX SHFFF
booop booop
beep beebeep boooop
BEEP!

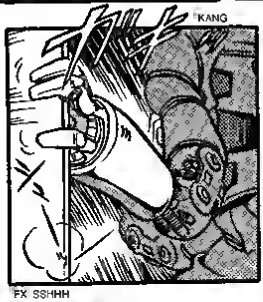
OH BOY OH BOY OH BOY!
AT LAST!! A REAL BATTLE FOR MY SWEET LITTLE MA-77!!

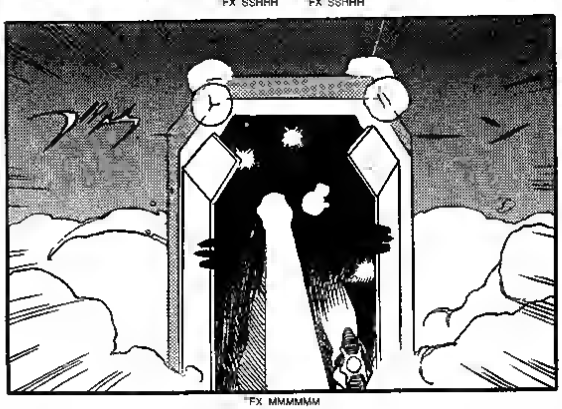

FX KSSHHH KSSHHH KSSHHH

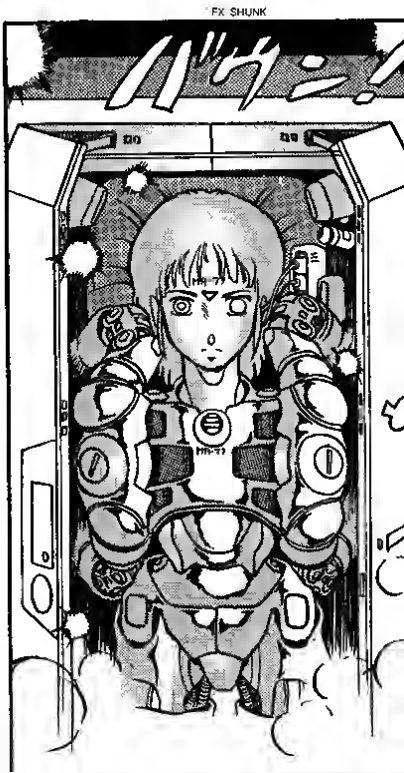

BEEP

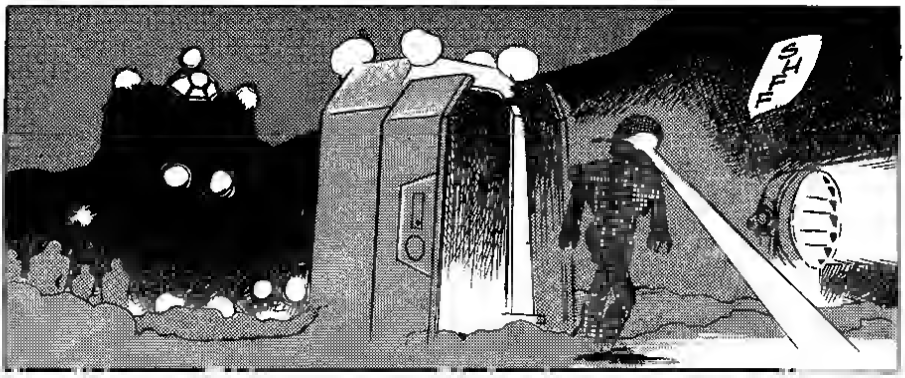
SEEMS LIKE THEY'VE LOCKED ON TO OUR LOCATION. THEY'VE SLOWED DOWN TO 40 MPH.
FX SHUNK

KANG
FX SSHHH


KANG
FX SSHHH


FX MMMMMM

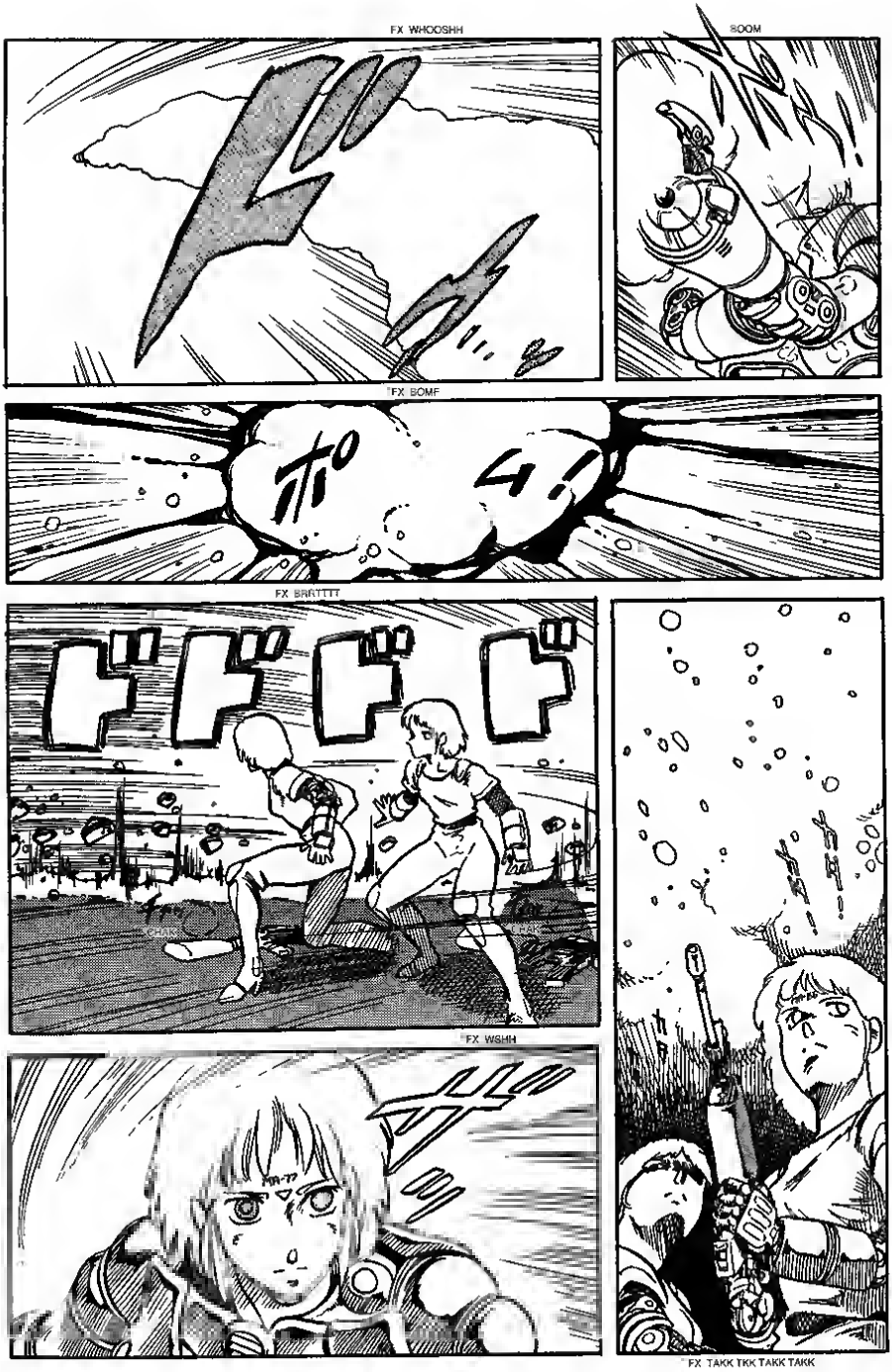

バヴン!!

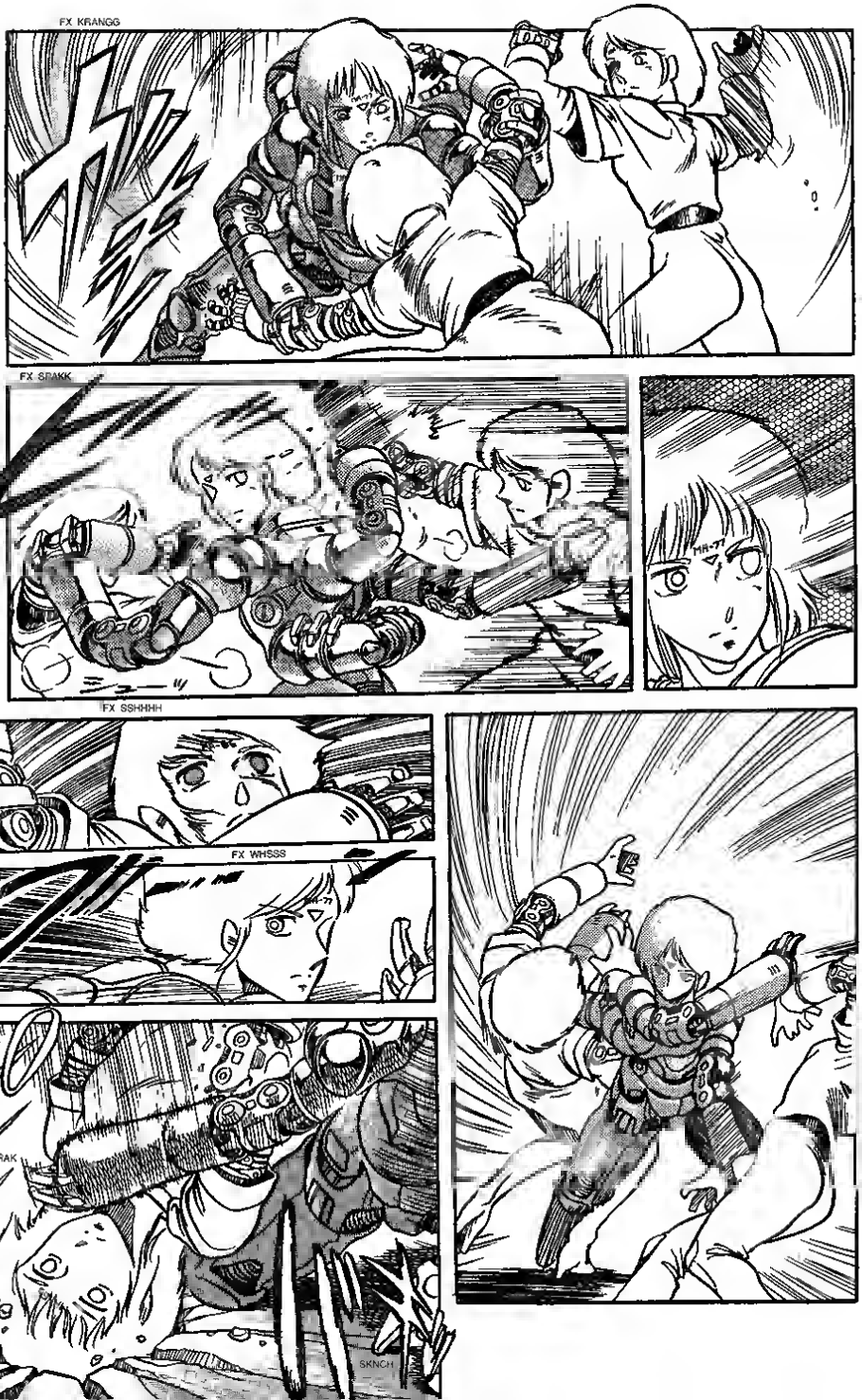


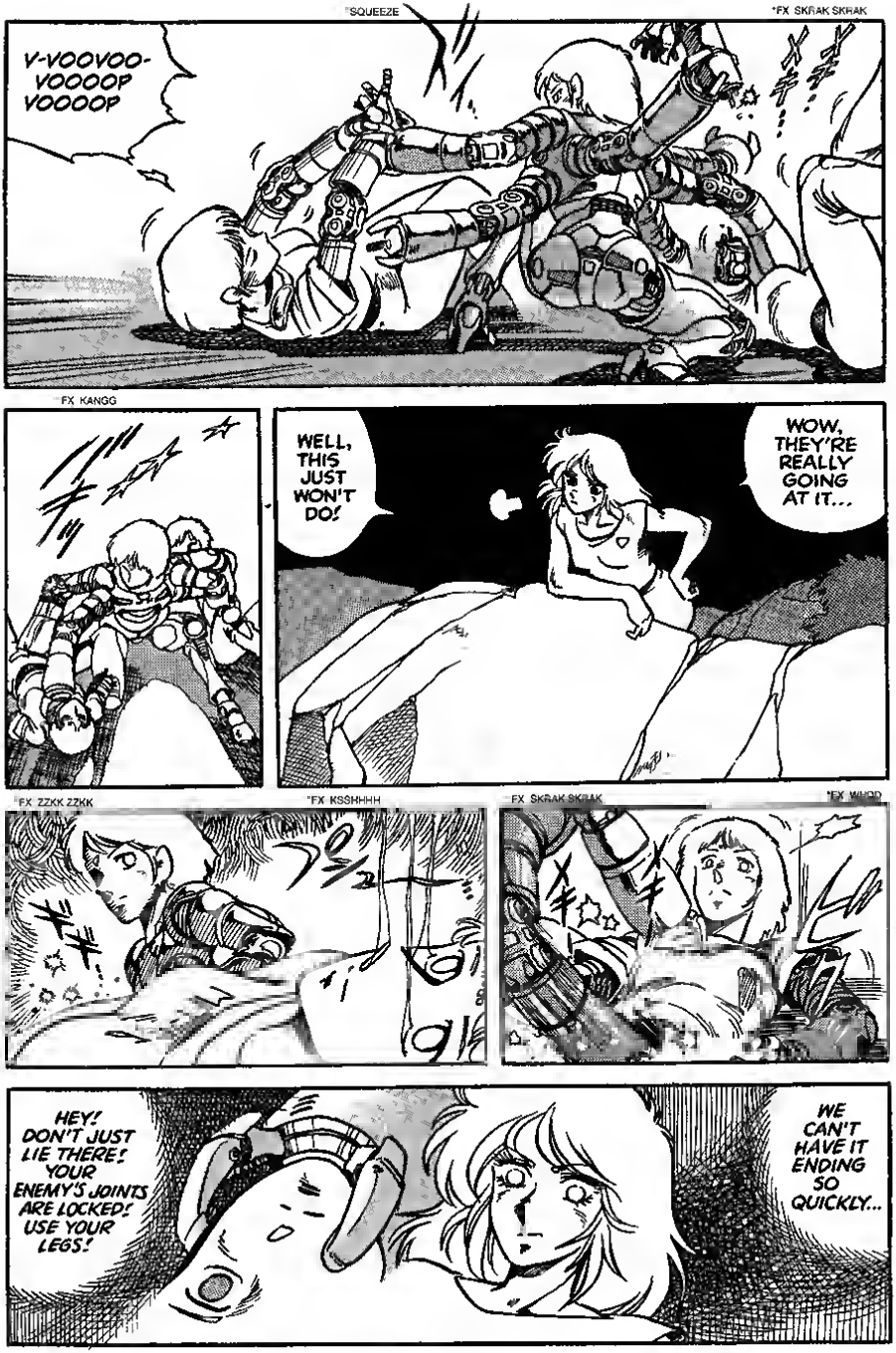
*FX: HEE HEE

*FX: BKOOM BKOOM BKOOM

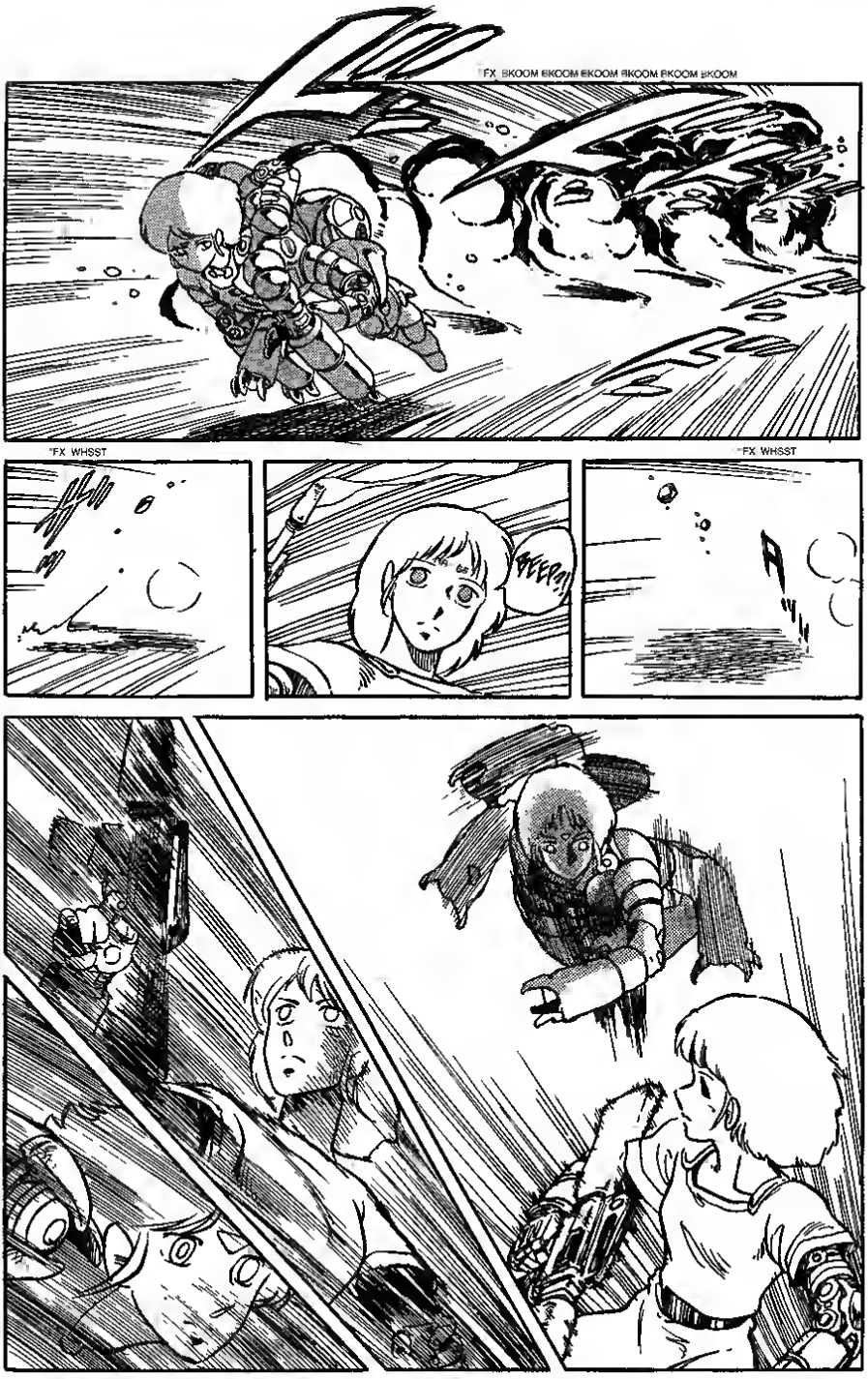
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU, COMMANDER... JUST RELAX! LEAVE IT TO THE MA-77, AND BE SURE TO GET IT ALL ON VIDEO!
YOU'RE SURE IT DOESN'T NEED ANY SUPPORT?

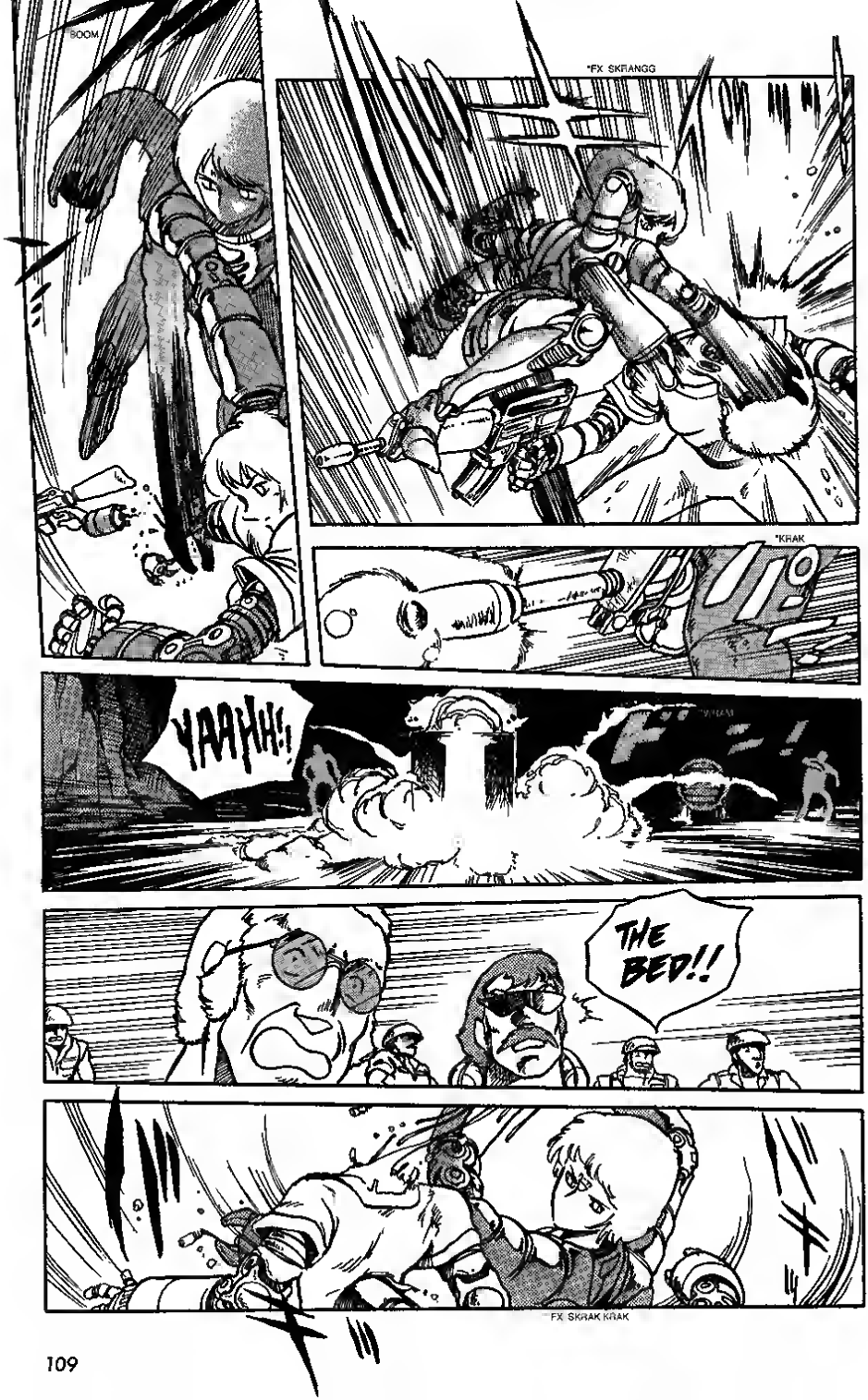

FX WHOOSHH
BOOM
FX BOMF
FX BRRTTTT
FX WSHH
FX TAKK TKK TAKK TAKK

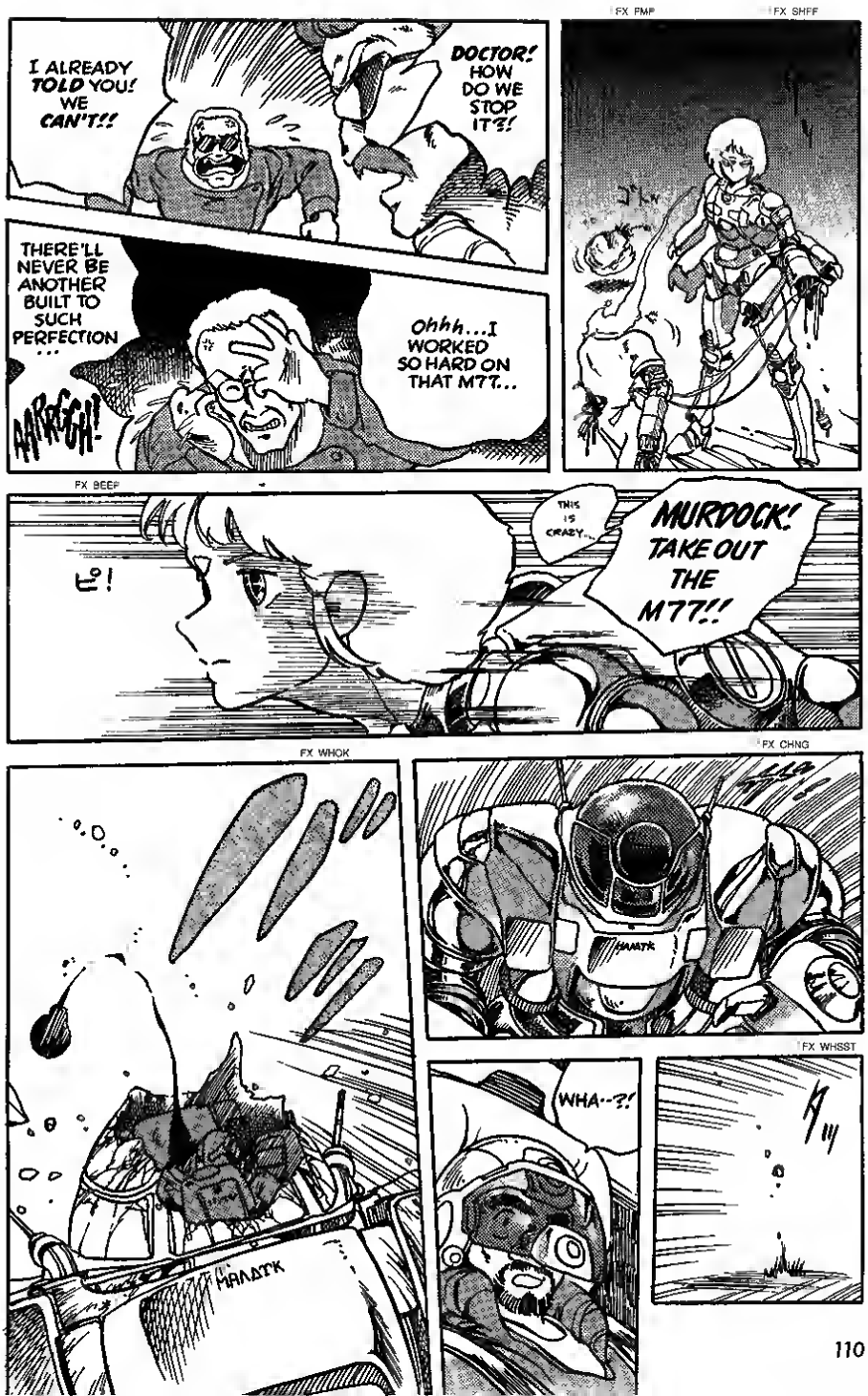

FX KRANGG
FX SPAKK
MR-77
FX SSHHHH
FX WHSSS
*KRAK
SKNCH


*SQUEEZE
*FX SKRAK SKRAK
V-VOOVOO-
VOOOOP
VOOOOP
*FX KANGG
WELL, THIS JUST WON'T DO!
WOW, THEY'RE REALLY GOING AT IT...
*FX ZZKK ZZKK
*FX KSSHHHH
*FX SKRAK SKRAK
*FX WHOO
HEY! DON'T JUST LIE THERE! YOUR ENEMY'S JOINTS ARE LOCKED! USE YOUR LEGS!
WE CAN'T HAVE IT ENDING SO QUICKLY...

WHOKK
NOW, YOUR RIFLE!
FX BEEP
FX CHPF
THIS IS FINALLY GETTING INTER-ESTING!
THAT MT7 LOOKS LIKE MORE FUN, THOUGH...
HEE, HEE!
FWOOOO

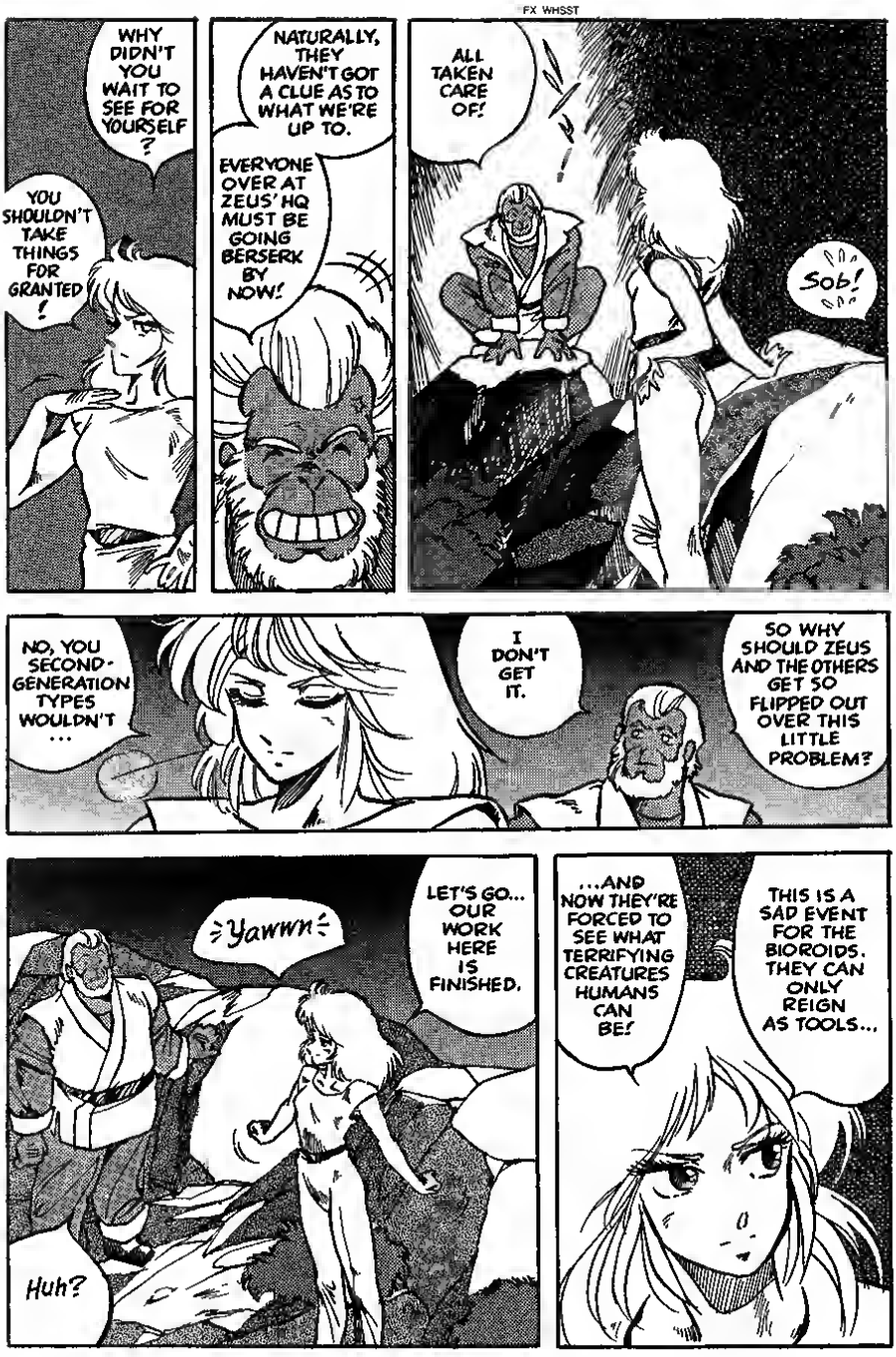

FX BKOOM BKOOM BKOOM BKOOM BKOOM BKOOM
FX WHSST
FX WHSST
BEEP?!

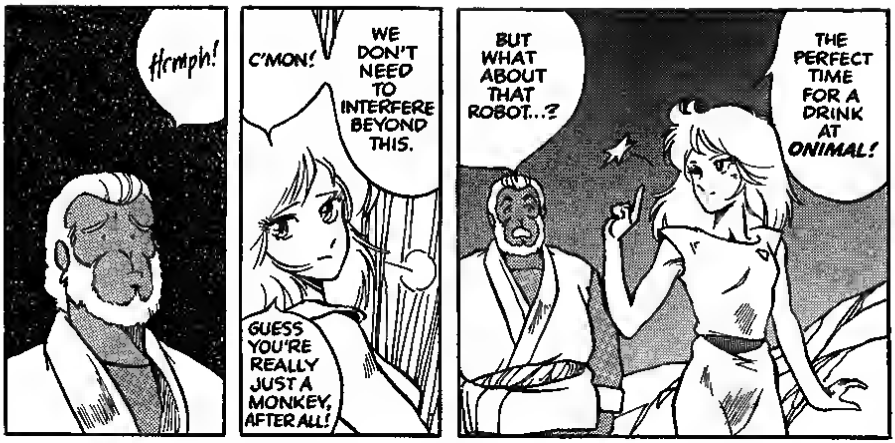

BOOM
*FX SKRIANGG
*KRAK
YAAHH!!
THE BED!!
*FX SKRAK KRAK


I ALREADY TOLD YOU! WE CAN'T!!
DOCTOR! HOW DO WE STOP IT?!
THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER BUILT TO SUCH PERFECTION ...
AARRGH!
Ohhh...I WORKED SO HARD ON THAT M77...
FX PMP
FX SHFF
FX BEEP
ピ!
THIS IS CRAZY...
MURDOCK! TAKE OUT THE M77!!
FX WHOK
FX CHNG
FX WHSST
WHA--?!

IF YOU DON'T MOVE, IT WON'T GO AFTER YOU!
DON'T MOVE! STAY STILL!
FX WHOK WHOK WHOK
FX RLAM RLAM RLAM
STOP, YOU IDIOT!
AIEEEE!!!
FX SKREEEEEEE
FX VRMMM
FX WHDD
FX VRMM
FX SKCHH

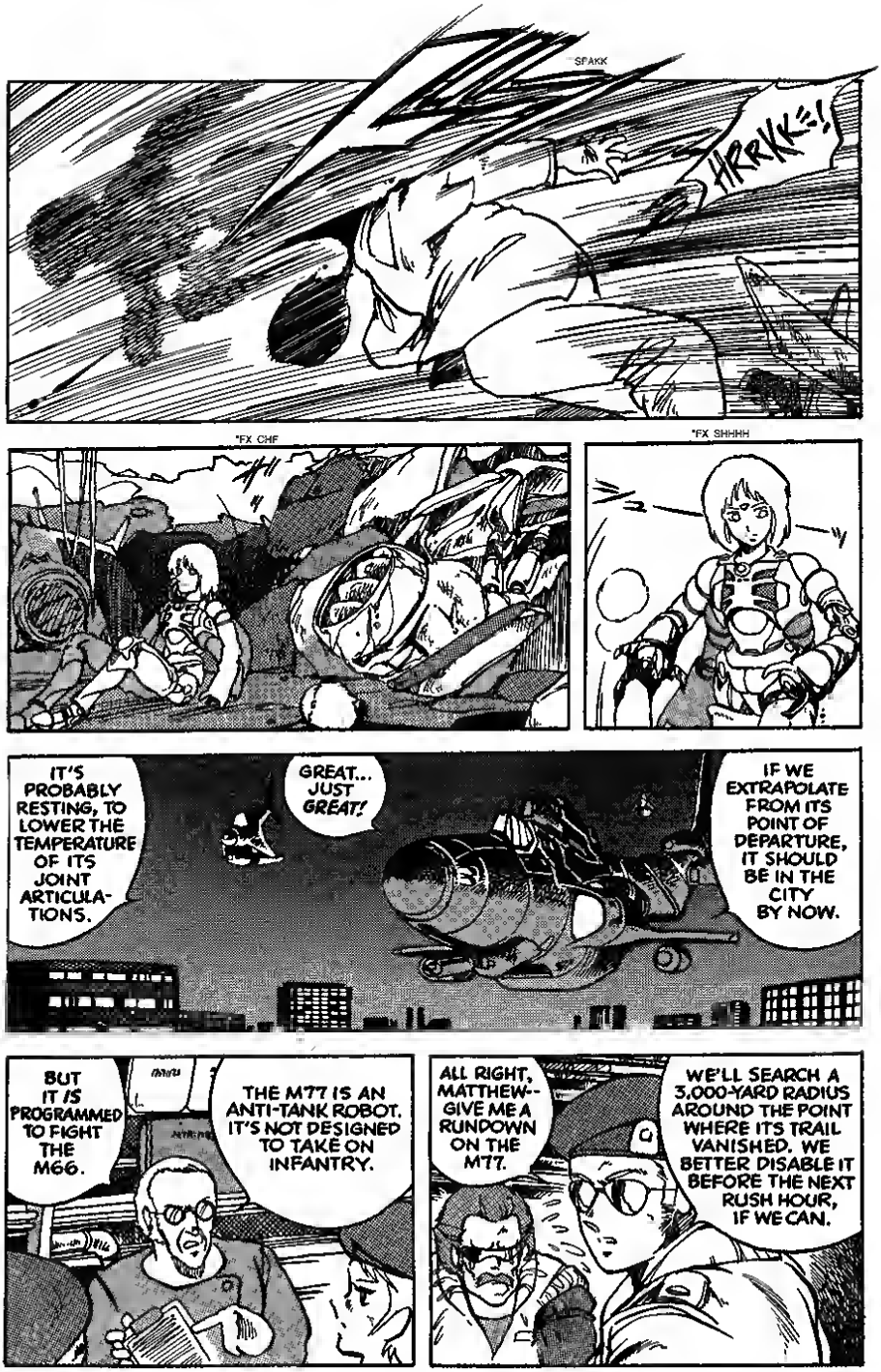
ZHMP
FX: PKOOM
FUFU
TNK
FX: WHHHHSSSSSHHH
IF YOU'D GIVEN ME MORE FUNDING, I COULD HAVE MADE AN M88... THOSE DON'T NEED A BED!
TOO LATE NOW! I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY!
NO KIDDING! MORE LIKE A FIRING SQUAD!
IF..IF THIS GETS ANY WORSE, THEY'RE NOT GOING TO STOP AT A MERE COURT-MARTIAL!
FX: AIEEE
COM-MANDER!
COMMANDER! IT'S BROKEN LOCK ON OUR SCANNERS ALREADY!


FX WHSST
WHY DIDN'T YOU WAIT TO SEE FOR YOURSELF?
YOU SHOULDN'T TAKE THINGS FOR GRANTED!
NATURALLY, THEY HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE AS TO WHAT WE'RE UP TO.
EVERYONE OVER AT ZEUS' HQ MUST BE GOING BERSERK BY NOW!
ALL TAKEN CARE OF!
Sob!
NO, YOU SECOND-GENERATION TYPES WOULDN'T ...
I DON'T GET IT.
SO WHY SHOULD ZEUS AND THE OTHERS GET SO FLIPPED OUT OVER THIS LITTLE PROBLEM?
=Yawwn=
LET'S GO... OUR WORK HERE IS FINISHED.
Huh?
...AND NOW THEY'RE FORCED TO SEE WHAT TERRIFYING CREATURES HUMANS CAN BE!
THIS IS A SAD EVENT FOR THE BIOROIDS. THEY CAN ONLY REIGN AS TOOLS...

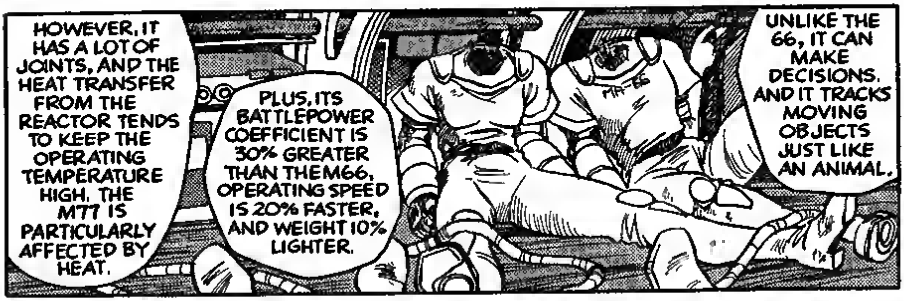

Hrmph!
C'MON!
WE DON'T NEED TO INTERFERE BEYOND THIS.
GUESS YOU'RE REALLY JUST A MONKEY, AFTER ALL!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT ROBOT...?
THE PERFECT TIME FOR A DRINK AT ONIMAL!

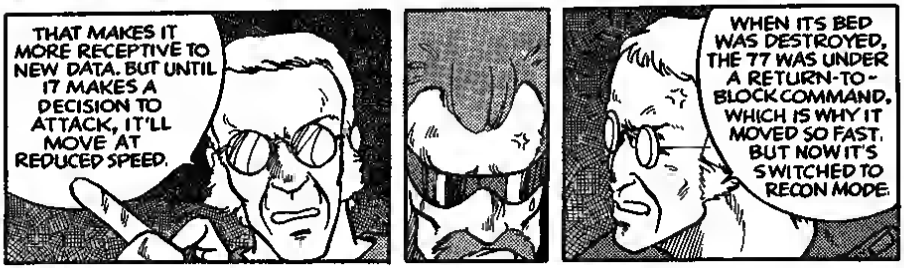
BATTLEFIELD: Part Four

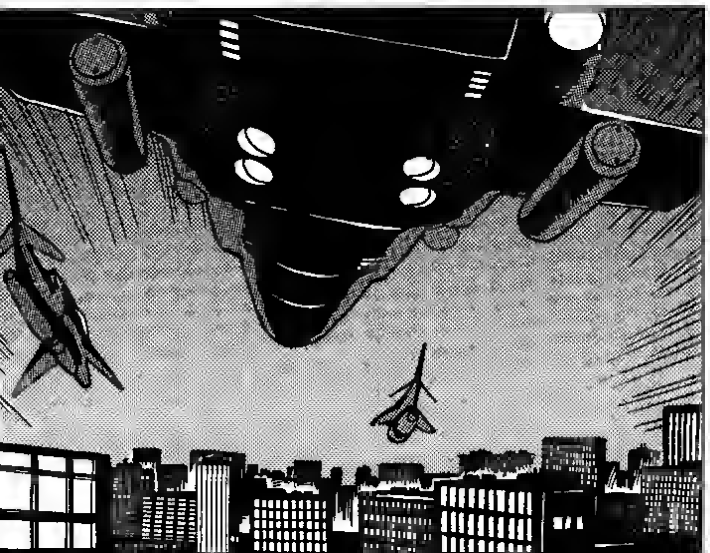
♪DA DA DA DUM DA...♪
Oh, YOU GOT AN EEEVIL♪ HEART... SO EVIL...♪
ガラガラ
FX KLIK
ヒュア!
FX KRANNNG
FX KSSHH KSSHH
BATTLEPOWER COEFFICIENT MEASUREMENT EQUALS ZERO, THEREFORE: ATTACK NOT REQUIRED
MR-77
HUMAN FORM... ATTACK REQUIRED..? EXTREMELY SLOW SPEED (BELOW MINIMUM) THEREFORE: ATTACK NOT REQUIRED.
Huh?!
P-PLEASE! I... I GOT A WIFE AND KIDS AT HOME, AND--
Oh, JEEZ! D-D-DON'T HURT ME! I'M NOT... I WASN'T... I DIDN'T...
FX KTUUUNK
?
スコーン
WHY, IT'S JUST A GODDAMN FAKE!
SCARE ME, WILL YA!!

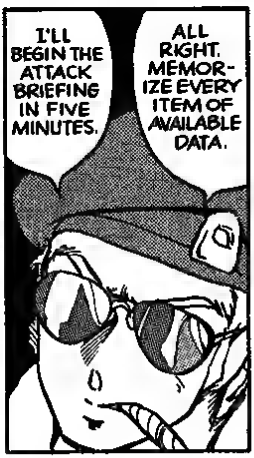

SPAKK
HRRKK=!
*FX CHF
*FX SHHHH
IT'S PROBABLY RESTING, TO LOWER THE TEMPERATURE OF ITS JOINT ARTICULATIONS.
GREAT... JUST GREAT!
IF WE EXTRAPOLATE FROM ITS POINT OF DEPARTURE, IT SHOULD BE IN THE CITY BY NOW.
BUT IT IS PROGRAMMED TO FIGHT THE M66.
THE M77 IS AN ANTI-TANK ROBOT. IT'S NOT DESIGNED TO TAKE ON INFANTRY.
ALL RIGHT, MATTHEW-- GIVE ME A RUNDOWN ON THE M77.
WE'LL SEARCH A 3,000-YARD RADIUS AROUND THE POINT WHERE ITS TRAIL VANISHED. WE BETTER DISABLE IT BEFORE THE NEXT RUSH HOUR, IF WE CAN.

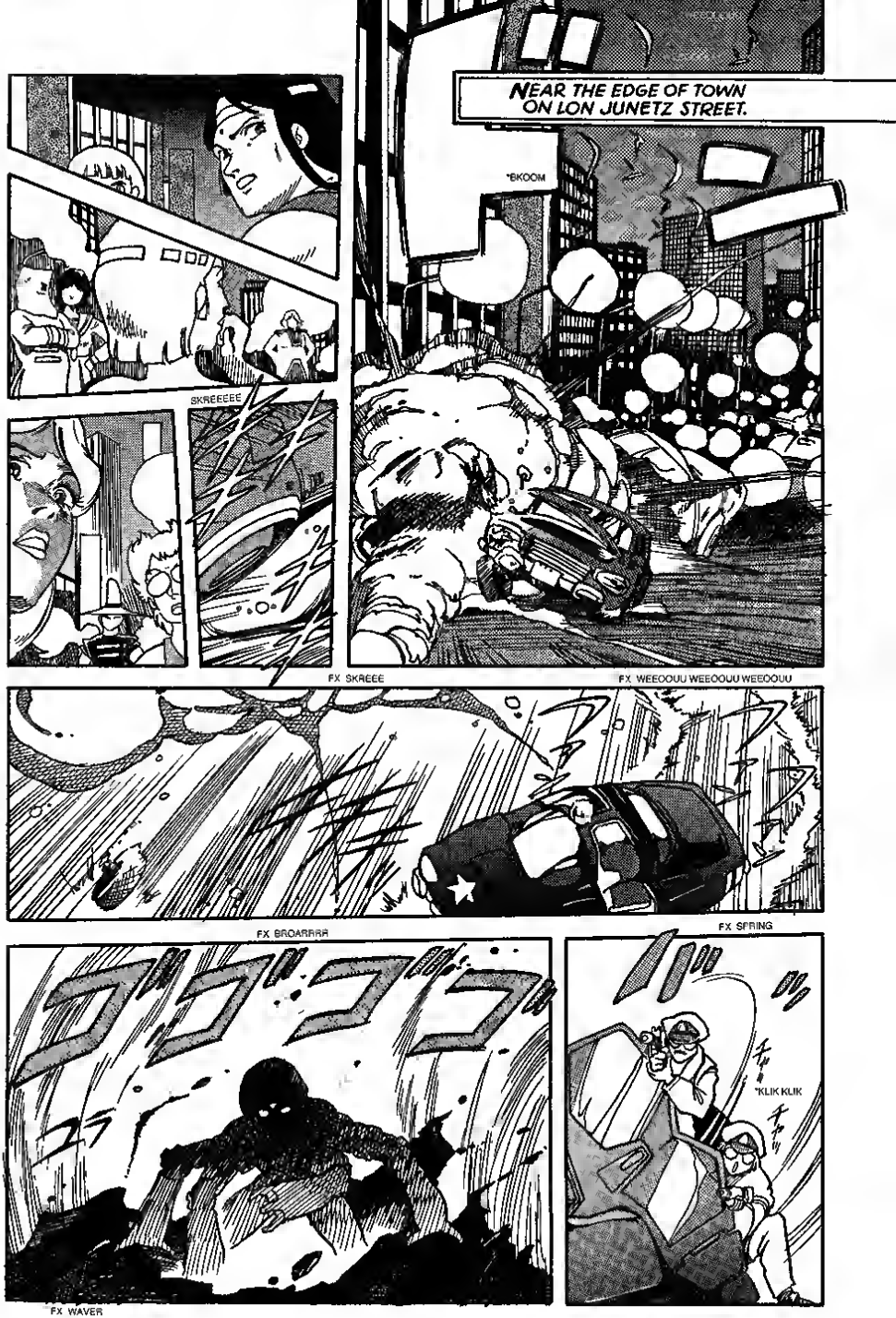
IT'S GOT EVERY KIND OF ECM AND SENSOR WE COULD JAM INTO THE CASING. IT CAN EVEN DETECT ANOMOLIES IN THE EARTH'S MAGNETIC FIELD.
ITS SENSOR SUITE IS FAR MORE SOPHISTICATED THAN PREVIOUS MODELS-- ESSENTIALLY IT HAS COMPOSITE PERCEPTION.


HOWEVER, IT HAS A LOT OF JOINTS, AND THE HEAT TRANSFER FROM THE REACTOR TENDS TO KEEP THE OPERATING TEMPERATURE HIGH. THE M77 IS PARTICULARLY AFFECTED BY HEAT.
PLUS, ITS BATTLEPOWER COEFFICIENT IS 30% GREATER THAN THE M66, OPERATING SPEED IS 20% FASTER, AND WEIGHT 10% LIGHTER.
UNLIKE THE 66, IT CAN MAKE DECISIONS. AND IT TRACKS MOVING OBJECTS JUST LIKE AN ANIMAL.


THAT MAKES IT MORE RECEPTIVE TO NEW DATA. BUT UNTIL IT MAKES A DECISION TO ATTACK, IT'LL MOVE AT REDUCED SPEED.
WHEN ITS BED WAS DESTROYED, THE 77 WAS UNDER A RETURN-TO-BLOCK COMMAND, WHICH IS WHY IT MOVED SO FAST. BUT NOW IT'S SWITCHED TO RECON MODE.

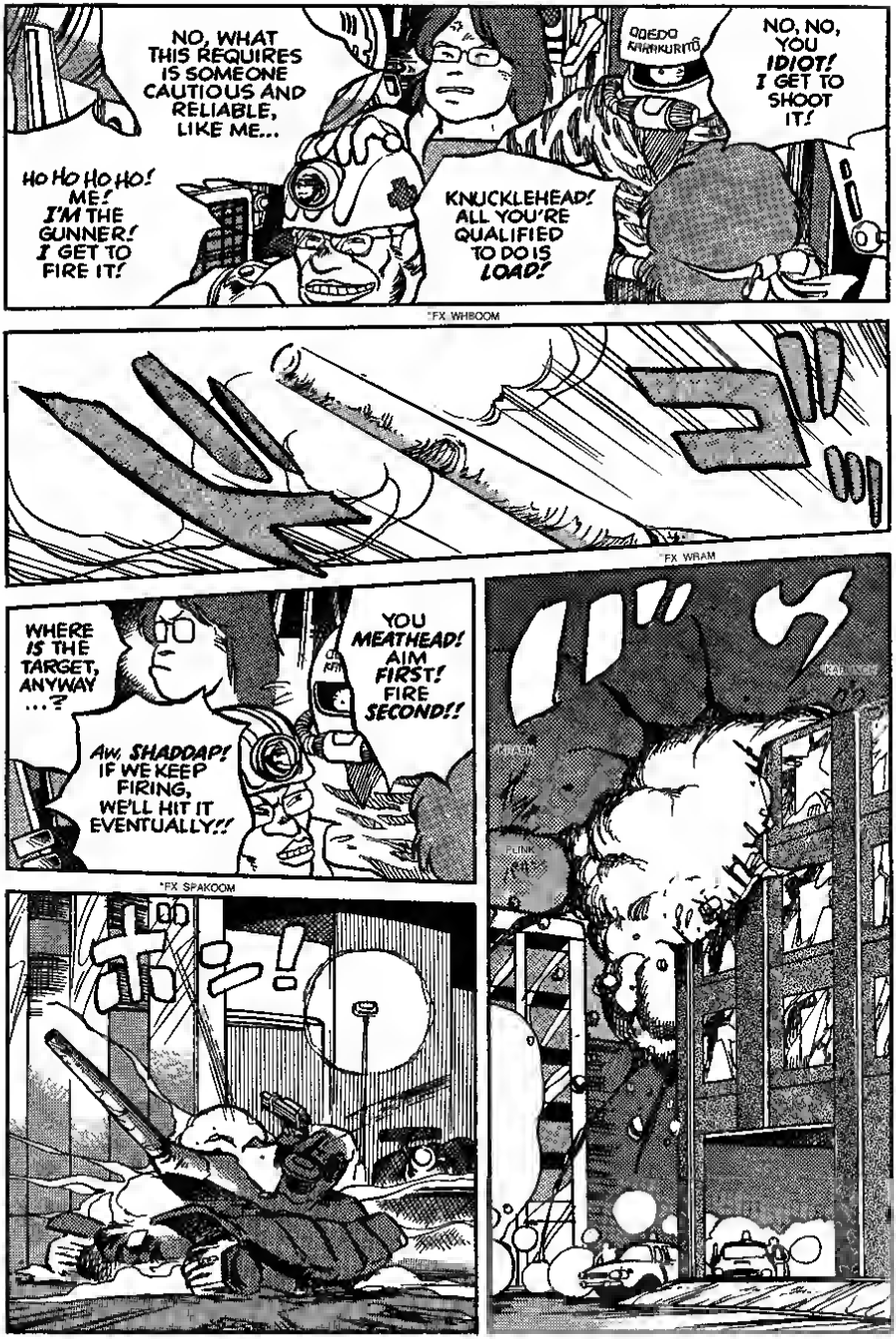



I'LL BEGIN THE ATTACK BRIEFING IN FIVE MINUTES.
ALL RIGHT. MEMORIZE EVERY ITEM OF AVAILABLE DATA.

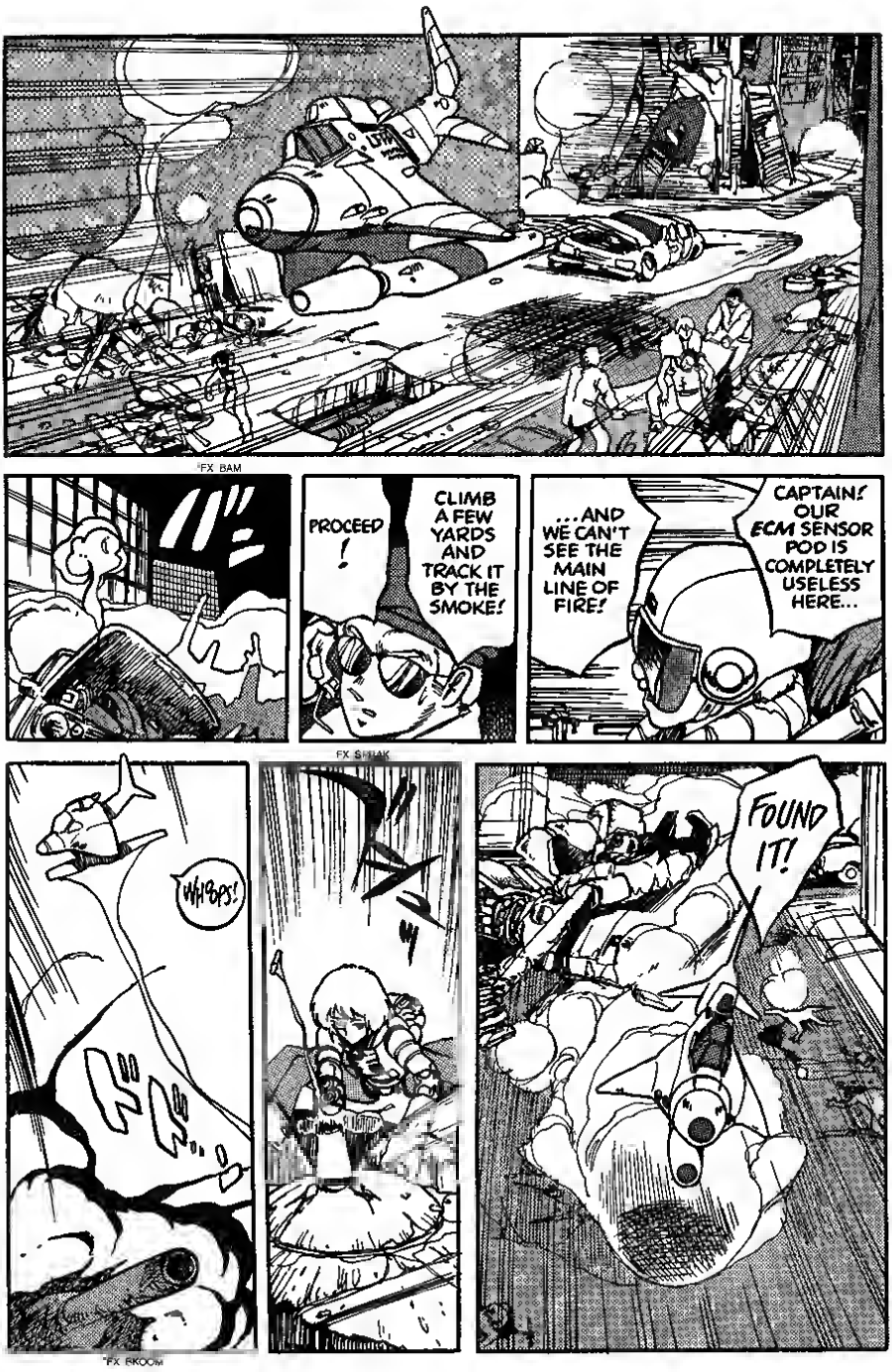

NEAR THE EDGE OF TOWN
ON LON JUNETZ STREET.
*BKOOM
SKREEEEE
FX SKREEE
FX WEEOOUU WEEOOUU WEEOOUU
FX BROARRR
FX SPRING
*KLIK KLIK
FX WAVER

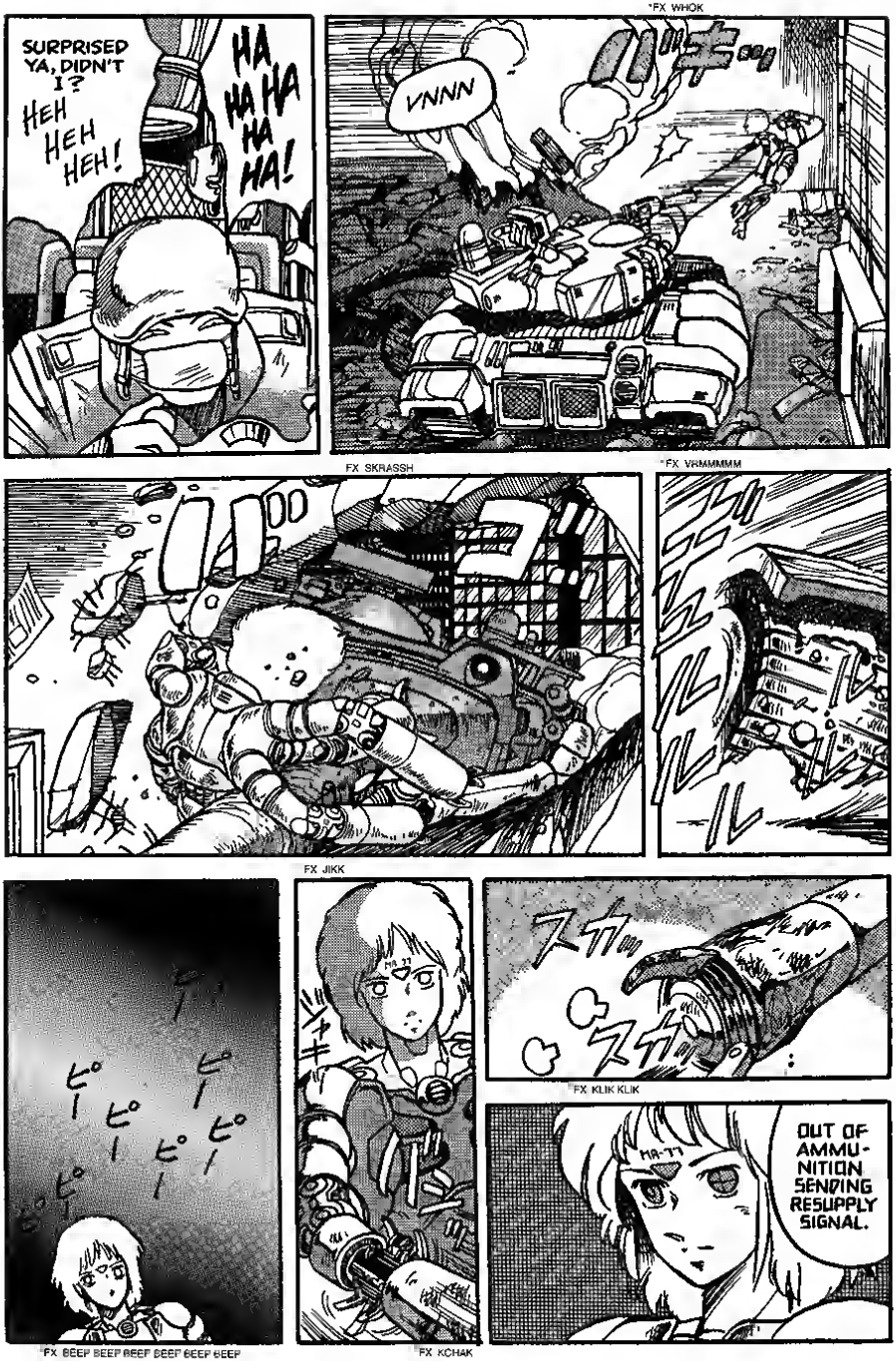
KSSHH
KANG
SPAK
*SLAM
*FX: SPANG SPANG SPAK SPANG S'AK S'AK
SKCHH
*FX SKRNCH
Wha--!
FX SKRAK
*FX WEEOOUU WEEOOUU WEEOOUU WEEOOUU
*FX SKHEEE
バチ

...GUARD!
NATIONAL...
*FX ZHOOP
HEH, HEH... HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH!
*FX (surprise)
*FX (crowd noise)
THIS IS A JOB FOR US!!
STAND ASIDE! STAND ASIDE!!
WHAT? WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!
FX WHIPF
YEE-HAW!!
HUP TWO THREE FOUR!
FIGHT! FIGHT!
FX GNN GNN GNN GNN GNN GNN


NO, WHAT THIS REQUIRES IS SOMEONE CAUTIOUS AND RELIABLE, LIKE ME...
HO HO HO HO! ME! I'M THE GUNNER! I GET TO FIRE IT!
KNUCKLEHEAD! ALL YOU'RE QUALIFIED TO DO IS LOAD!
NO, NO, YOU IDIOT! I GET TO SHOOT IT!
*FX WHBOOM
*FX WRAM
WHERE IS THE TARGET, ANYWAY ...?
YOU MEATHEAD! AIM FIRST! FIRE SECOND!!
AW, SHADDAP! IF WE KEEP FIRING, WE'LL HIT IT EVENTUALLY!!
*FX SPAKOOM

THAT'S RATHER UNFOR-TUNATE...
THE NATIONAL GUARD IS OUT THERE ...?!
Uh-oh
WE REPEAT, THIS IS NOT A DRAMATIZATION! A REAL BATTLE IS TAKING PLACE NOW IN--
JUST LOOK AT THAT, FOLKS! IT'S A REAL BATTLE! IS THIS AN INVASION FROM OUTER SPACE? OR PERHAPS ANOTHER SURVIVALIST GROUP GONE MAD?
42 TF
42 TF
*FX: RKOOM

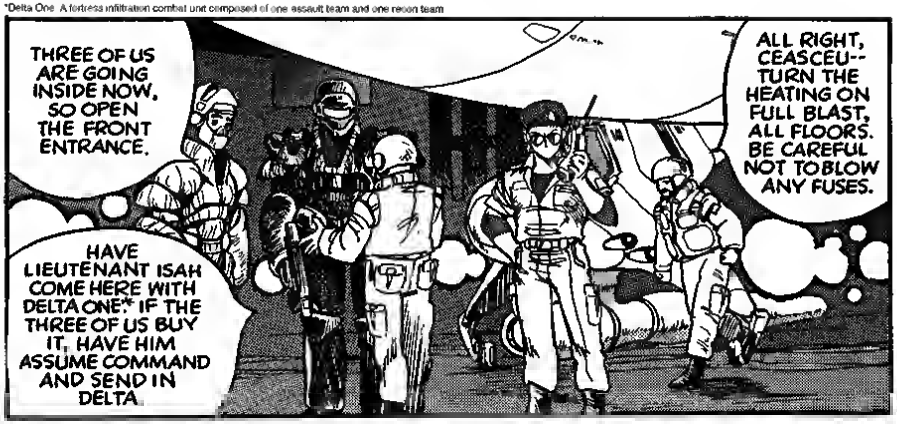

*FX BAM
PROCEED!
CLIMB A FEW YARDS AND TRACK IT BY THE SMOKE!
...AND WE CAN'T SEE THE MAIN LINE OF FIRE!
CAPTAIN! OUR ECM SENSOR POD IS COMPLETELY USELESS HERE...
*FX SHAK
WHIPS!
*FX FKOOM
FOUND IT!


SURPRISED YA, DIDN'T I?
HEH HEH HEH!
HA HA HA HA HA!
*FX WHOK
VNNN
FX SKRASSH
*FX VRMMMMM
FX JIKK
*FX BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
*FX KCHAK
*FX KLIK KLIK
MR-77
OUT OF AMMUNITION SENDING RESUPPLY SIGNAL.

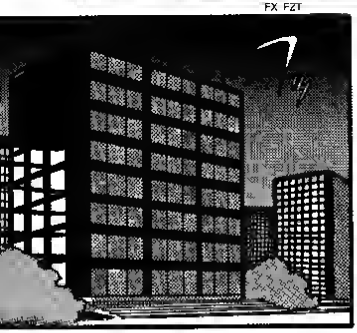
*FX KSHHH KSHHH KSHHH KSHHH
HEY!! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU IDIOTS DOING?!
POLICE, huh? PULL 'EM OUTTA THERE.
YES, SIR!
THAT'S THE LAST THING I THOUGHT WE'D BE USING IN THIS OP, CAPTAIN.
JUST TWO.
HOW MANY PROTECTOR SUITS DO WE HAVE, GEORGIO?
IF IT'S INSIDE THE BUILDING, IT'LL BE EASIER TO TAKE OUT. WE'RE CHANGING TACTICS. OUR FIRST PRIORITY IS NOW CONTAINMENT.
NO RESPONSE. RESUPPLY UNAVAILABLE. ENEMY NUMBER: UNKNOWN. NEED EXTRACTION.
GSHAK
CEASCEU, YOU SEIZE THE CONTROL ROOM. SEAL OFF THE BUILDING AND STAND BY.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. ROGER, BLAU, YOU PUT ON THE SUITS.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE.

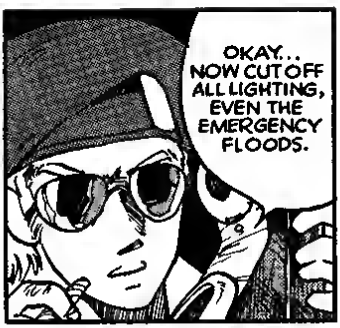
THAT'S ONE CLEVER ROBOT, HOLING UP IN THE INTERSTELLAR IMMIGRATION BUILDING LIKE THAT...
YEAH. NO SHIT.
TELL CEASCEU TO LOWER THE FIREWALLS.
CAPTAIN! HQ SAYS MORE THAN HALF THE EMPLOYEES ARE STILL IN THE BUILDING.
IT'S ON THE THIRD FLOOR NOW, BREAKING THROUGH THE FIRE-WALL IN THE STAIR-WELL.
KI-K
FIRE-WALLS CLOSED, CAPTAIN.
PLUS, IT'LL HELP KEEP THE EMPLOYEES FROM COMING INTO CONTACT WITH THE M'77.
GOOD
I JUST WANT TO LOCATE THE UNIT. WE HAVE NO INTENTION OF TRYING TO TRAP IT.
THE 77 ISN'T EVEN GOING TO NOTICE A FIREWALL!

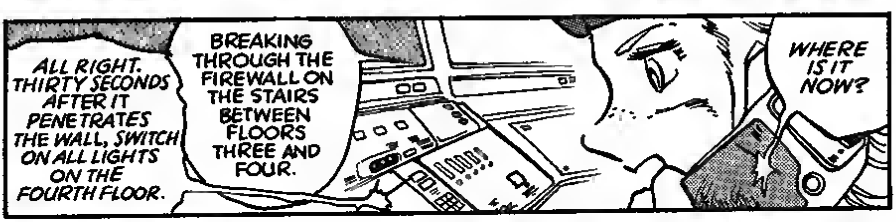
*Delta One: A fortress infiltration combat unit composed of one assault team and one recon team


THREE OF US ARE GOING INSIDE NOW, SO OPEN THE FRONT ENTRANCE.
HAVE LIEUTENANT ISAH COME HERE WITH DELTA ONE.* IF THE THREE OF US BUY IT, HAVE HIM ASSUME COMMAND AND SEND IN DELTA.
ALL RIGHT, CEASCEU-- TURN THE HEATING ON FULL BLAST, ALL FLOORS. BE CAREFUL NOT TO BLOW ANY FUSES.

FX: FZT

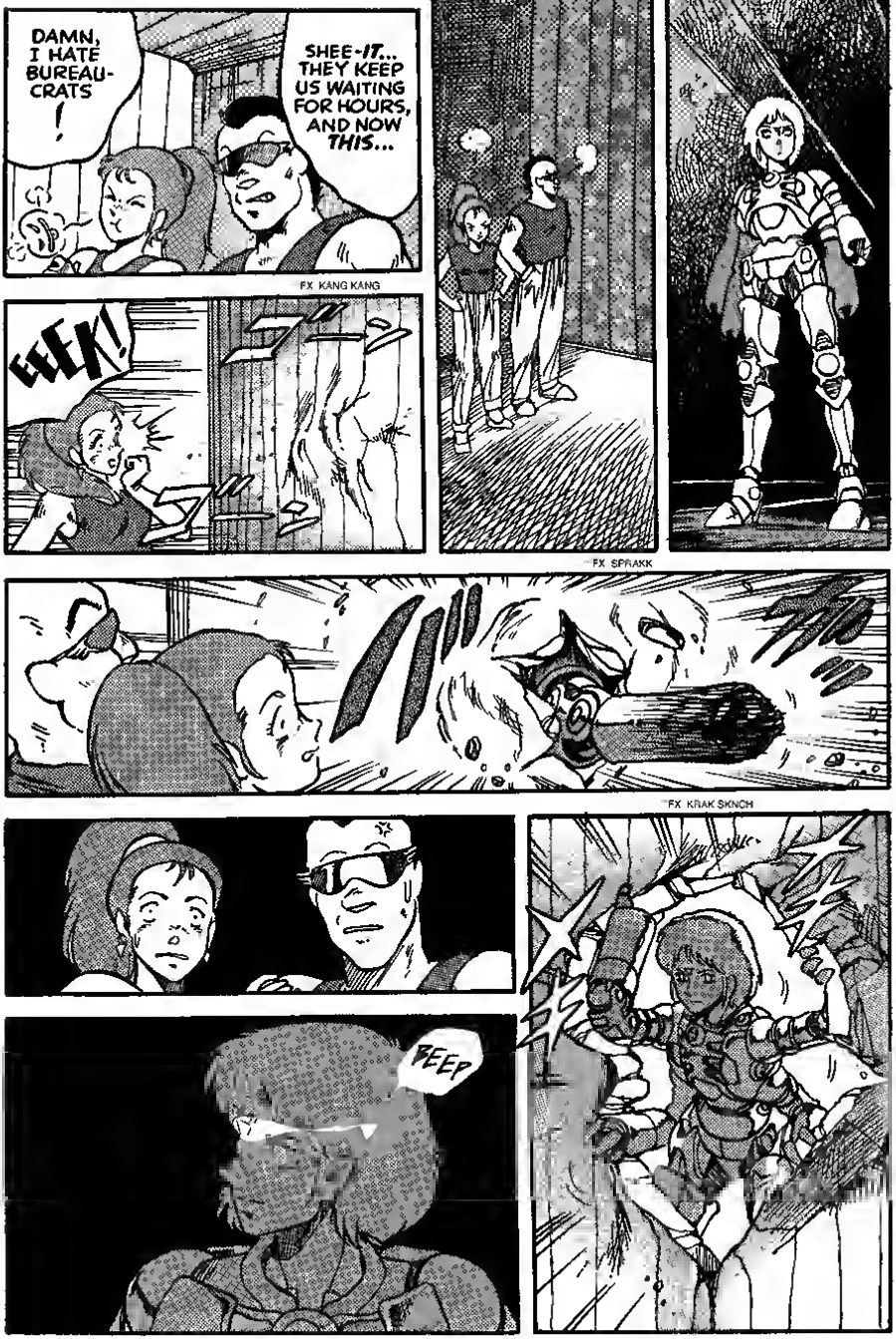


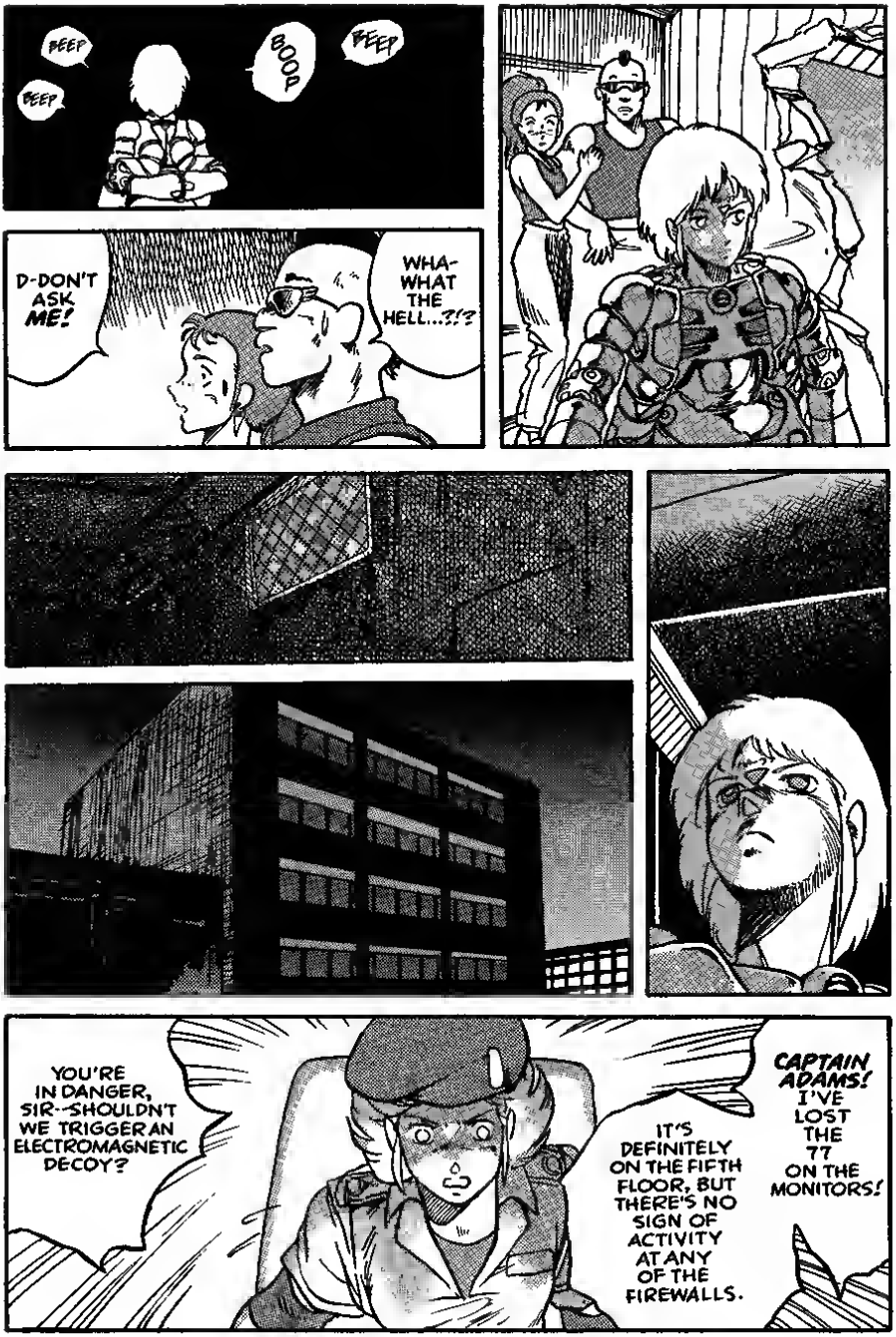


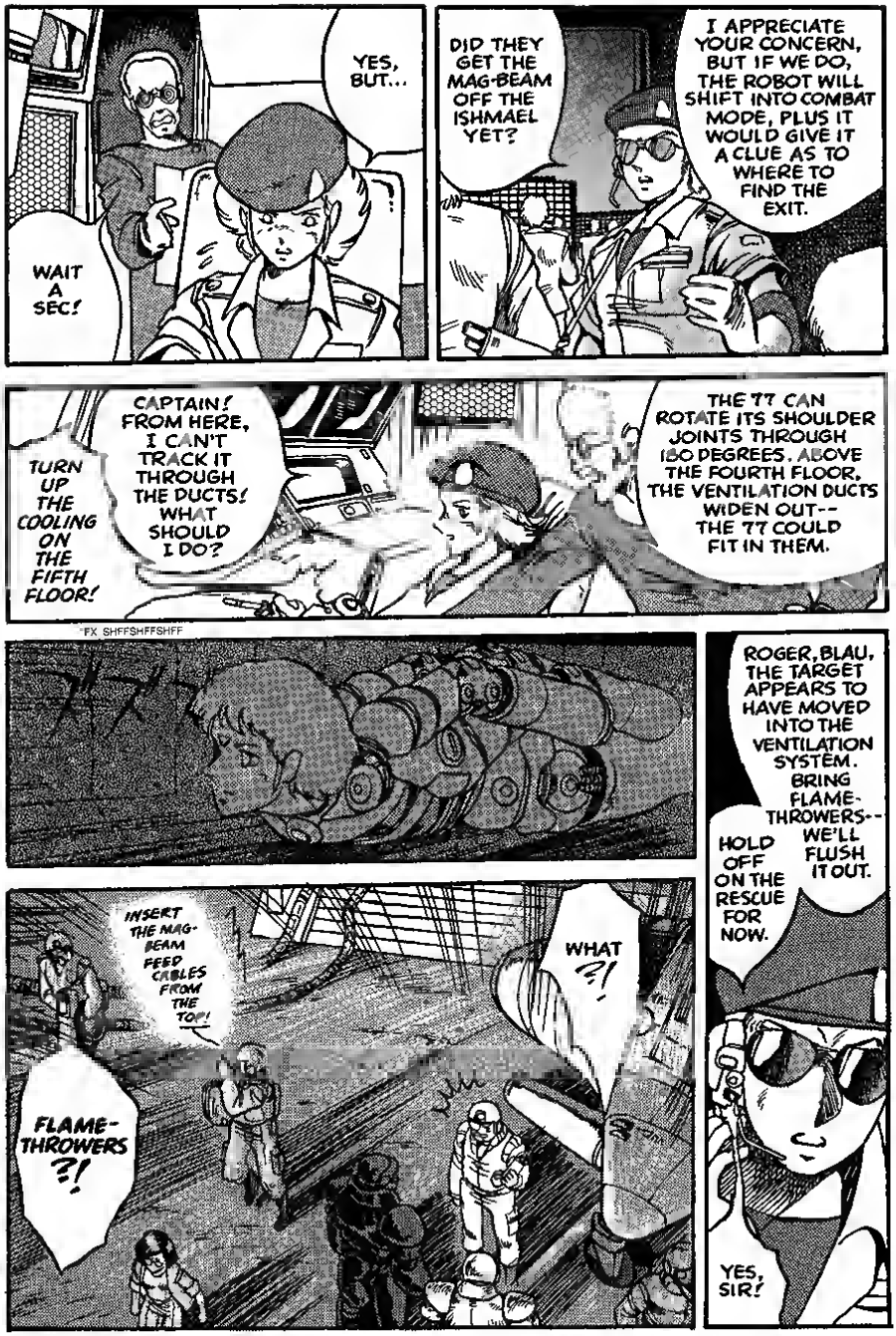

ALL RIGHT. THIRTY SECONDS AFTER IT PENETRATES THE WALL, SWITCH ON ALL LIGHTS ON THE FOURTH FLOOR.
BREAKING THROUGH THE FIREWALL ON THE STAIRS BETWEEN FLOORS THREE AND FOUR.
WHERE IS IT NOW?

JEEZ, I DON'T GET IT.
TO OVERLOAD THE '77's OWL-EYE. THE HEATING IS TO JAM UP ITS TEMPERATURE AND SOUND SENSORS.
WHY'S THE CAPTAIN SWITCHING THE LIGHTS ON AND OFF?
FX: CHAK
WHEN THE '77 GETS TO THE SIXTH FLOOR, USE THE ELEVATOR TO BYPASS IT.
WE'LL SET UP A BOOBY TRAP THERE. YOU TWO EVACUATE THE EMPLOYEES FROM THE LOWER FLOORS, ONE FLOOR AT A TIME.
KEEP ALTERNATING TEMPERATURES UNTIL IT REACHES THE SEVENTH FLOOR.
CEASCEU, TURN ON THE COOLING SYSTEM ON THE FIFTH FLOOR. KEEP THE '77 MOVING UP, AND SHUT DOWN THE VENTILATION BEHIND IT.
I'LL SEND THE EMPLOYEES ON THE TOP THREE FLOORS UP TO THE ROOF. MOVE IT, SOLDIER!
GO BACK TO THE ISHMAEL AND GET ME AN INFRARED STROBE TUNED TO A HUMAN HEAT SIGNATURE, SOME DET CORD, AND A MAG-BEAM DRIVER WITH FOUR LENSES.

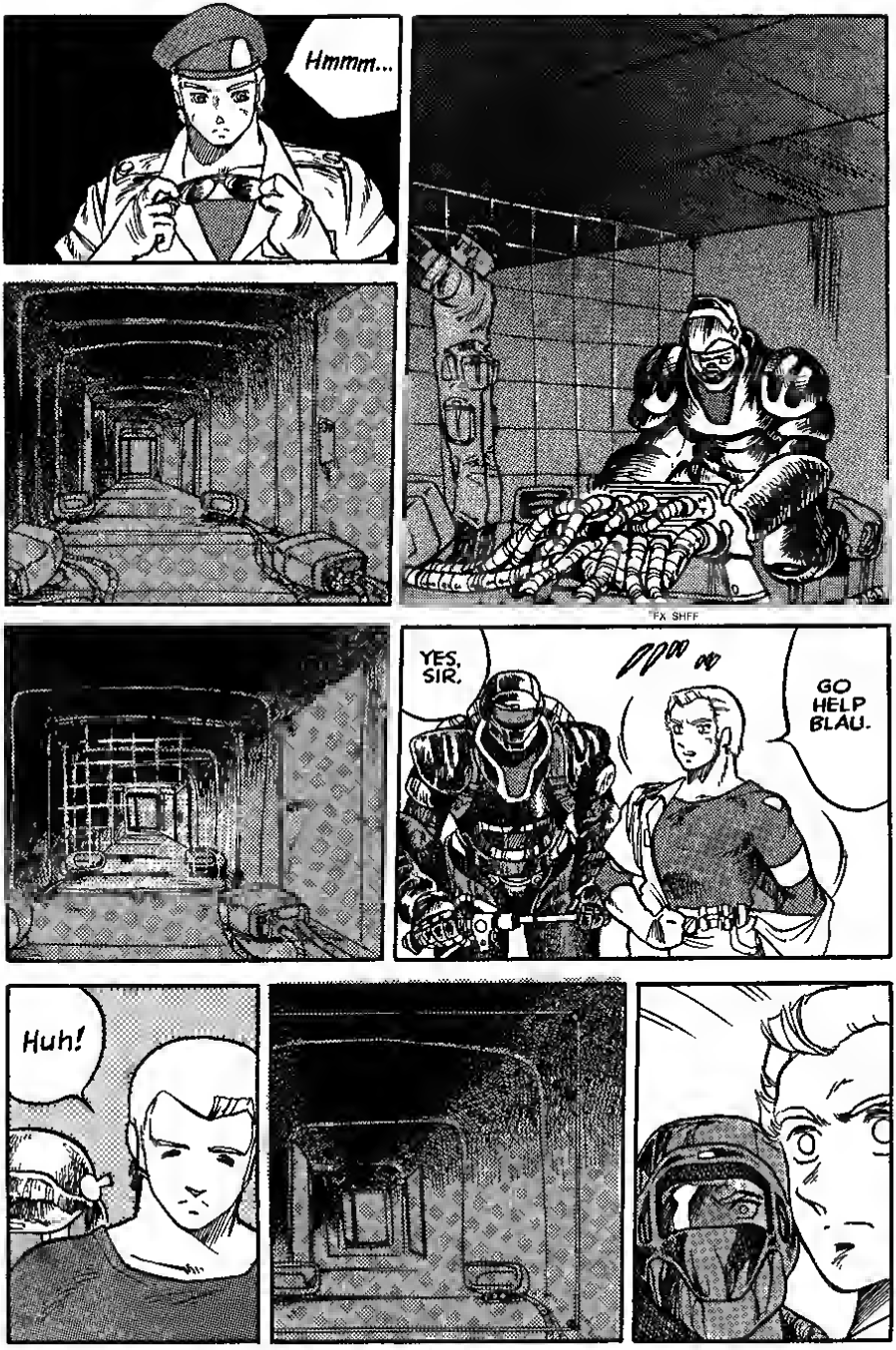
BAM
WHA-?!
FX WHCHAK
WH-WHAT THE HELL?! WHAT'S GOING ON?!
I'M HERE TO RESCUE YOU. FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS, STAY CALM, AND MOVE QUICKLY.
COME ON, COME ON, KEEP MOVING!
KSHAK


DAMN, I HATE BUREAU-CRATS!
SHEE-IT... THEY KEEP US WAITING FOR HOURS, AND NOW THIS...
FX KANG KANG
EEK!
FX SPRAKK
FX KRAK SKNCH
BEEP


BEEP
BEEP
BOOP
BEEP
D-DON'T ASK ME!
WHA-WHAT THE HELL...?!?
YOU'RE IN DANGER, SIR--SHOULDN'T WE TRIGGER AN ELECTROMAGNETIC DECOY?
IT'S DEFINITELY ON THE FIFTH FLOOR, BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF ACTIVITY AT ANY OF THE FIREWALLS.
CAPTAIN ADAMS! I'VE LOST THE 77 ON THE MONITORS!

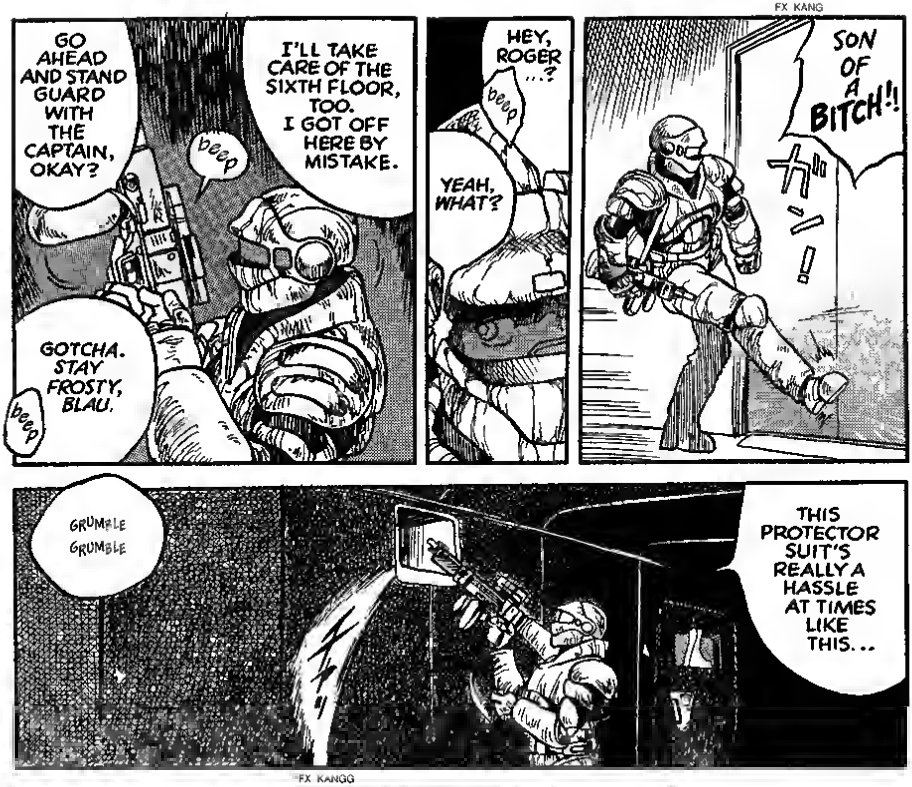

WAIT A SEC!
YES, BUT...
I APPRECIATE YOUR CONCERN, BUT IF WE DO, THE ROBOT WILL SHIFT INTO COMBAT MODE, PLUS IT WOULD GIVE IT A CLUE AS TO WHERE TO FIND THE EXIT.
DID THEY GET THE MAG-BEAM OFF THE ISHMAEL YET?
TURN UP THE COOLING ON THE FIFTH FLOOR!
CAPTAIN! FROM HERE, I CAN'T TRACK IT THROUGH THE DUCTS! WHAT SHOULD I DO?
THE 77 CAN ROTATE ITS SHOULDER JOINTS THROUGH 180 DEGREES. ABOVE THE FOURTH FLOOR, THE VENTILATION DUCTS WIDEN OUT-- THE 77 COULD FIT IN THEM.
*FX SHFFSHFFSHFF
ROGER, BLAU. THE TARGET APPEARS TO HAVE MOVED INTO THE VENTILATION SYSTEM. BRING FLAME-THROWERS-- WE'LL FLUSH IT OUT.
HOLD OFF ON THE RESCUE FOR NOW.
YES, SIR!
INSERT THE MAG-BEAM FEED CABLES FROM THE TOP!
WHAT?!
FLAME-THROWERS?!

...NOT THAT IT MATTERS. ANYWAY, DOUBLE TAPS ARE OKAY, BUT NO MORE.
STRAIGHT OUT OF SOME SF STORY. READ LOTS OF 'EM WHEN I WAS A KID...
BLAU, COULD YOU GET BY WITH A PARTICLE BEAM GUN?
SORRY! WE ONLY HAVE ONE!
WHAT THE HELL'S THAT?
LEAN INTO IT AFTER FIRING, OR THE SECONDARY SHOCK WAVE'LL SEND YOU FLYING--IT CREATES A VACUUM ALONG THE BEAM PATH. AND DON'T--
YOU CAN ONLY USE IT IN NARROW PASSAGES AND OUT TO ABOUT 30 FEET. DON'T USE IT WITH PEOPLE ANYWHERE INSIDE A 45-DEGREE ARC--TURNS 'EM INTO CASSEROLE.
ALL RIGHT, I GOT IT! ENOUGH ALREADY! JEEZ!
HOW WAS MY EXPLAN-ATION, DOC?
HRMM... I'D GIVE IT 8 OUT OF 10.
IF YOU'RE LUCKY, YOU MIGHT MELT THE FLEXOR UNITS ON ITS ENDOSKELETAL JUNCTIONS, OR THE CAMOUFLAGE MEMBRANE ON ITS FACE, BUT...
YOU KNOW... THAT GUN COULD PARALYZE THE COCKPIT ELECTRONICS OF A CLOSE-COMBAT VEHICLE, LIKE A TANK, BUT AS FOR THE 77...


Hmmm...
FX SHFF
YES, SIR.
GO HELP BLAU.
Huh!

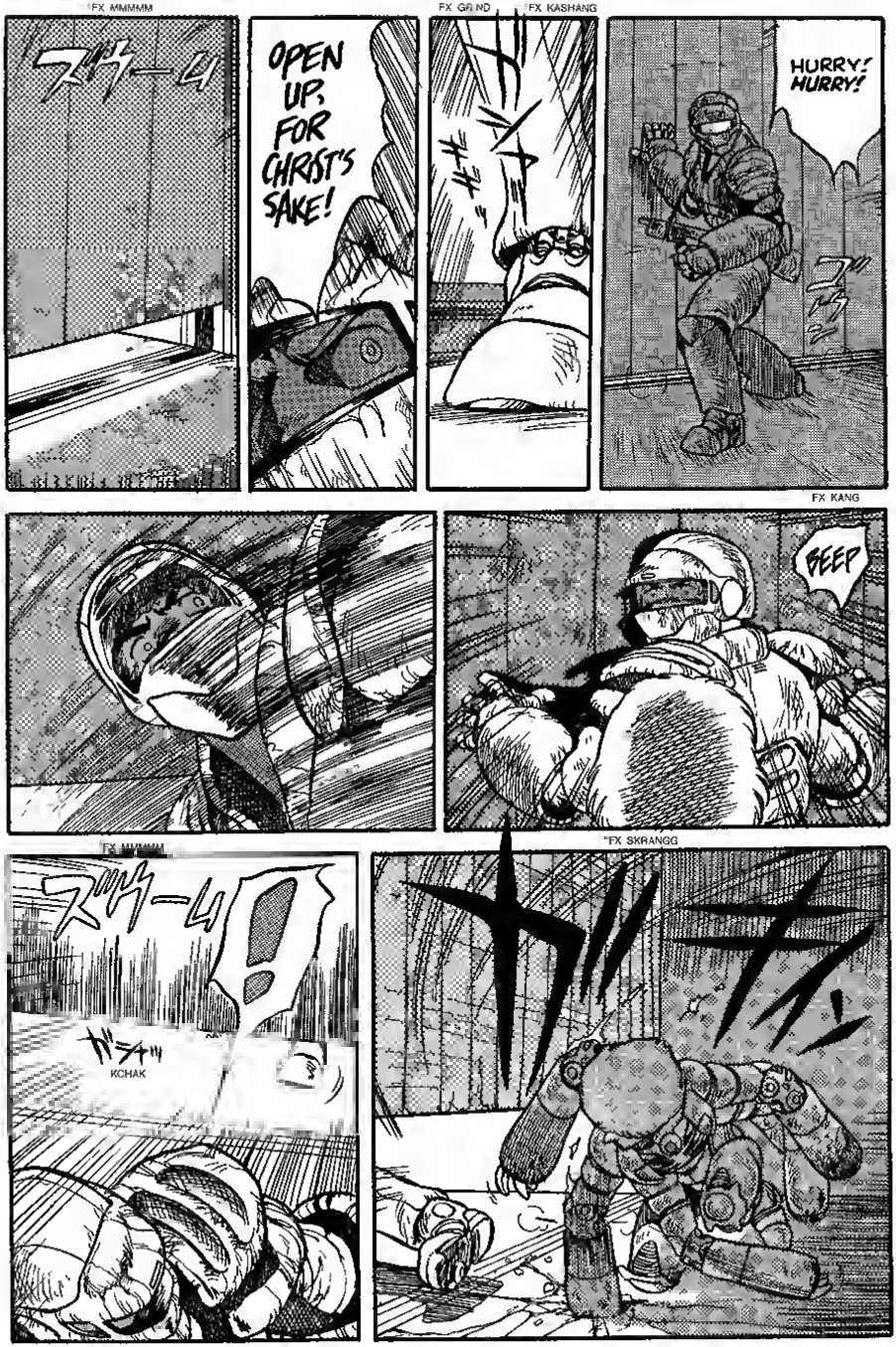
VERY WELL-- PROCEED!
I'VE BURNED THE ENTIRE FOURTH FLOOR VENTILATION SYSTEM AND SEALED IT OFF.
YES, SIR!
FX FZZAK
?!
HAS IT ENTERED THE CORRIDOR YET?
NOT YET, CAPTAIN!
COMMENCING MY SWEEP NOW!
I'VE GOT THE FIFTH FLOOR..
OKAY!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE SIXTH FLOOR, BLAU.
FX FWOOSH
ゴオ
FEEP
オ
FX RKOOM
ゴオ
オ
WHOOO! DAMN THING REALLY WORKS!

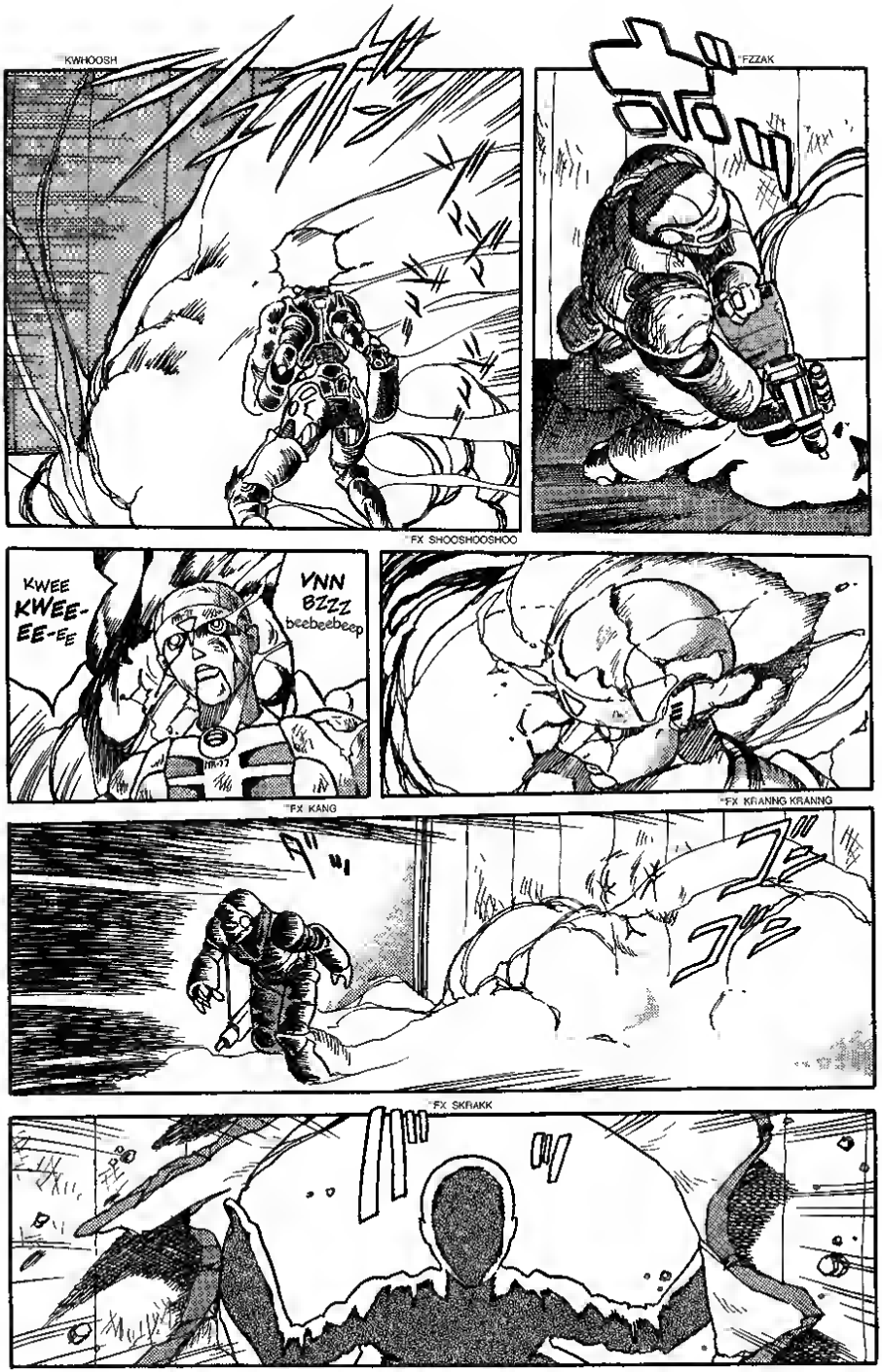
DAMN IT ALL!
SHIT! SCREWED UP!
*FX BEEP BEEP
OOPS!
*FX SSHHHSS
Huh?
.....
.....
FX SSHHHSS
*FX BEEP
Beep
FX SSHHSST
ガコーン
HEY!!
GODDAMN AI ELEVATORS ...!
WON'T CLOSE UNLESS I GET OFF, eh? DOUBLE SHIT!


GO AHEAD AND STAND GUARD WITH THE CAPTAIN, OKAY?
beep
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE SIXTH FLOOR, TOO. I GOT OFF HERE BY MISTAKE.
GOTCHA. STAY FROSTY, BLAU.
beep
HEY, ROGER ...?
beep
YEAH, WHAT?
FX KANG
SON OF A BITCH!!
カーン!
GRUMBLE GRUMBLE
THIS PROTECTOR SUIT'S REALLY A HASSLE AT TIMES LIKE THIS...
FX KANGG
SO I HAVE TO BURN IT OUT ALL BY MYSELF, AFTER ALL... JUST MY GODDAMN LUCK...
ｶﾁ!

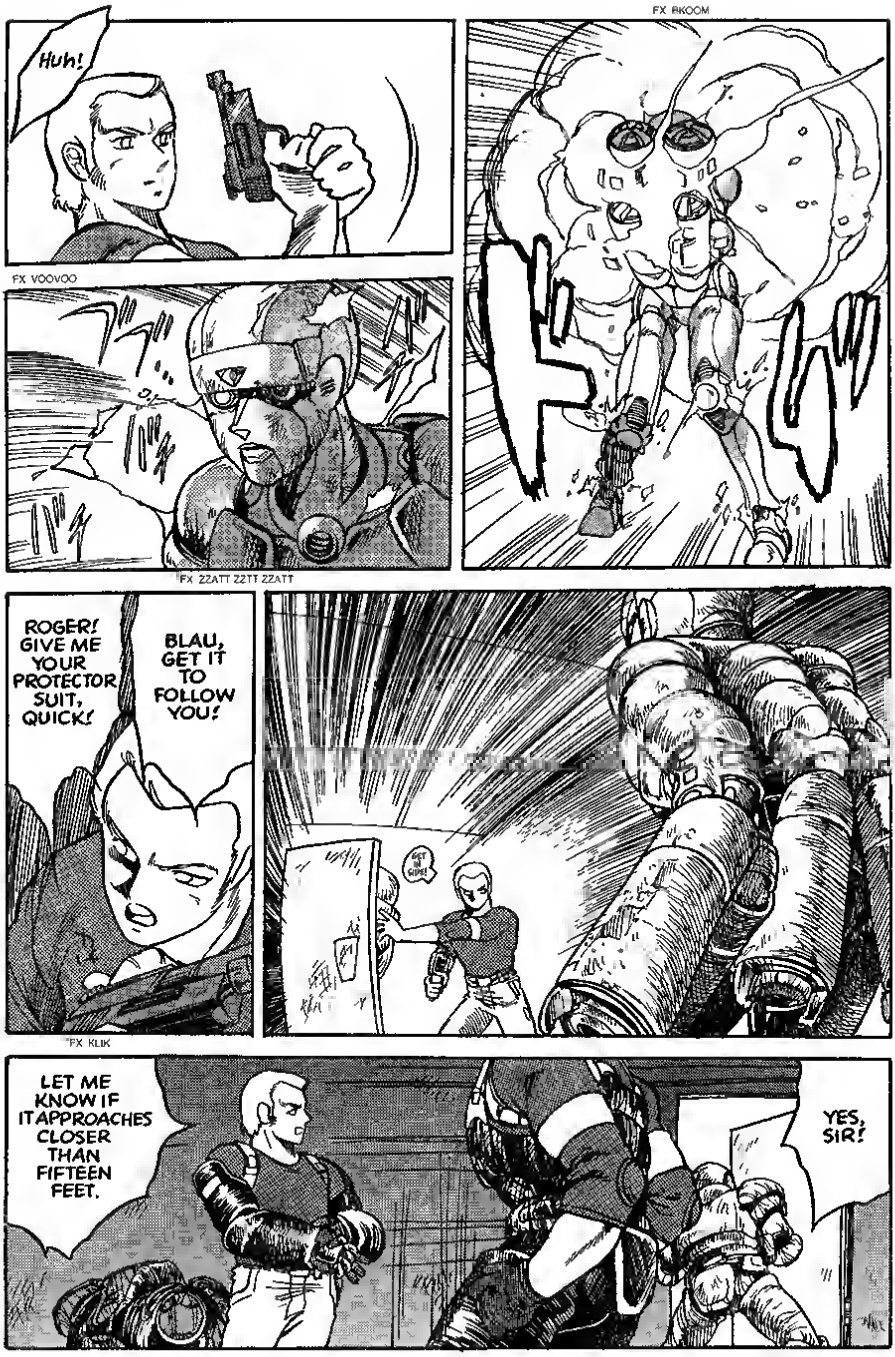
FX WHSSHH
WHDD
YAAAH!
FX SFZKK
FX PWDD
ゴゴゴ
SHEE-IT!!

CAPTAIN! COME IN, CAPTAIN!!
FX KSSHHH
FX ZZZAT ZZZAT
FX ZZZAT ZZZAT
AAAA!!
BEEP!
GONK
FX GRIND
FX GZRRRT
FX TWITCH
KANG
IT--IT'S HERE! RIGHT BEHIND ME!
I HEAR YOU! WHAT'S GOING ON?!
FX KASHANG KASHANG
FX KANG
?!
I'LL HAVE CEASCEU OPEN THE FIRE-WALL!
HEAD UP HERE! DON'T GO DOWN! UNDERSTAND?
AND DON'T GO UP TO EIGHT!
FX GRIND GRIND
FX VNN VNN

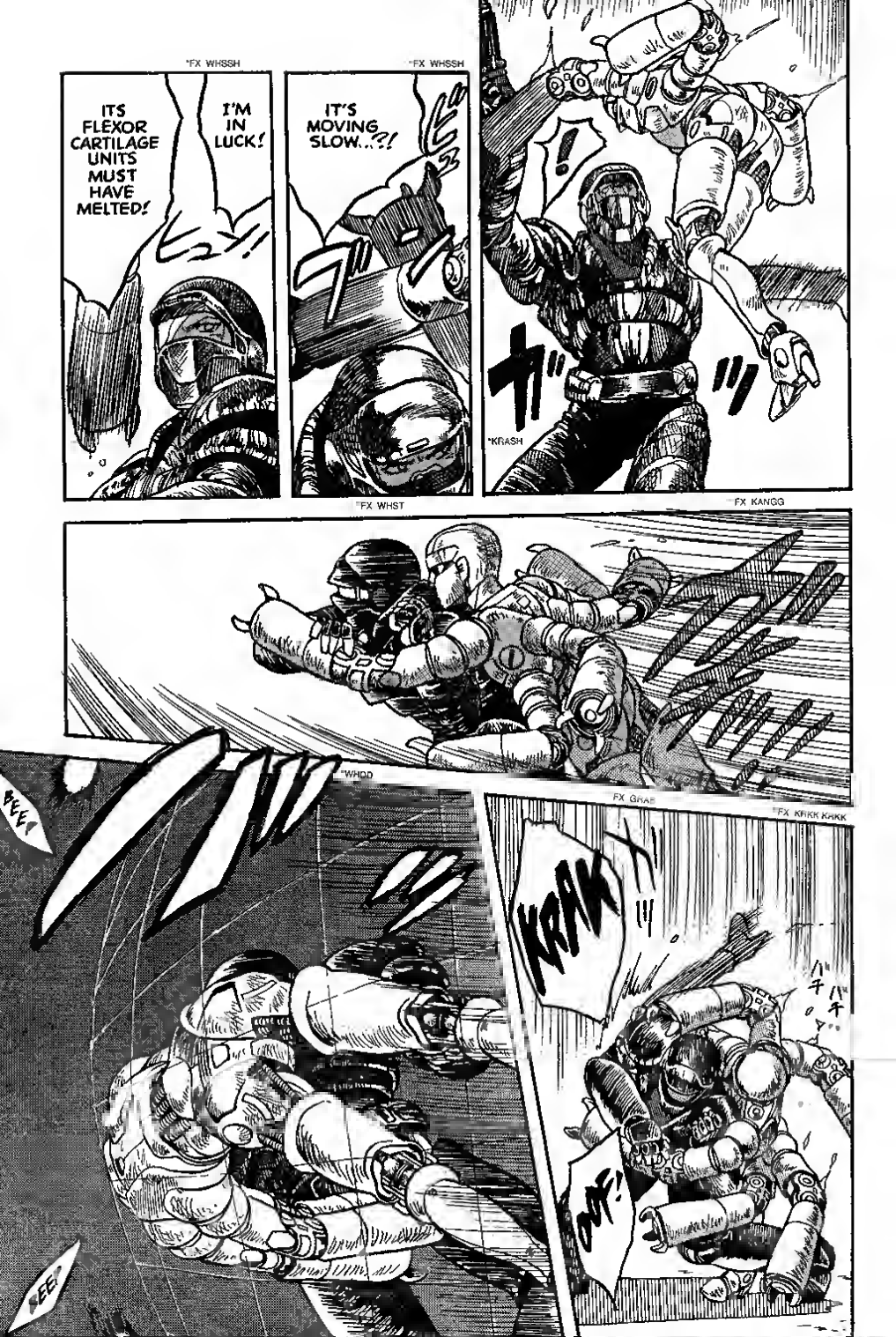

FX MMMMM
OPEN UP, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!
FX GRIND
FX KASHANG
HURRY! HURRY!
FX KANG
BEEP
FX MMMMM
KCHAK
FX SKRANGG


*KWHOOSH
*FZZAK
*FX SHOOSHOOSHOO
KWEE KWEE-EE-EE
VNN BZZZ beebeebeep
*FX KRANNG KRANNG
*FX KANG
*FX SKRAKK

?!
FX PWDD
FX SHFF
*Fires a High-Explos ve Armor Piercing shell detonated by a delayed-contact fuse
*FX SKREEK KRAK KRKK
ROGER! GET ME THE HEAP* GUN!!
LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH ITS MAIN AIR DRIVE CYLINDER OR ACTUATOR PISTON.
?
VOOO VOOVOO VOOVOO
FX WHUD


HUH!
FX BKOOM
FX VOOVOO
FX ZZATT ZZTT ZZATT
ROGER! GIVE ME YOUR PROTECTOR SUIT, QUICK!
BLAU, GET IT TO FOLLOW YOU!
GET A GUN!
FX KLIK
LET ME KNOW IF IT APPROACHES CLOSER THAN FIFTEEN FEET.
YES, SIR!

*FX KLIK
*FX KLAK
YOU TWO FALL BACK.
IT ONLY HOLDS TWO SHOTS.
CAPTAIN!
*FX LUNGE
Ah-
WHSHH
*FX SHEE
YEE?!
FX ZZZTT ZZZAT
*FX KCHAK


*FX WHSSH
ITS FLEXOR CARTILAGE UNITS MUST HAVE MELTED!
I'M IN LUCK!
*FX WHSSH
IT'S MOVING SLOW...?!
*KRASH
*FX WHST
*FX KANGG
*WHOO
BEEP
BEEP
FX GRAB
*FX KRKK KAKK
KRAK
OUF!

FX- KSSHH KSSHH

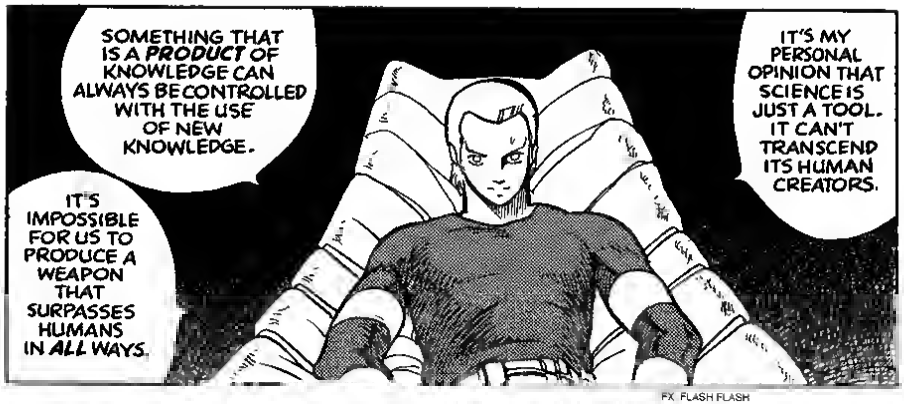
VVNNNN
WHOD
FX ZNN ZNNZNN
HNNKK!
POK
KRAK
GRIND
FX SKREEK
....!

FX SKRRK SKRAK
FX SKRRKK
FX VSSSH
ゲシュッ
ボン
FX BKOOM
BEEP

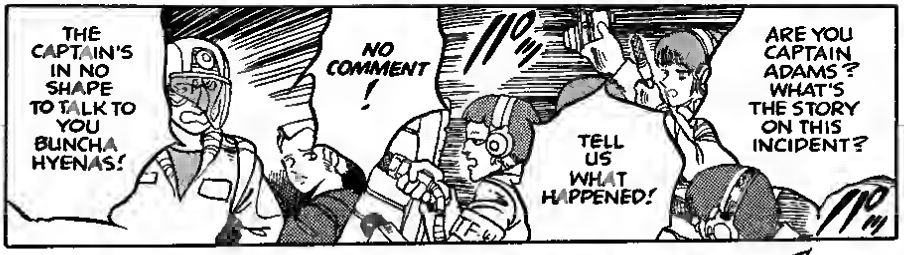
*FX SHMP
CAPTAIN ...?!
CAPTAIN!!
*FX ZZZT ZZAT
*FX FMP
*WHEW
ふぅ!!
I GOT... BROKEN RIBS. MAYBE THREE... heh heh...
RELAX. I'M... OKAY. JUST CAN'T MOVE...
*FX KSSH
CAPTAIN ADAMS !!
GOT... A CIGAR ...?

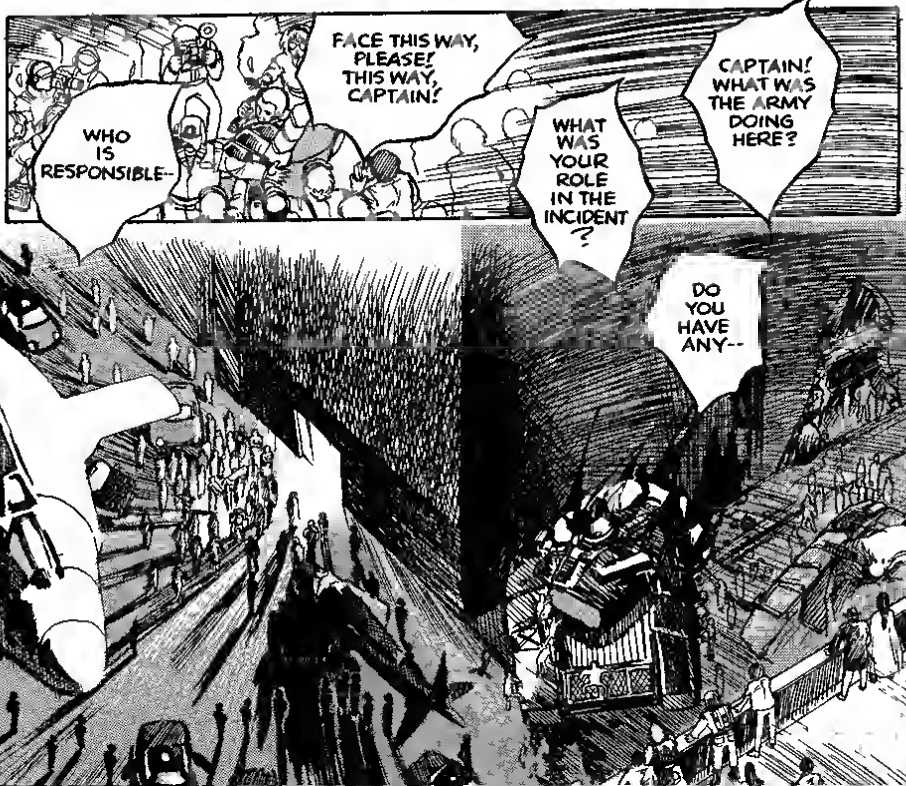
CAPTAIN!!
DOC, GET OVER HERE!!
BUT CAPTAIN...!
DON'T TELL JUDY, CEASCEU! NO NEED FOR HER TO WORRY.
ARTHUR!
Oh, RIGHT-- THANKS FOR YOUR HELP.
WHAT IS IT, SOLDIER?
CAPTAIN..
YEAH, PROBABLY... HEY, DOC-- QUIT ROCKING THE (OUCH!) CHAIR!
RIBS, HUH? JUST HAVE A FEW DRINKS, GET SOME SLEEP, AND YOU'LL BE FINE. WASTE OF MY TALENTS! Hmph!

YOU'RE SOMETHIN' ELSE, CAPTAIN ADAMS!
WITHOUT EVEN USING DELTA UNIT, YOU DESTROYED A ROBOT THAT IS THE COMBAT EQUAL OF AN ENTIRE HEAVY TANK PLATOON...
*FX OWWW
IS THAT ALL...
Uhrrg...
*FX WHSH
SIR! YOU HAVE MY GREATEST RESPECT AND ADMIRATION, CAP'N, SIR!
THIS IS A CHANCE FOR YOU TO GET SOMETHING INTO YOUR THICK HEAD ONCE AND FOR ALL, SO LISTEN UP!!
LOOK, YOU'RE A SOLDIER, TOO.
THERE'S A FUNDAMENTAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A TOOL AND THE USER.
YOU FOLLOW ME, GEORGIO?
.....
.....
YOU MEAN THAT IF YOU DO YOUR HOMEWORK, YOU CAN DEFEAT ANY OPPONENT?
WITHIN A GIVEN SCIENTIFIC REALM, THE RELATIVE FIGHTING STRENGTH OF TWO OPPOSING UNITS HAS NO BEARING ON THE RESULTS OF THE ACTUAL BATTLE.
A ROBOT WITH NO FIREPOWER AND ITS JOINTS MELTED IS JUST A LUMP OF METAL--YOU DAMN WELL BETTER BEABLE TO DEFEAT IT!
ガラ ガラ ガラ
*FX KATA KATA KATA KATA

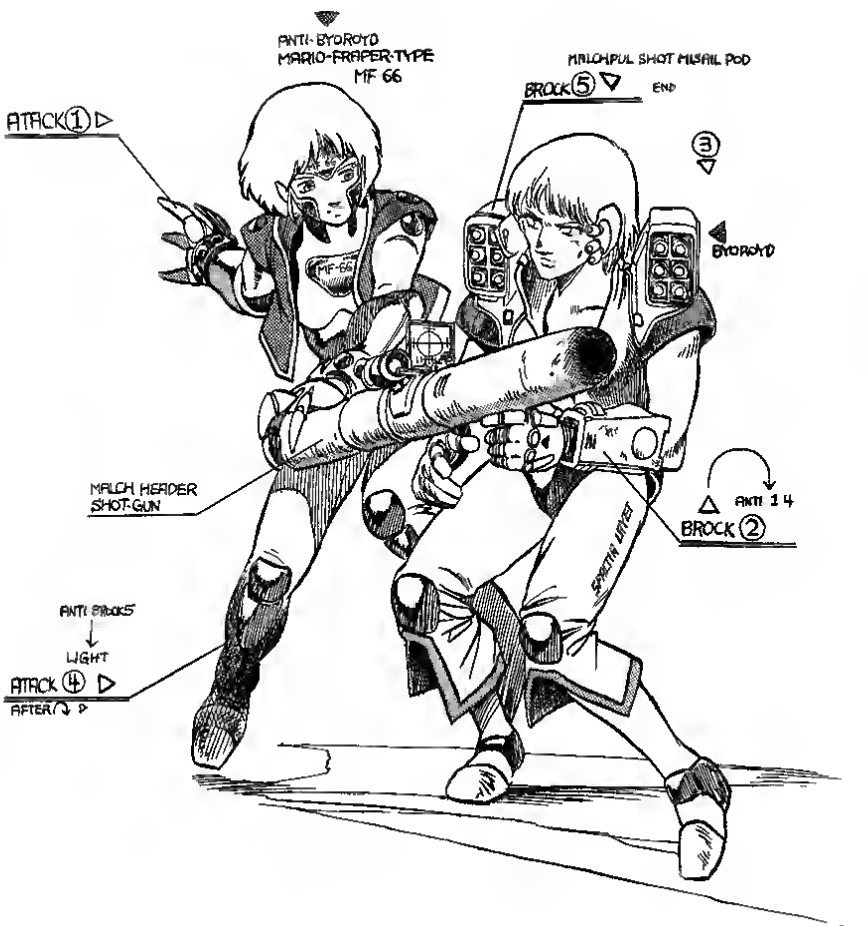

SOMETHING THAT IS A PRODUCT OF KNOWLEDGE CAN ALWAYS BE CONTROLLED WITH THE USE OF NEW KNOWLEDGE.
IT'S MY PERSONAL OPINION THAT SCIENCE IS JUST A TOOL. IT CAN'T TRANSCEND ITS HUMAN CREATORS.
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO PRODUCE A WEAPON THAT SURPASSES HUMANS IN ALL WAYS.

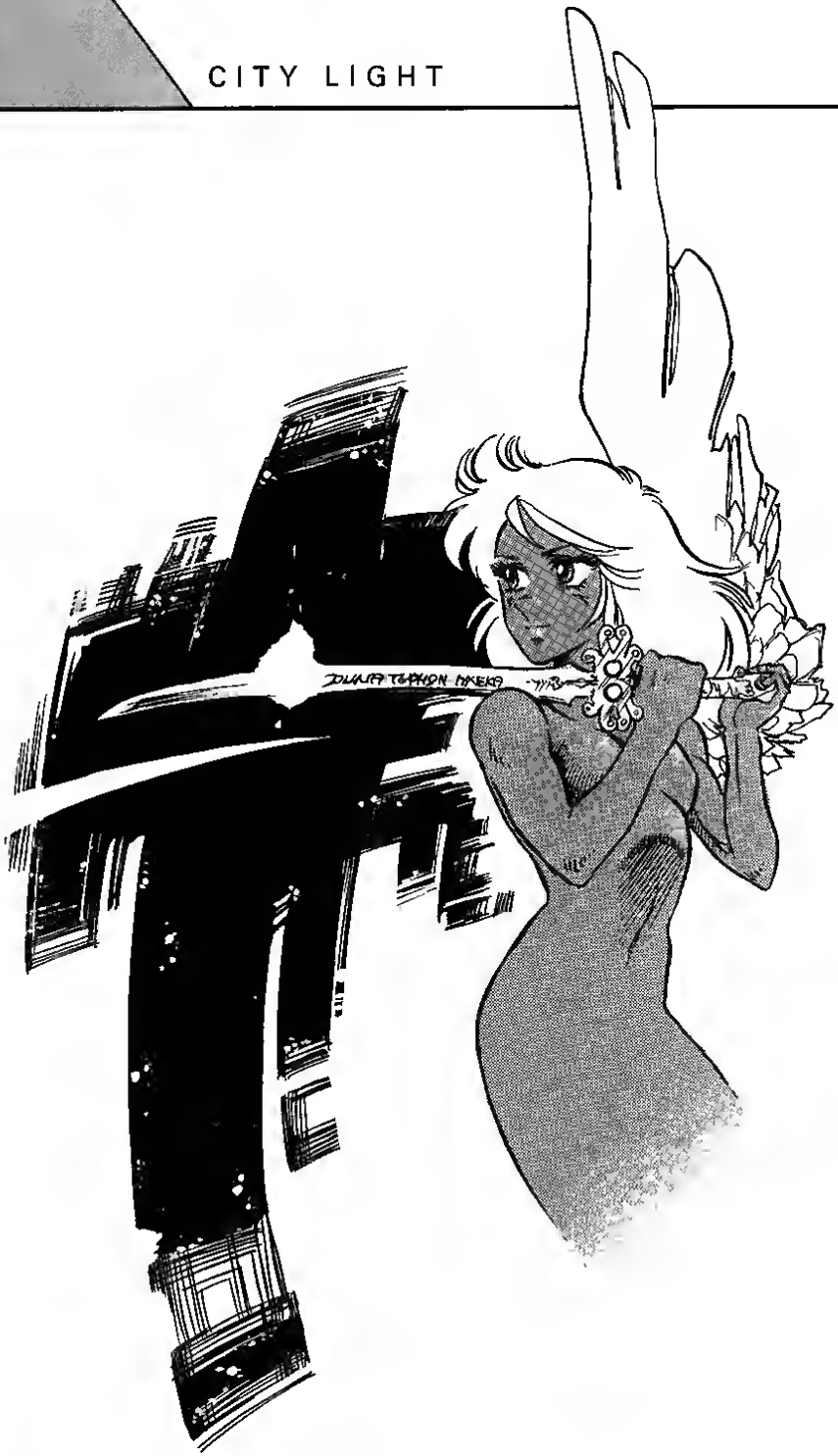
FX FLASH FLASH


THE CAPTAIN'S IN NO SHAPE TO TALK TO YOU BUNCHA HYENAS!
NO COMMENT!
ARE YOU CAPTAIN ADAMS? WHAT'S THE STORY ON THIS INCIDENT?
TELL US WHAT HAPPENED!


FACE THIS WAY, PLEASE! THIS WAY, CAPTAIN!
WHO IS RESPONSIBLE--
CAPTAIN! WHAT WAS THE ARMY DOING HERE?
WHAT WAS YOUR ROLE IN THE INCIDENT?
DO YOU HAVE ANY--

E N D


ANTI-BYOROYD
MARIO-FRAPER-TYPE
MF 66
MALCHPUL SHOT MISAIL POD
BROCK⑤
END
ATTACK①
③
BYOROYD
MALCH HEADER
SHOT-GUN
ANTI 1 4
BROCK②
SPEETH LAYER
ANTI BROCK5
LIGHT
ATTACK④
AFTER



AT THIS TIME, THE VENUSIAN CIVILIZATION ENCOMPASSED FIVE PLANETS, SEVERAL COLONIES, AND COUNTLESS SPACELABS.

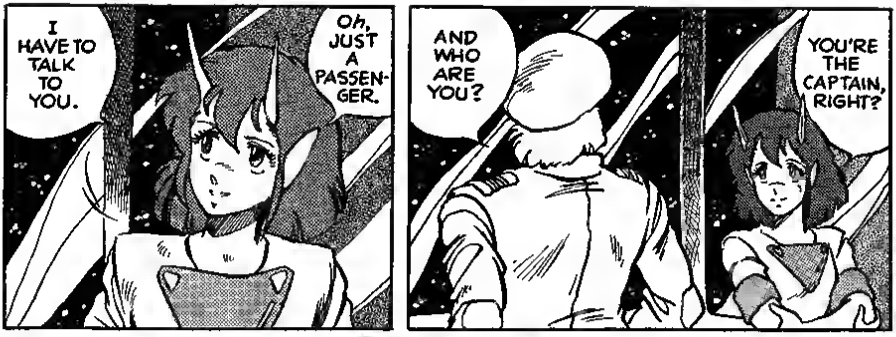
AT THE OUTER EDGE OF THIS CIVILIZATION--THE SATURNIAN MOON NAMED TITAN--A FLEET OF EMIGRANT SHIPS PREPARED TO DEPART IN ACCORDANCE WITH A PROJECT LAUNCHED BY ZEUS.

AT THE "ONIMAL".
I DUNNO, BOSS.
I MEAN, IT SOUNDS LIKE A LEGIT PLAN, BUT...
TWELVE MILLION PASSENGERS IN EACH OF THOSE CENTAURUS STAR-SHIPS...
COULD BE.
...IS A RESULT OF ZEUS' BEING CAUGHT UP IN TYPHON'S STRATEGY?
D'YOU SUPPOSE THIS NEW OUTER SPACE COLONI-ZATION PLAN...
YEAH, TYPHON SAYS THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT IT. MAYBE SO, HUH?
THIS SCHEDULE DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, EITHER. IT'S TOO RUSHED, WITH ALL THOSE DEPARTURES IN QUICK SUCCESSION...

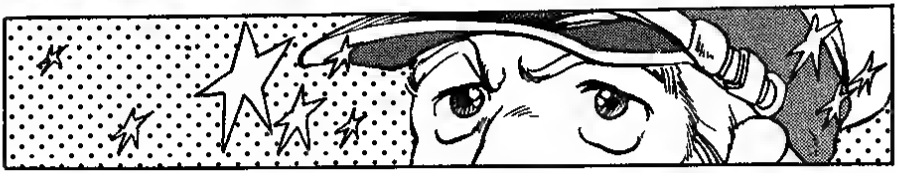
Heh Heh... COME ON, DON'T GRIPE JUST BECAUSE YOU GOT LEFT BEHIND.
...IT SEEMS LIKE TYPHON PREFERS YASHA'S COMPANY TO MINE.
SAY... YOU COULD PROBABLY CARE LESS ABOUT THIS, BUT...
THE WHOLE THING IS BEING DONE IN A REAL HALF-ASSED WAY.
NAH, NOT REALLY.
YOU WANT TO WATCH IT ON THE 3V?
THAT REMINDS ME-- THEY SHOULD BE LIFTING OFF ANYTIME NOW, RIGHT?
AND I *HATE* COMPLICATED THINGS, I SURELY DO.
POLITICS IS TOO DAMNED COMPLI-CATED.
SHOOMM

"THE S.S. PROCRUSTES HERE..."
...WILL BE ACCELERATING PRIMARILY WITH THE INTERSTELLAR RAMJET DRIVE, BUT WE'LL USE SATURN'S GRAVITATIONAL PULL TO GIVE US OUR INITIAL VELOCITY.
WHEN WE COME OUT OF OUR SATURN FLY-BY, WE'LL ARC AROUND TITAN TO LINE US UP WITH OUR FLIGHT WINDOW OUT OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.
*KLIK
RIGHT, CAPTAIN?
YES, YES.
BEEP
BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT...
...TAKE A LOOK AT THIS VIEW, HERMES.
FEELING SENTI-MENTAL AGAIN?

YEAH, YEAH-- YOU THINK HUMANS SHOULD LIVE IN HARMONY WITH NATURE, AND ALL THAT CRAP...
IT TURNS MY STOMACH.
NOT EXACTLY. LOOK AT ALL THOSE CITY LIGHTS... TITAN IS ABSOLUTELY TEEMING WITH PEOPLE.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO EXPECT SYMPATHY FROM YOU. I'LL BE IN MY CABIN.
RIGHT, CAPTAIN?
FX: VSSHHT
HI, THERE!
!


I HAVE TO TALK TO YOU.
Oh, JUST A PASSEN-GER.
AND WHO ARE YOU?
YOU'RE THE CAPTAIN, RIGHT?
*FX BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

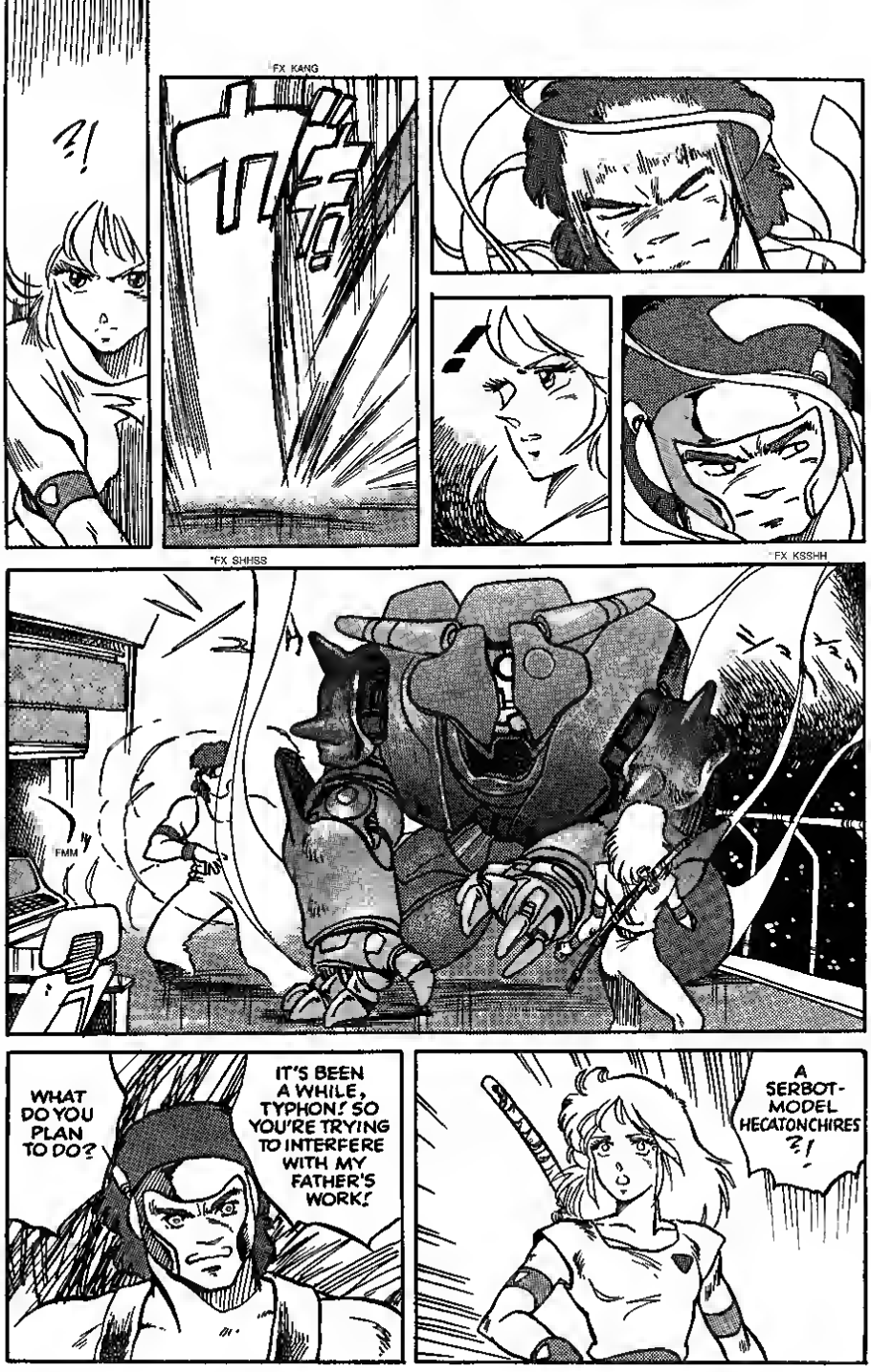
YOU SEE, HE'S A SPY.
COMMISSIONER HERMES.
ABOUT WHAT?

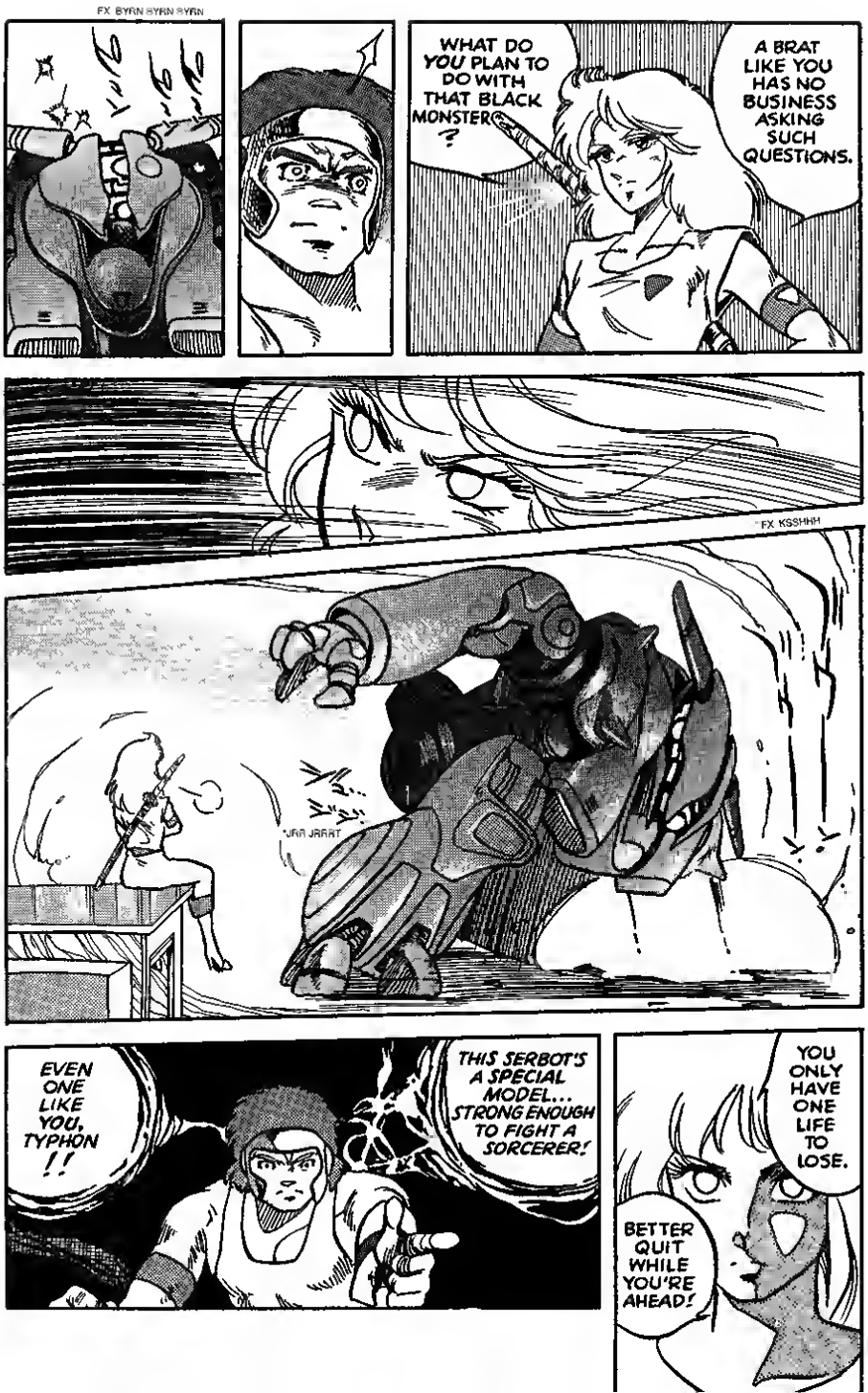


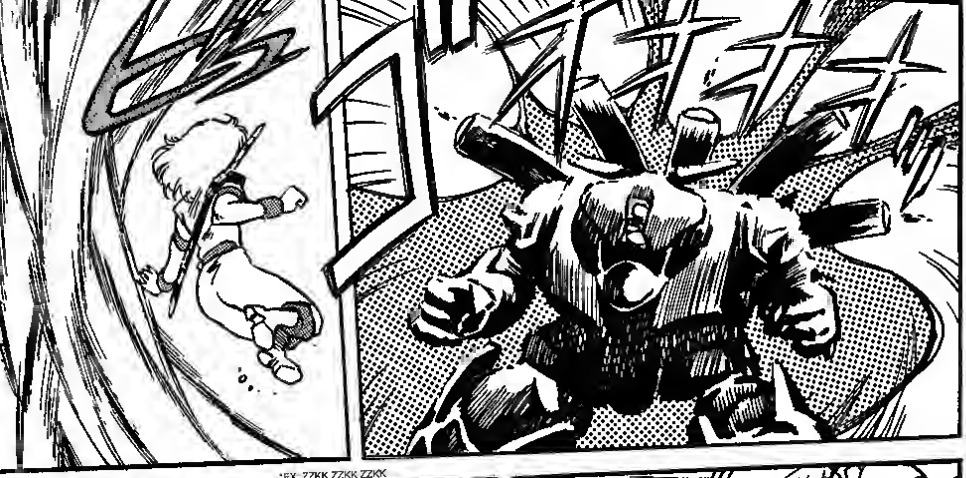
. . . . . .
. . . . !
I FIGURED THAT'S WHAT YOU'D SAY, SO I ALLOWED THIRTY MINUTES FOR YOU TO DECIDE...
*FX MMMMMMM
W-WAIT! YOU CAN'T JUST EXPECT ME TO... I MEAN, WITHOUT PROOF...
...OR SKIP THE FLY-BY ALTOGETHER. OTHERWISE, EVERYONE ON BOARD WILL DIE.
BEEP
LISTEN... EITHER CHANGE COURSE TO A MORE PERIPHERAL TRAJECTORY ...

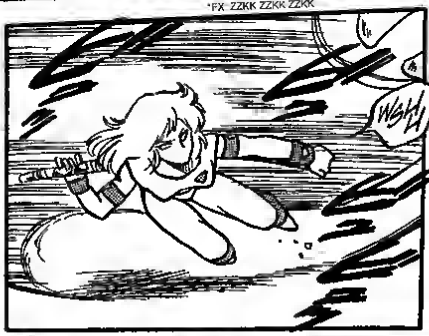
I'VE NO TIME FOR STUPID JOKES.
NOW YOU'RE MAKING ME MAD! I'M A BUSY MAN, GIRL!
YOU'RE PRETTY YOUNG YOURSELF... DO YOU PLAN TO DIE WITHOUT CHECKING TO SEE IF I'M RIGHT?
ONLY 39 MINUTES LEFT...
NOW, NOW... AT YOUR AGE, YOU SHOULDN'T KID YOUR ELDERS LIKE THAT... DON'T YOU THINK? HA HA
Hmph!
WANNA SEE?
THERE'S PROOF.
GUARDS!
ALL RIGHT, THEN-- LET'S GO.
LET'S BE DISCREET ABOUT THIS, hmm?
JUST DON'T LET HERMES KNOW.
OKAY, OKAY...!
I MAY BE YOUNG, BUT I'M THE CAPTAIN. AND I BELIEVE I KNOW HOW TO DO MY JOB...
MY, YOU'RE A CAUTIOUS FELLOW.

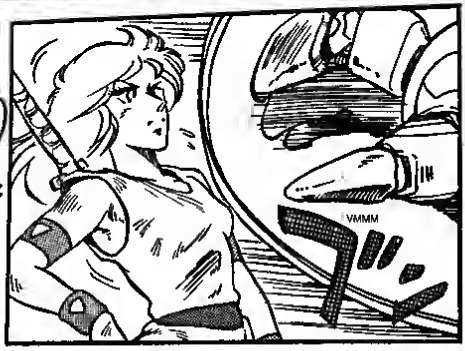
FX PING
SOMEONE HAS DISCOVERED THE PLAN.
A CIVILIAN ESPER... NO, MAYBE AN EMPATH ...?
A BIOROID! A SORCERER?! NO, IT CAN'T BE--!
WHAT STRANGE CREATURES...
FX STRAIN
WHAT THE--?!
FX SHHF SHHF
FX SHLLF
YAAHH !!
TYPHON'S FAVORITE MAGIC, REMEMBER ?
Oh, YES INDEED, HERMES!
VMM


?!
*FX KANG
ガシ
!
*FX SHHSS
*FX KSSHH
FMM
WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO?
IT'S BEEN A WHILE, TYPHON! SO YOU'RE TRYING TO INTERFERE WITH MY FATHER'S WORK!
A SERBOT-MODEL HECATONCHIRES ?!


FX BYRN BYRN BYRN
WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO WITH THAT BLACK MONSTER?
A BRAT LIKE YOU HAS NO BUSINESS ASKING SUCH QUESTIONS.
FX KSSHHH
JRR JRRAT
EVEN ONE LIKE YOU, TYPHON!!
THIS SERBOT'S A SPECIAL MODEL... STRONG ENOUGH TO FIGHT A SORCERER!
YOU ONLY HAVE ONE LIFE TO LOSE.
BETTER QUIT WHILE YOU'RE AHEAD!

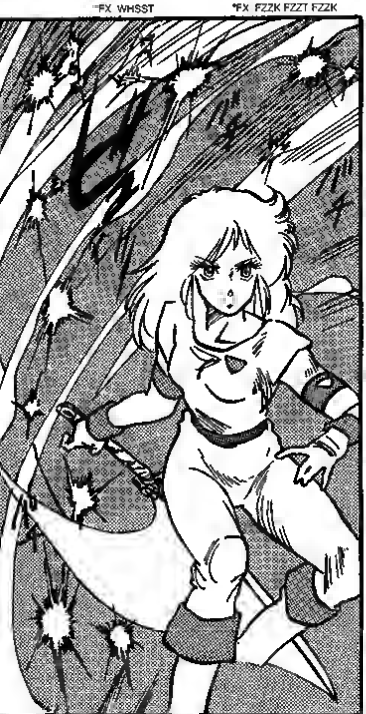


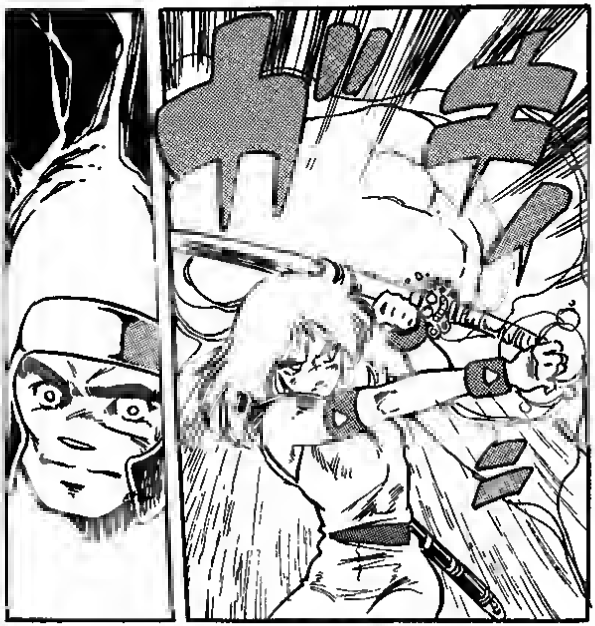




*FX: WHSST

*FX: FZZK FZZT FZZK



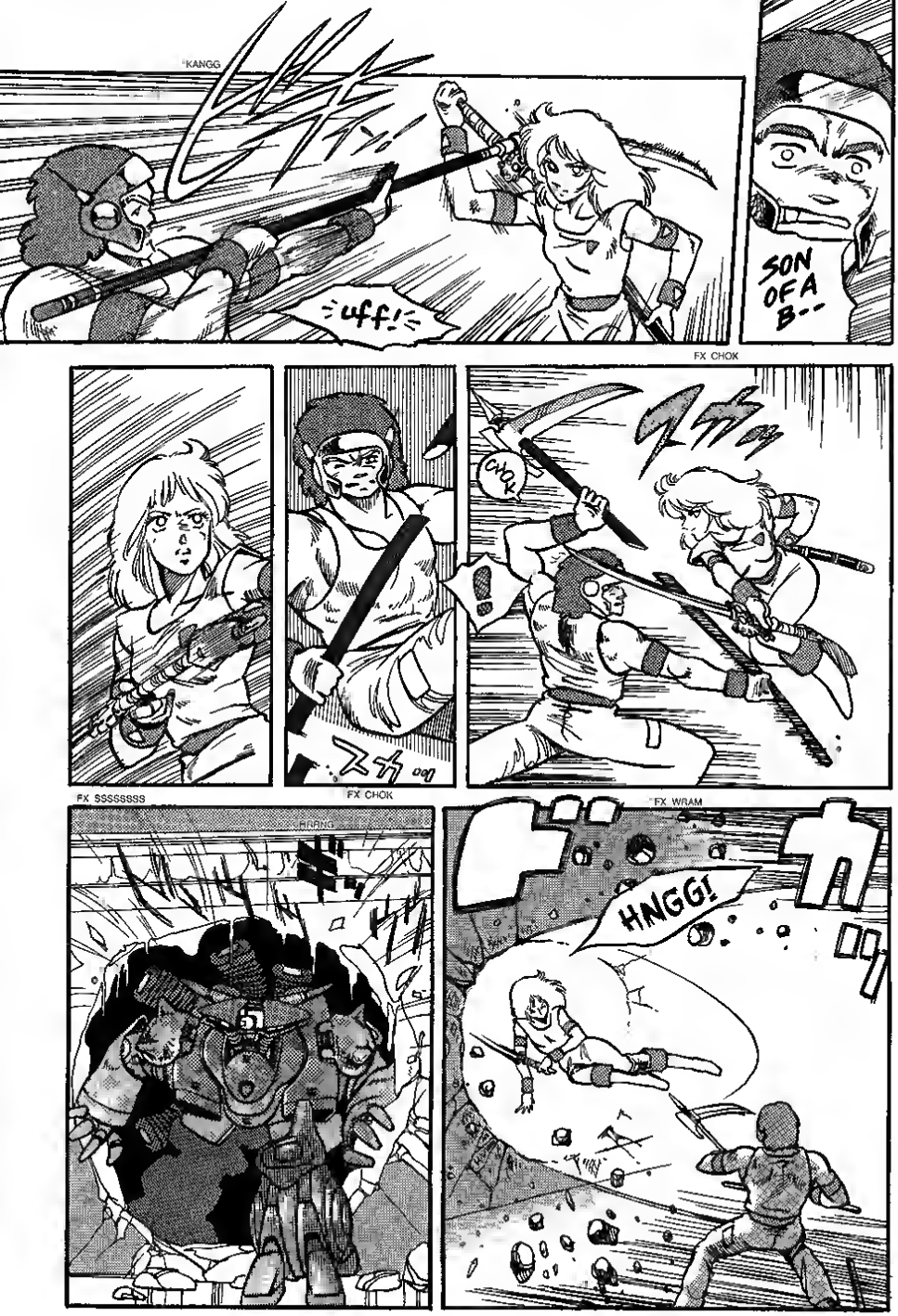


*FX: KANGG

VZZK
WHOOM
FX HAH
WHA--
FX WHAM

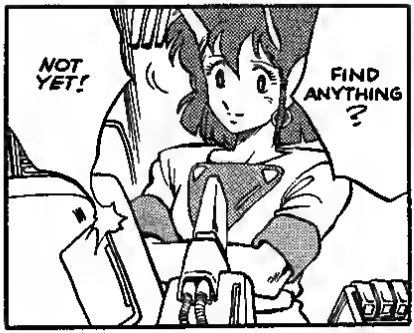
*FX BEEP BYRN BYRN BYRN
WHERE IS SHE?!
DAMN IT! SHE MUST'VE MADE A REFLEX JUMP JUST BEFORE SHE BLACKED OUT.
THERE GOES MY BIG CHANCE!
*FX TWITCH
JUST A LOUSY ELECTRIC SHOCK .. BUT I CAN FEEL IT RIGHT IN MY SPINE.
OWWW... IT STILL STINGS...
OWWW... THAT HURTS...
HM?!
Uhhh...
*FX SHOOM
NOW I'M REALLY MAD!!
WHAT IF IT RUINS MY SEX LIFE? THAT LITTLE BASTARD ...!

!
A SEMI-AUTONOMOUS SERBOT, eh ?... THAT DAMN ZEUS! ANOTHER NASTY TOY...
WAIT A SEC--DID IT DELIVER THAT SHOCK ON ITS OWN... ?
VZZZZZTT
FX VNNN
NOT SO FAST, MY BOY!
HAH!
Uh-oh!
FX VNNN

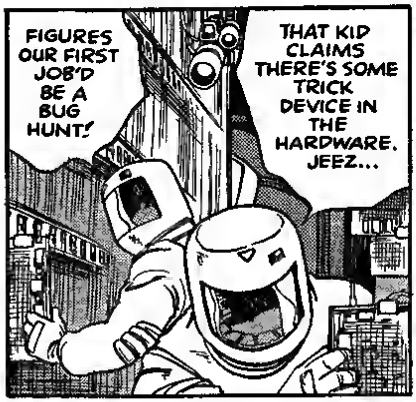

KANGG
uff!
SON OF A B--
FX CHOK
FX SSSSSSSS
FX CHOK
CHOK
FX WRAM
HNGG!

FX BSSSSHT
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
FX BSSSSSS
JEEZUZ!
SHOOMP
FX SHMP
FX WHSST
FX WHOOO
FX KANG

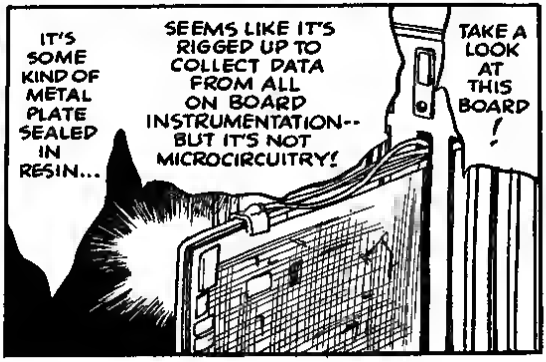
*VNNN VNNN
Hmm?!
*CHAK
THAT LITTLE COWARD! Oh, WELL... IT'S NEARLY TIME, ANYWAY.
BESIDES, I WOULDN'T WANT TO WASTE MY SWORD ON THE LIKES OF HIM.
*FX BEEP HYAN HYAN HYARRAN
THAT'S KIND OF CUTE, ACTUALLY.
WHAT'S THIS? STILL TRYING TO MOVE?
*FX ZZZZKK
*FX HYAN
Hm?
*FX SSSHHSS
YOU REALLY ARE SEMI-AUTONOMOUS...
W... WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW...
*BEEP


NOT YET!
FIND ANYTHING?

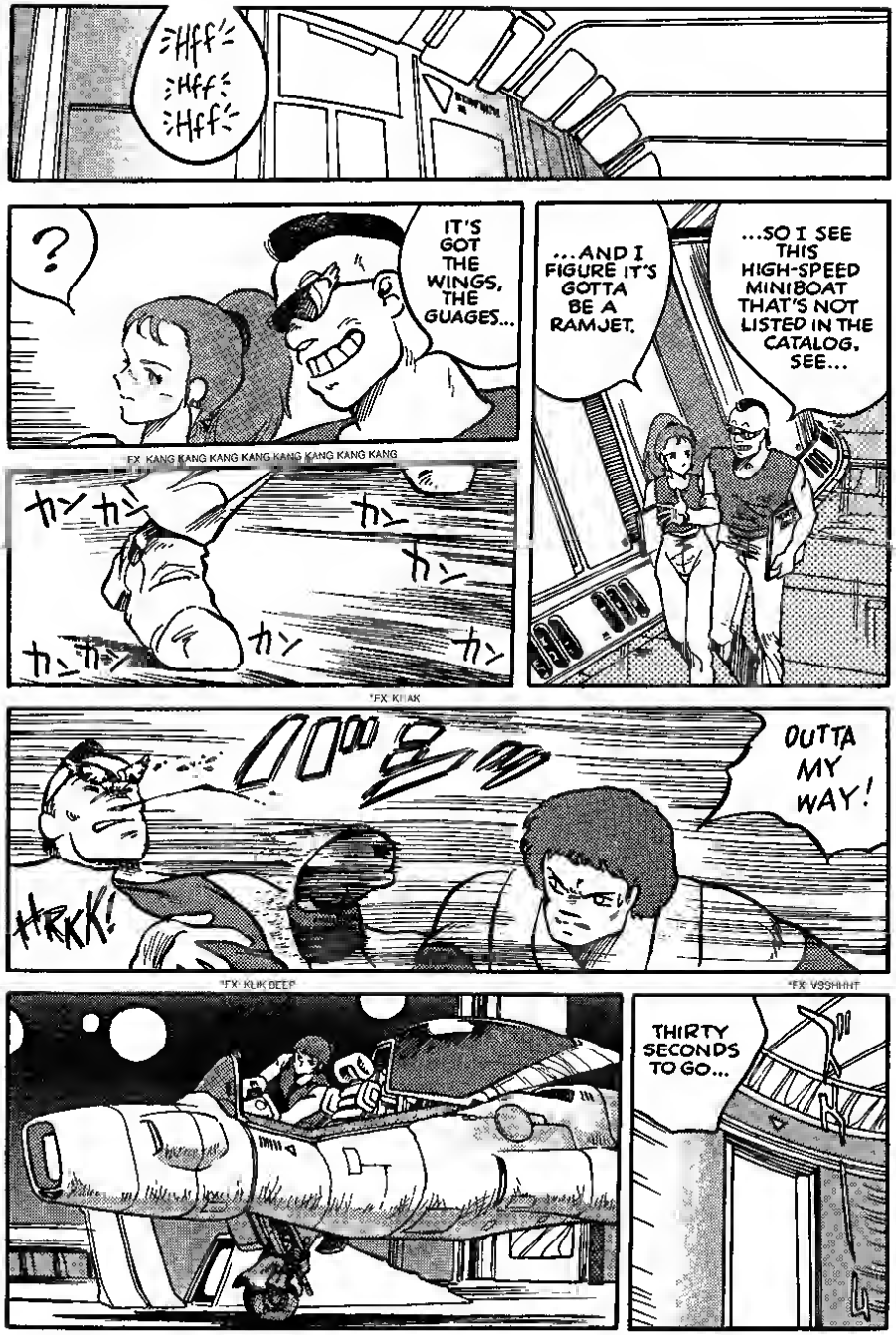
CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM
THESE SENSITIVITY MEASUREMENTS COST MONEY, SO BE AS QUICK AS YOU CAN!
OKAY, OKAY.

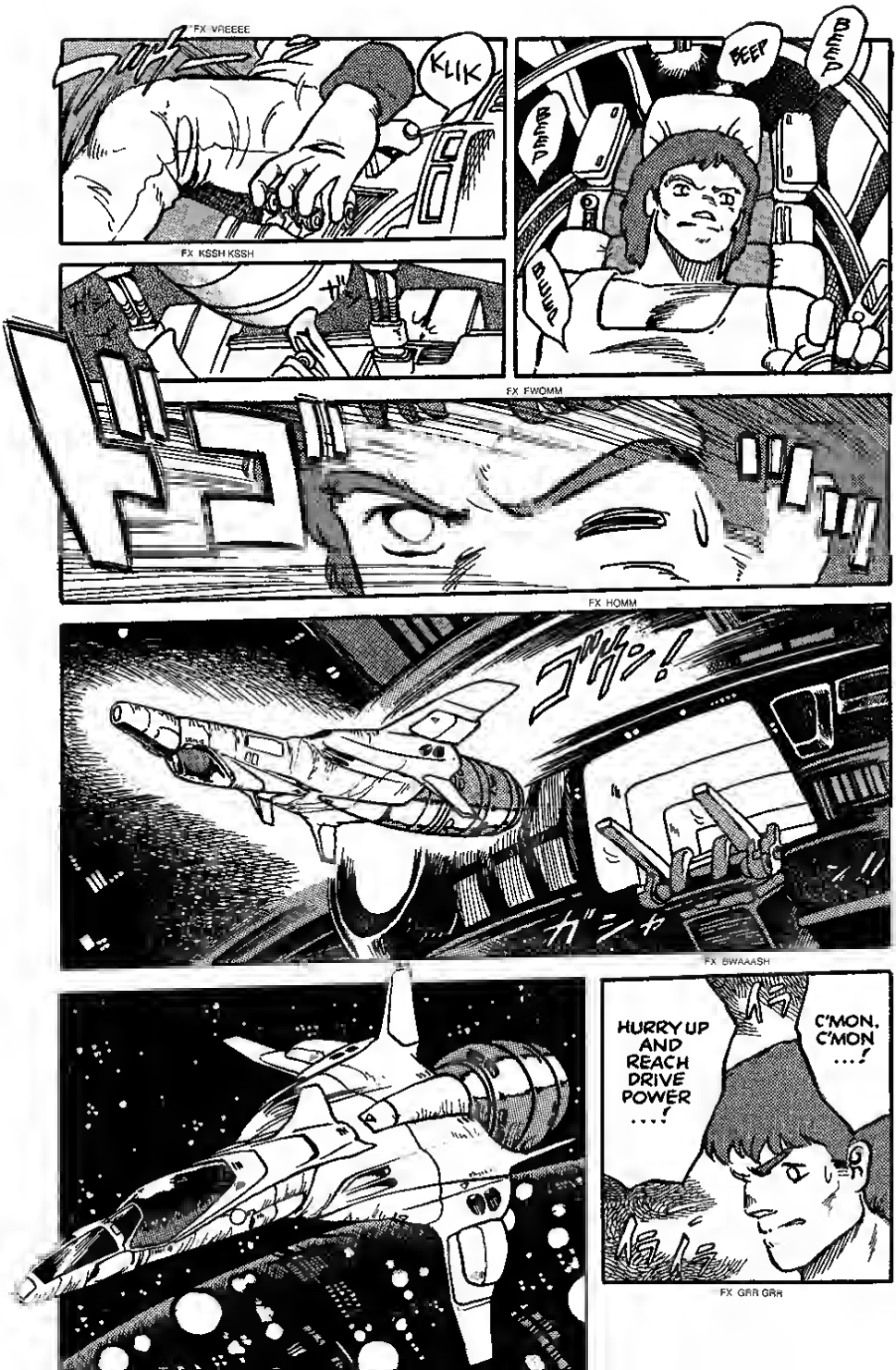

FIGURES OUR FIRST JOB'D BE A BUG HUNT!
THAT KID CLAIMS THERE'S SOME TRICK DEVICE IN THE HARDWARE. JEEZ...

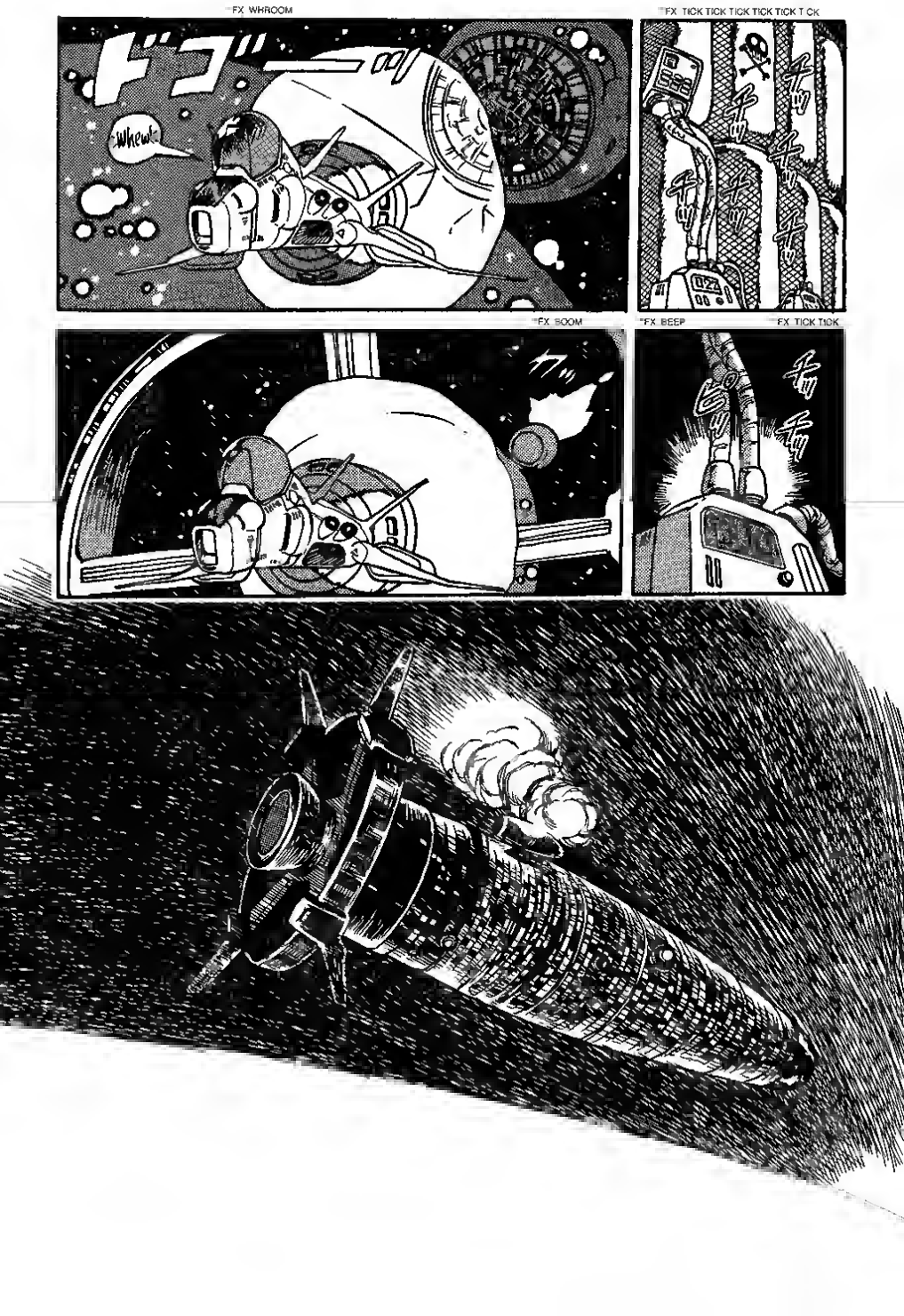
FIND SOME FREEZE-DRIED COCK-ROACHES?
WHAT IS IT?
WAIT!


IT'S SOME KIND OF METAL PLATE SEALED IN RESIN...
SEEMS LIKE IT'S RIGGED UP TO COLLECT DATA FROM ALL ON BOARD INSTRUMENTATION-- BUT IT'S NOT MICROCIRCUITRY!
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS BOARD!

ANALYZE IT, AND REPORT TO ME IN TEN!
UNDER-STAND?
FINE, FINE! YOU'VE GOT TWELVE WHOLE MINUTES.
WELL, CAPTAIN? BELIEVE ME NOW?
WAIT UNTIL IT'S ANALYZED.
WELL, THEN...
YES?
...WHICH A CERTAIN WOMAN WOULD LIKE TO MAKE PUBLIC, IN ORDER TO BRING ABOUT ZEUS' DOWNFALL.
THAT'S ALL I CAN TELL YOU.
LET'S JUST SAY THIS SHIP IS CARRYING MORE PASSENGERS THAN OFFICIALLY REPORTED. AND FEWER SUPPLIES AND FOOD SOURCES THAN REPORTED...
WHO ARE YOU, AND HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?
...AFTER YOU GET THIS SHIP SAFELY AROUND SATURN.
WHETHER OR NOT THE STAFF INCLUDES TERRORISTS OR SABOTEURS IS SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT LATER...
THE STAFF RUNNING THIS SHIP ANSWERS DIRECTLY TO ZEUS' GOVERNMENT...
TERRORISTS...? ...NO, WAIT...
THERE ARE NO WOMEN REGISTERED ON OUR EMPATH LIST, AND THERE AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ANY ESPERS ON BOARD.


Hff
Hff
Hff
?
IT'S GOT THE WINGS, THE GUAGES...
FX: KANG KANG KANG KANG KANG KANG KANG KANG
カン
カン
カン
カン
カン
カン
*FX: KI!AK
...AND I FIGURE IT'S GOTTA BE A RAMJET.
...SO I SEE THIS HIGH-SPEED MINIBOAT THAT'S NOT LISTED IN THE CATALOG. SEE...
OUTTA MY WAY!
HRKK!
*FX: KLIK BEEP
*FX: VOOHHHT
THIRTY SECONDS TO GO...


FX VREEEE
KLIK
FX KSSH KSSH
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BUUUU
FX FWOMM
FX HOMM
FX BWAAASH
HURRY UP AND REACH DRIVE POWER ....!
C'MON, C'MON ...!
FX GRR GRR


FX WHROOM
ドゴ
Whew!
FX TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK
チッ
FX BOOM
FX BEEP
FX TICK TICK

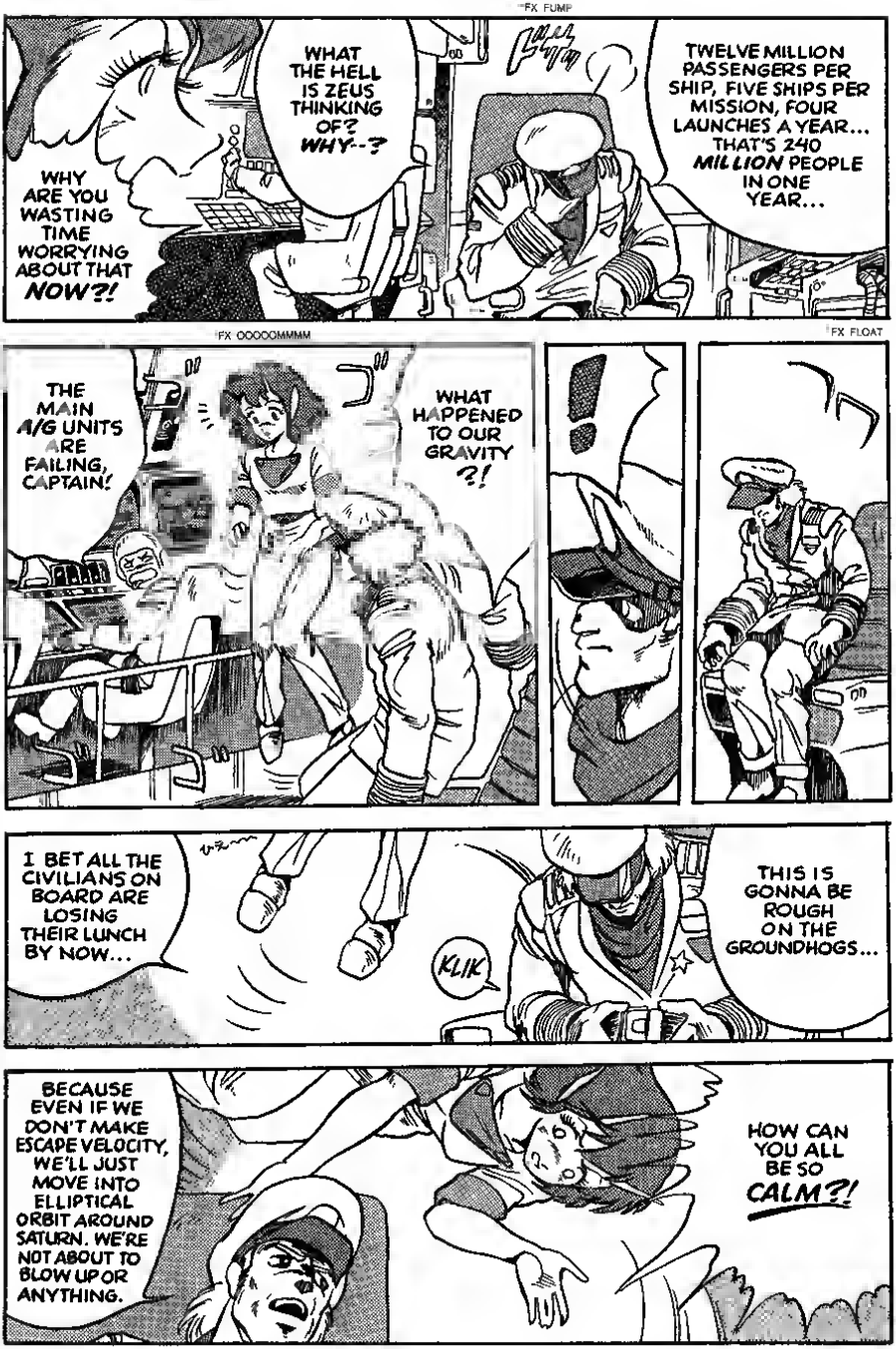
FX OOOOOOOOMMM
ゴ ゴ ゴ ゴ ゴ ゴ ゴ ゴ
!
SORRY, CAPTAIN-- WE LOST THE MONITORS!
WHAT?!
DO YOU KNOW?!
THE BOTTOM LEVEL OF THE BRIDGE POD EXPLODED?! WHAT'S THE DAMAGE TO THE SHIP?
WOULD YOU SHUT UP OVER THERE! I CAN'T HEAR!!
IT'S, er, uh...
BRIDGE, IT'S ME. WHAT WAS THAT?!
FX OOOOOOOMM
!
CAPTAIN! WE'RE OFF COURSE!
FX OOOMMM

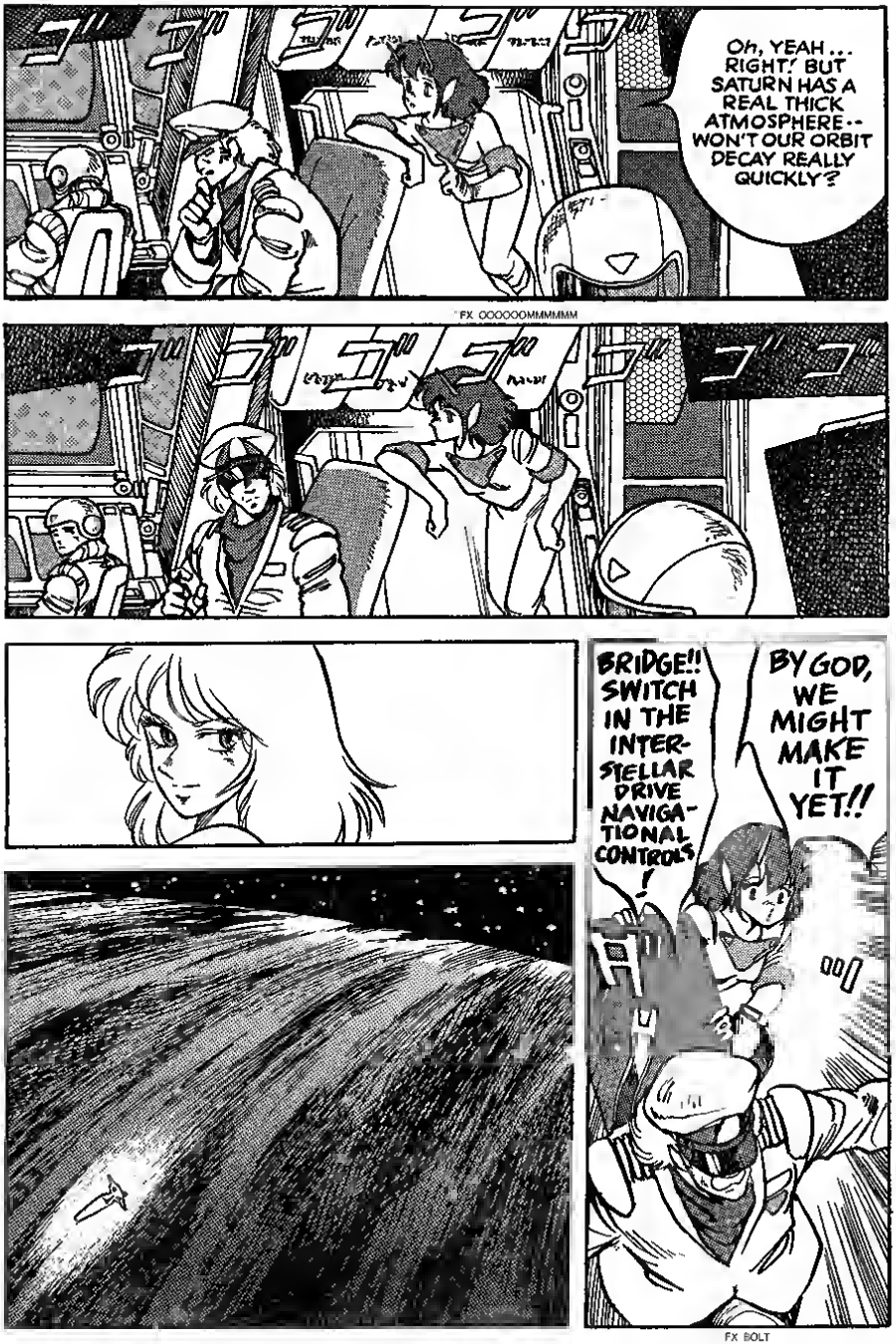
*Service Propulsion System, consisting of orbital correction rockets

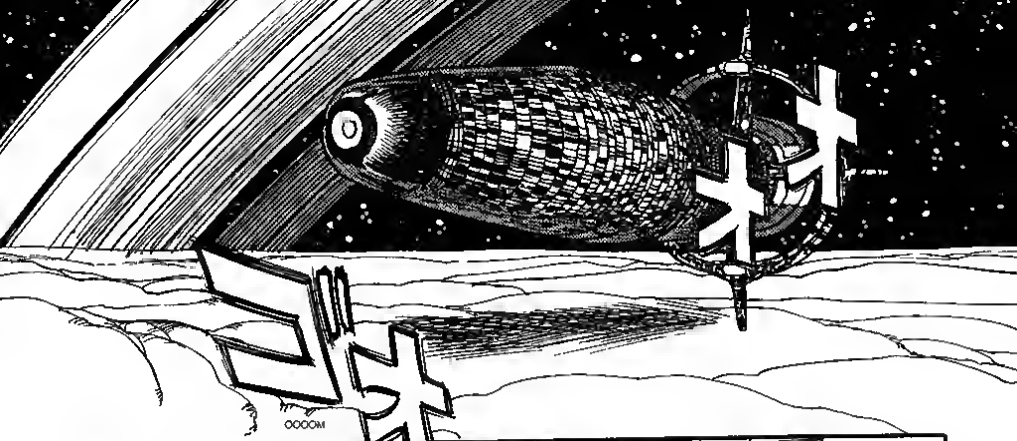
WE CAN'T USE IT UNTIL THE RAMJET HAS FIRED!
WHAT ABOUT THE SPS*?
...THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.
THAT...
AND YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING?
YOU MEAN WE'LL JUST PLUNGE INTO SATURN?!

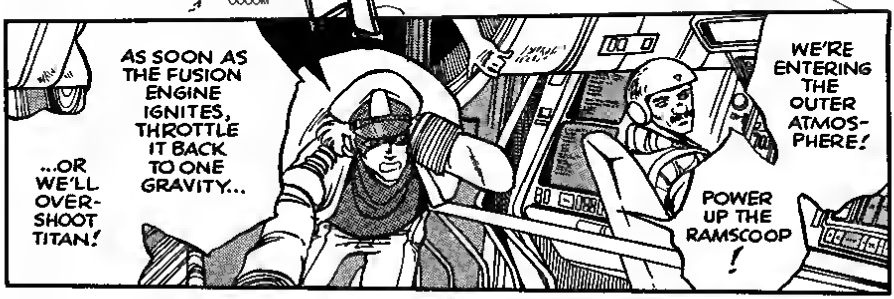
...WHEN COMMISSIONER HERMES SHOWED UP, AND--WELL, TAKE A LOOK.
VIDEO
*FX OOMMM
SO NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME?
IT'S A LITTLE LATE, OF COURSE.
AND CHECK OUT THAT DOORWAY--SEE THAT?
.....
AN UNLISTED LIGHT BOAT.
FX OOOMMMM
THIS MAY JUST BE COINCIDENCE, BUT...
...WE WERE TRACKING TWO SUSPICIOUS PERSONS BY MONITOR...
*FX OOOOMMMM
AND, MORE TO THE POINT, ZEUS WANTS TO DO IT TO HUMANITY.
H... HERMES DID THIS TO MY SHIP...?
*FX BAM
DAMN HIM...
WAAAH! I CAN'T GO HOME
Umm... SHOULDN'T YOU BE FIGURING OUT HOW TO SAVE US?
BUT WHY?!

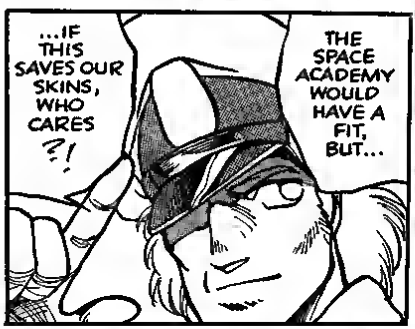
FX OOOOOMMMM
YES?
TYPHON!!
I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW MY HEIGHT AND WEIGHT, TOO.
DIAMETER 70,000 MILES. MASS, 117 TIMES THAT OF VENUS...
IN THIS CASE, THAT'S THE GRAVITATIONAL ACCELERATION OF SATURN APPLIED TO THE HUGE MASS OF THIS SHIP! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW BIG SATURN IS?
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, YASHA! TO STOP A FALLING SHIP, I'D HAVE TO LIFT IT AGAINST THE GRAVITATIONAL FIELD OF AN ENTIRE PLANET!
UP TO TEN TONS, I COULD PROBABLY HANDLE. BUT A COLONY SHIP? NO WAY!
IF YOU'RE SO SMART, DON'T ASK ME FOR STUPID FAVORS.
AS A MATTER OF FACT...
DAMN IT ALL...
IF ONLY WE COULD START UP THE RAM ENGINE...
A MOMENT VECTOR, huh..? MIGHT BUY US SOME TIME, BUT WE STILL WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO HIT ESCAPE VELOCITY...
CAPTAIN! WHAT IF YOU EXPLODED SOMETHING ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE SHIP?


FX FUMP
WHY ARE YOU WASTING TIME WORRYING ABOUT THAT NOW?!
WHAT THE HELL IS ZEUS THINKING OF? WHY--?
TWELVE MILLION PASSENGERS PER SHIP, FIVE SHIPS PER MISSION, FOUR LAUNCHES A YEAR... THAT'S 240 MILLION PEOPLE IN ONE YEAR...
FX OOOOOMMMM
THE MAIN A/G UNITS ARE FAILING, CAPTAIN!
WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR GRAVITY?!
FX FLOAT
I BET ALL THE CIVILIANS ON BOARD ARE LOSING THEIR LUNCH BY NOW...
KLIK
THIS IS GONNA BE ROUGH ON THE GROUNDHOGS...
BECAUSE EVEN IF WE DON'T MAKE ESCAPE VELOCITY, WE'LL JUST MOVE INTO ELLIPTICAL ORBIT AROUND SATURN. WE'RE NOT ABOUT TO BLOW UP OR ANYTHING.
HOW CAN YOU ALL BE SO CALM?!

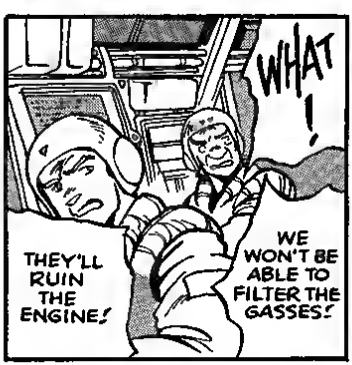

FX OOOOMMMM
Oh, YEAH... RIGHT! BUT SATURN HAS A REAL THICK ATMOSPHERE-- WON'T OUR ORBIT DECAY REALLY QUICKLY?
FX OOOOOOMMMMMM
BRIDGE!! SWITCH IN THE INTER-STELLAR DRIVE NAVIGA-TIONAL CONTROLS!
BY GOD, WE MIGHT MAKE IT YET!!
FX BOLT

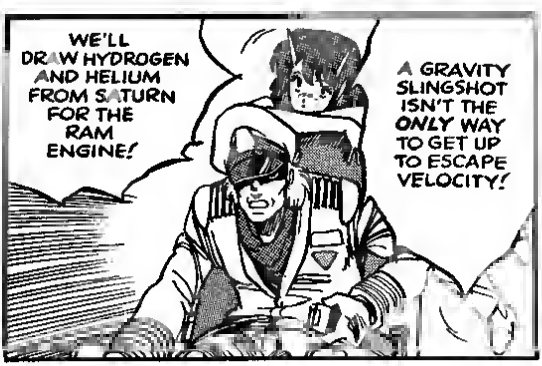

OOOOM

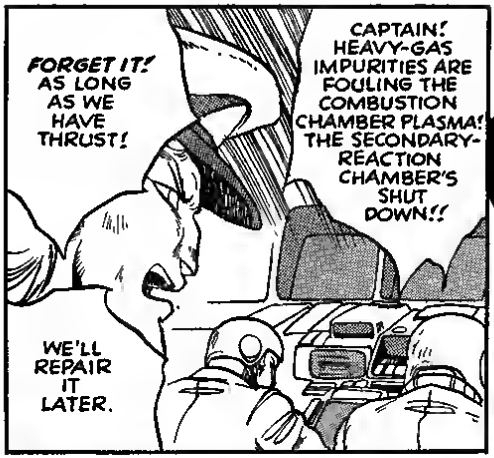

AS SOON AS THE FUSION ENGINE IGNITES, THROTTLE IT BACK TO ONE GRAVITY...
...OR WE'LL OVER-SHOOT TITAN!
WE'RE ENTERING THE OUTER ATMOS-PHERE!
POWER UP THE RAMSCOOP!

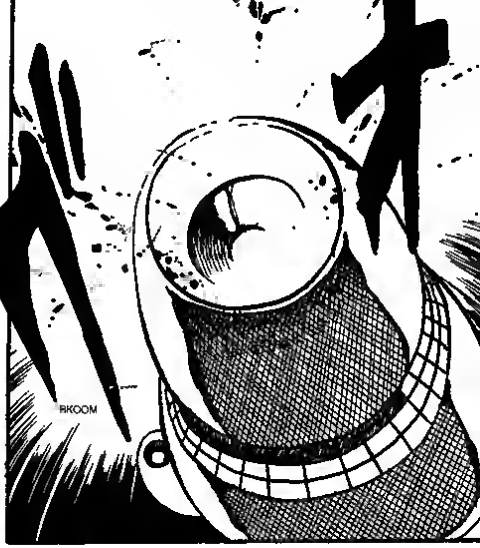

...IF THIS SAVES OUR SKINS, WHO CARES?!
THE SPACE ACADEMY WOULD HAVE A FIT, BUT...

HEH HEH HEH... THAT IDIOT HERMES!
HEY, WHAT'S UP? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

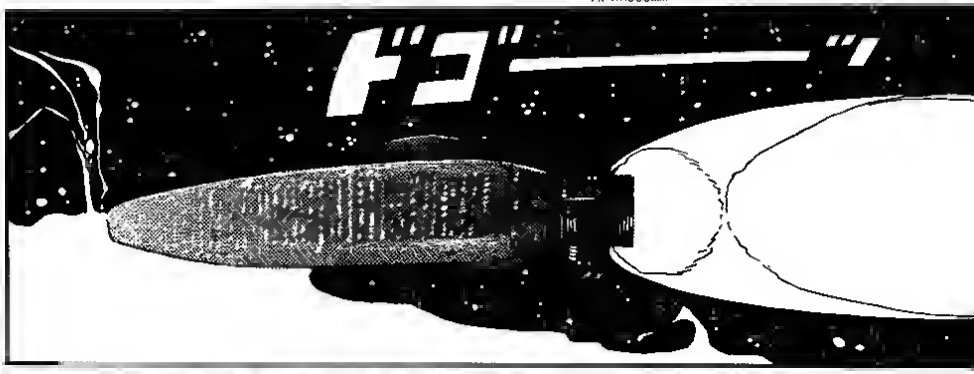

WHAT!
THEY'LL RUIN THE ENGINE!
WE WON'T BE ABLE TO FILTER THE GASSES!


WE'LL DRAW HYDROGEN AND HELIUM FROM SATURN FOR THE RAM ENGINE!
A GRAVITY SLINGSHOT ISN'T THE ONLY WAY TO GET UP TO ESCAPE VELOCITY!

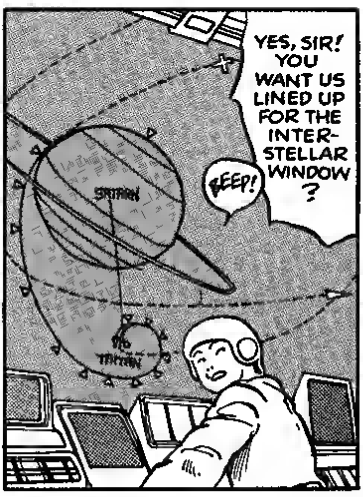

CAPTAIN! HEAVY-GAS IMPURITIES ARE FOULING THE COMBUSTION CHAMBER PLASMA! THE SECONDARY-REACTION CHAMBER'S SHUT DOWN!!
FORGET IT! AS LONG AS WE HAVE THRUST!
WE'LL REPAIR IT LATER.

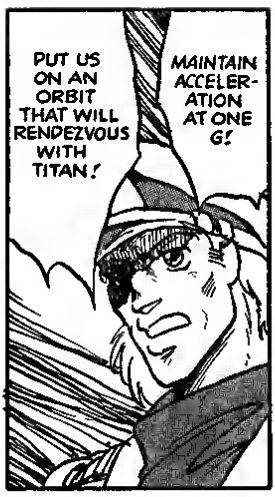

RKOOM

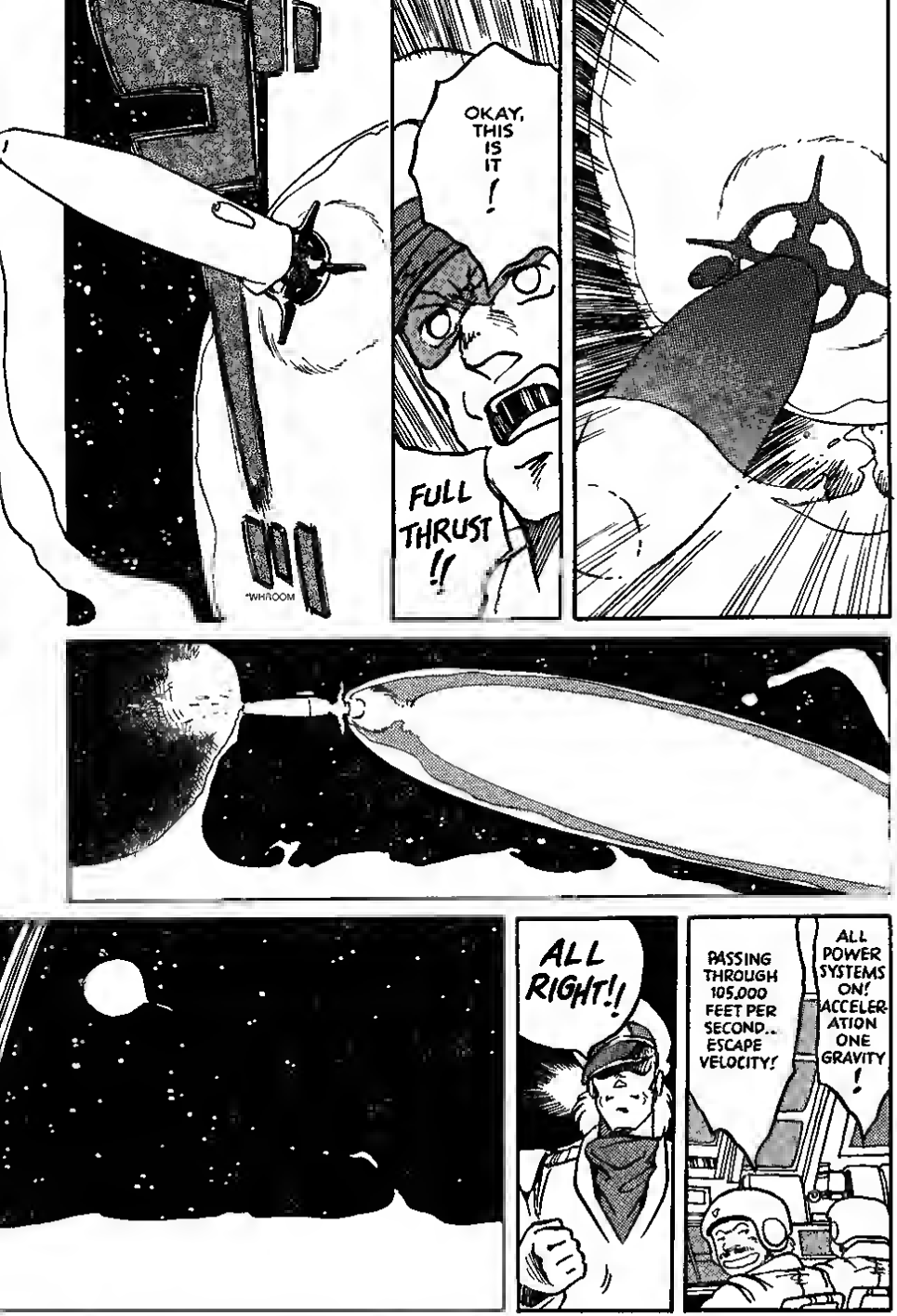
F.X. WHOOOMM

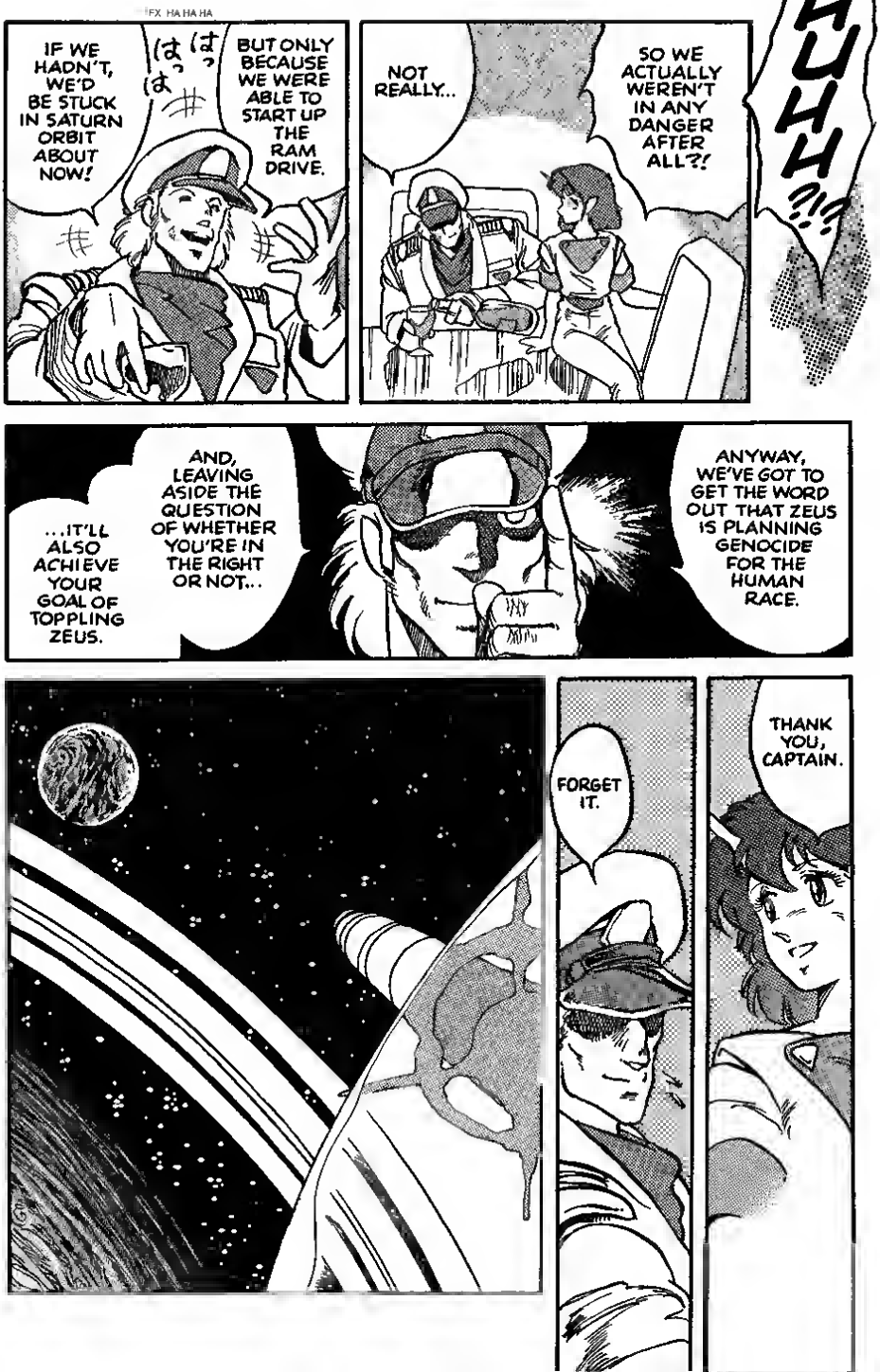

ドゴ

YES! SET US UP FOR TITAN FLY-BY!

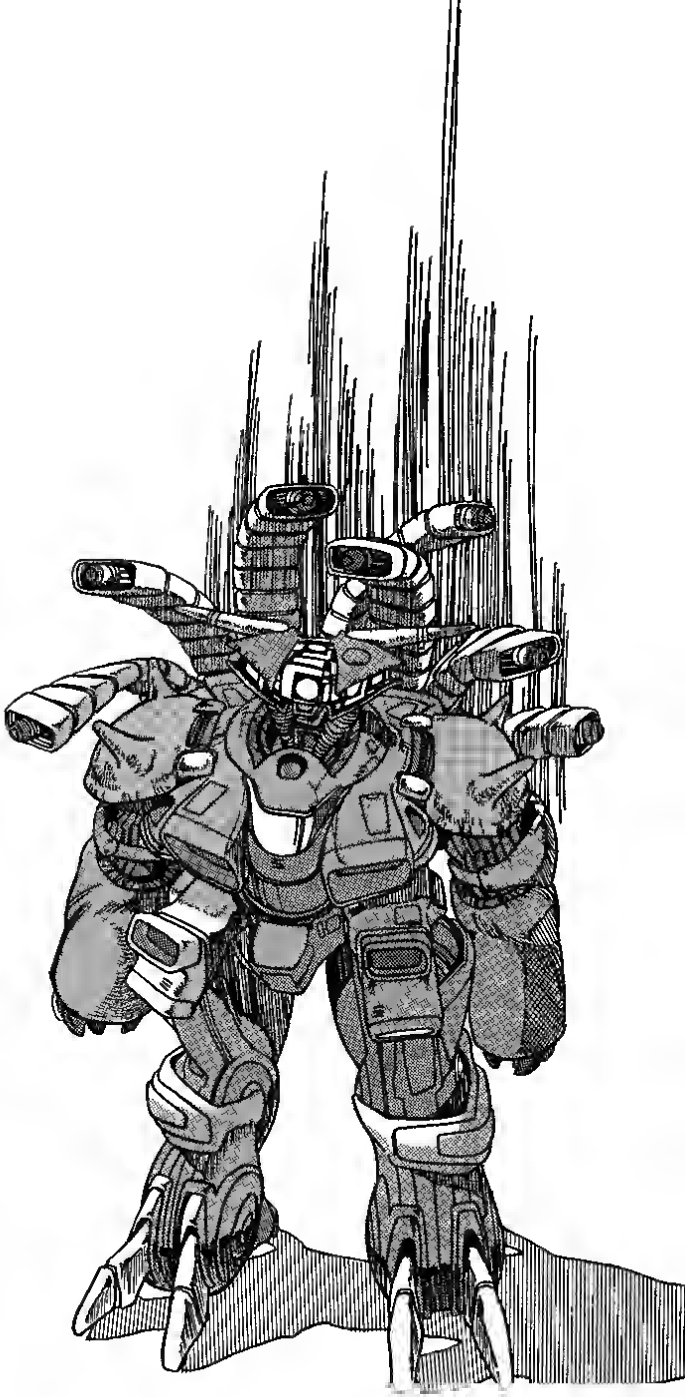

YES, SIR! YOU WANT US LINED UP FOR THE INTER-STELLAR WINDOW ?
BEEP!
SATURN
TITAN

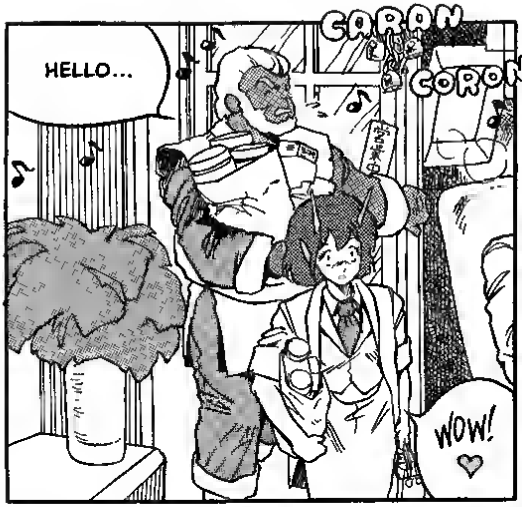

MAINTAIN ACCELER-ATION AT ONE G!
PUT US ON AN ORBIT THAT WILL RENDEZVOUS WITH TITAN!

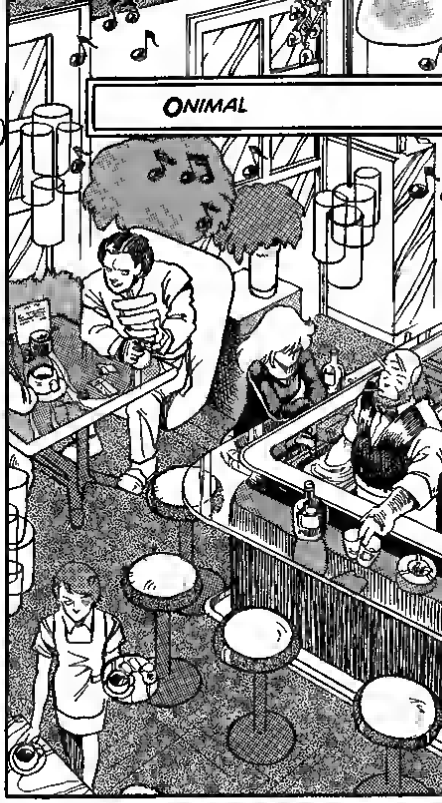

OKAY, THIS IS IT!
FULL THRUST!!
*WHROOM
ALL RIGHT!!
PASSING THROUGH 105,000 FEET PER SECOND.. ESCAPE VELOCITY!
ALL POWER SYSTEMS ON! ACCELERATION ONE GRAVITY!

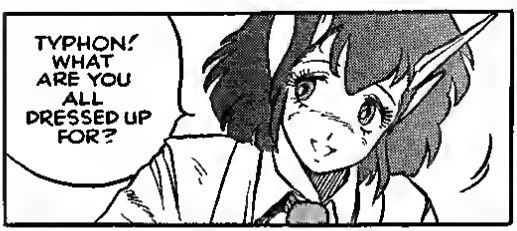

FX: HA HA HA
IF WE HADN'T, WE'D BE STUCK IN SATURN ORBIT ABOUT NOW!
はっはっは
BUT ONLY BECAUSE WE WERE ABLE TO START UP THE RAM DRIVE.
NOT REALLY...
SO WE ACTUALLY WEREN'T IN ANY DANGER AFTER ALL?!
HUHH?!?
...IT'LL ALSO ACHIEVE YOUR GOAL OF TOPPLING ZEUS.
AND, LEAVING ASIDE THE QUESTION OF WHETHER YOU'RE IN THE RIGHT OR NOT...
ANYWAY, WE'VE GOT TO GET THE WORD OUT THAT ZEUS IS PLANNING GENOCIDE FOR THE HUMAN RACE.
FORGET IT.
THANK YOU, CAPTAIN.

AT ALMOST 72,000 MILES PER HOUR... TITAN'S GROWING BIGGER BY THE MOMENT.
WE'RE FLYING ON INERTIA NOW.
Huh?
CITY LIGHT...
IT WAS NOTHING...
FORGET IT...







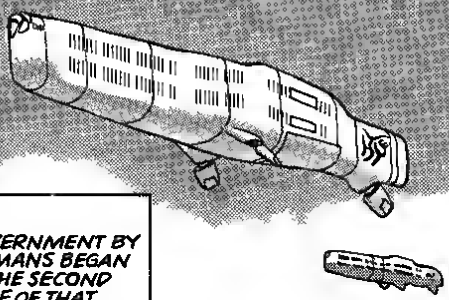


FX THMP

FX KCNK

HUMANS WILL RUN THE SHOW LIKE THEY DID BEFORE NEMESIS CAME ALONG.
THEY SAY HUMANS MAY TAKE OVER ALL THE EXECUTOR POSITIONS-- EVEN REPLACING NEMESIS.
*FX KSSSHH
YEAH, THE FINAL DECISION'S SUPPOSED TO COME AT THE NEXT CABINET MEETING.
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE FINALLY FORCING HIM TO STEP DOWN!
MAYBE THAT'S NOT A BAD THING FOR THE GOVERNMENT, BUT I DUNNO...
BIOROIDS GET THE BOOT, eh?
WHAT A STRANGE WORLD IT'S BECOME...
MUS' BE THE LIQUOR ...
N-NO, I...um... I JUST...
TYPHON !!
ARE-- ARE YOU CRYING?!!
... Y'KNOW?
SHUT UP, ALL OF YOU-- YOU'RE SPOILING MY DRINK...

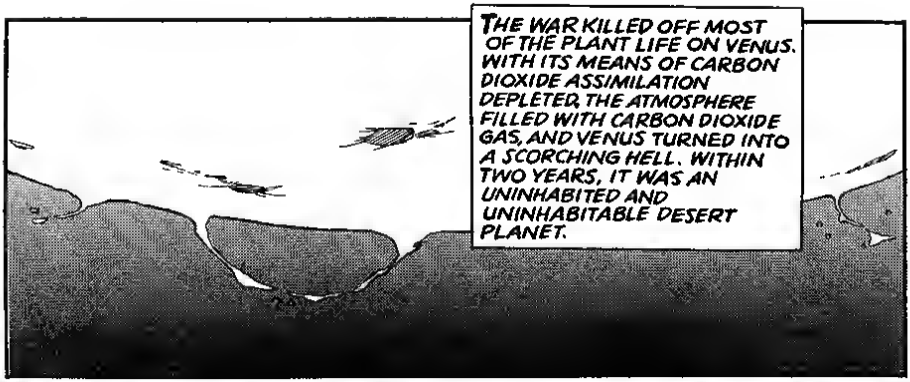
FUNNY, ISN'T IT... :Sniff:
NO MORE GUARDIANS, AN' NOTHING MORE TO GUARD... HA HA...
YEAH, GUESS SO.
...OR MAYBE IT'S ALREADY ENDED.. hm?
I GUESS THIS MATERIAL CIVILIZATION IS COMIN' TO AN END, huh...? OURS, ANYWAY...
Sniff
WHAT?
Huh?
THERE PROBABLY HASN'T BEEN A BIGGER PHASE CHANGE IN ALL OF HISTORY.
?!
.....
TO MY DAUGHTER...
RIGHT!
HERE'S TO HUMANITY...



BEFORE ANYONE AWOKE THE NEXT MORNING, DUNA TYPHON LEFT VENUS BEHIND.

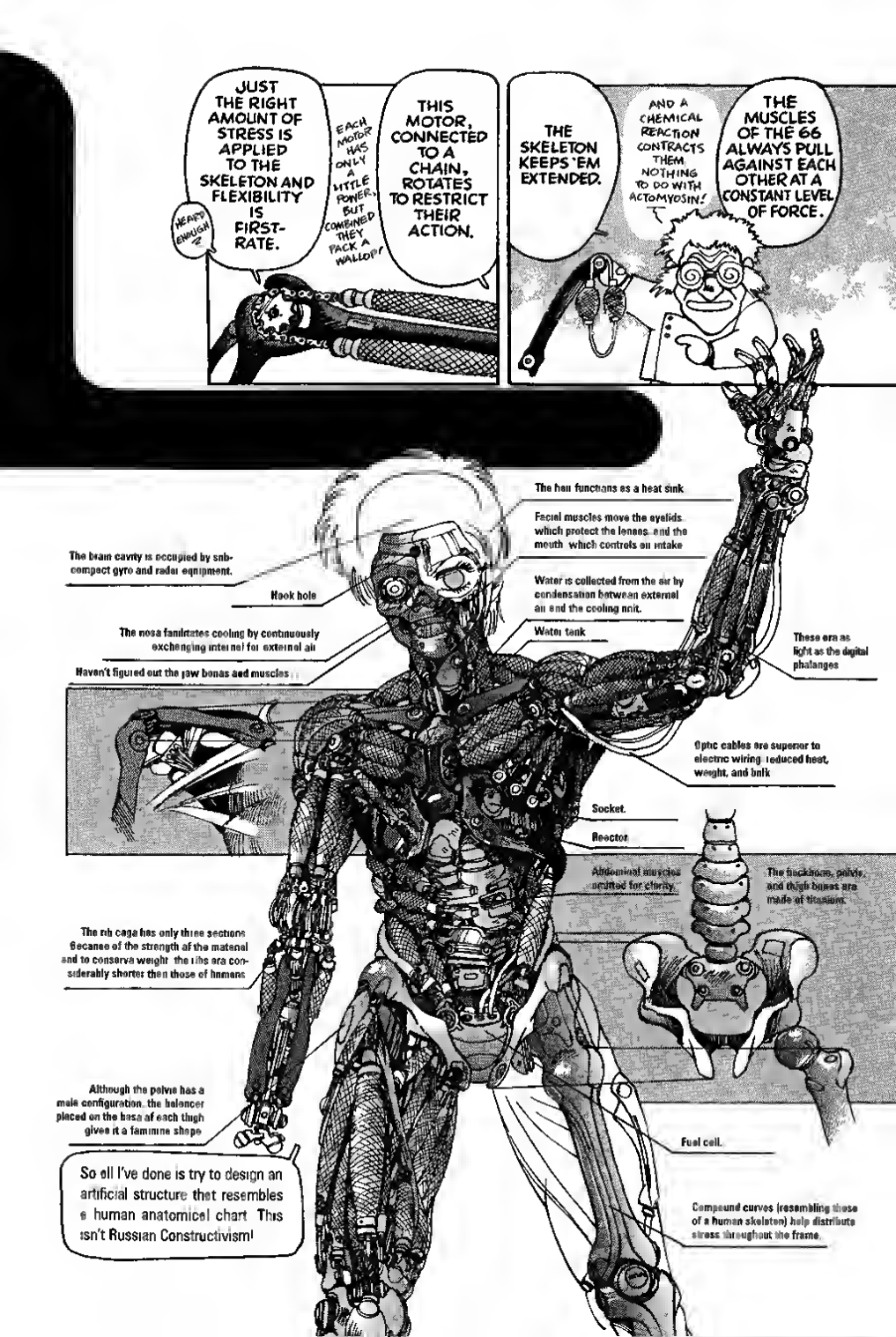
GOVERNMENT BY HUMANS BEGAN IN THE SECOND HALF OF THAT SAME YEAR, WITH NEMESIS AS AN ADVISOR.

BUT JUST EIGHT MONTHS LATER, THE BIOROID LIBERATION WAR BROKE OUT, AND VENUS PLUNGED ONCE AGAIN INTO A PERIOD OF GLOBAL CONFLICT.


THE WAR KILLED OFF MOST OF THE PLANT LIFE ON VENUS. WITH ITS MEANS OF CARBON DIOXIDE ASSIMILATION DEPLETED, THE ATMOSPHERE FILLED WITH CARBON DIOXIDE GAS, AND VENUS TURNED INTO A SCORCHING HELL. WITHIN TWO YEARS, IT WAS AN UNINHABITED AND UNINHABITABLE DESERT PLANET.

BLACK MAGIC
E N D

Black Magic premiered in February 1983 in a small magazine published by the Manga Research Group Atlas. *Black Magic*'s rather old-fashioned graphic style makes me a little embarrassed to see it reissued now. Nonetheless, I'd like to take a new look at the Marionette-66 combat robot

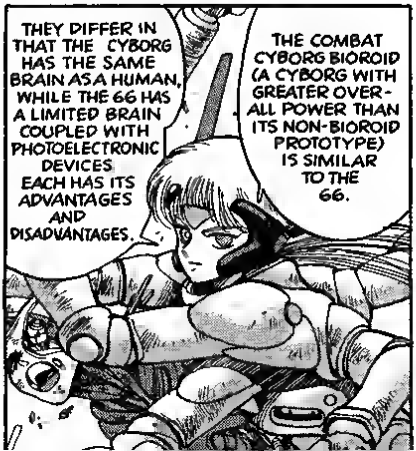

JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF STRESS IS APPLIED TO THE SKELETON AND FLEXIBILITY IS FIRST-RATE.
HEAVY ENOUGH?
EACH MOTOR HAS ONLY A LITTLE POWER, BUT COMBINED THEY PACK A WALLOP!
THIS MOTOR, CONNECTED TO A CHAIN, ROTATES TO RESTRICT THEIR ACTION.
THE SKELETON KEEPS 'EM EXTENDED.
AND A CHEMICAL REACTION CONTRACTS THEM NOTHING TO DO WITH ACTOMYOSIN!
THE MUSCLES OF THE 66 ALWAYS PULL AGAINST EACH OTHER AT A CONSTANT LEVEL OF FORCE.
The brain cavity is occupied by sub-compact gyro and radar equipment.
Hook hole
The nosa facilitates cooling by continuously exchanging internal for external air
Haven't figured out the jaw bonas aed muscles
The hea functions as a heat sink
Facial muscles move the eyelids which protect the lenses and the mouth which controls an intake
Water is collected from the air by condensation between external air and the cooling unit.
Water tank
These era as light as the digital phalanges
Optic cables are superior to electric wiring: reduced heat, weight, and bnlk
Socket.
Reactor
Abdominal muscles omitted for clarity.
The backbone, pelvis, and thigh bones are made of titanium.
The rib cage has only three sections Because of the strength af the matenal and to conserva weight the ribs ara considerably shorter then those of hnmans
Although the pelvis has a male configuration, the balancer placed on the basa af each thigh gives it a fammine shape
Fuel cell.
Compound curves (resembling those of a human skeleton) help distribute stress throughout the frame.
So all I've done is try to design an artificial structure that resembles a human anatomical chart. This isn't Russian Constructivism!

OF COURSE, IF IT DECIDES IT LIKES PAIN...
THE INCLUSION OF A PAVLOVIAN FEEDBACK SYSTEM ENSURES THAT, IF IT ATTACKS ITS MASTER, IT WILL EXPERIENCE ARTIFICIAL PAIN
GLRKK!

Since this is a bioroid-level civilization (whatever that means!), let's suppose that biotechnology permits production of robots that otherwise would be prohibitively expensive and impossibly difficult to repair or fine-tune if made of purely mechanical parts. Since the goal is not an exact copy of a human (bioroids are for military purposes, after all), photo-electronics and limited bio-brain applications provide optimum movement and spatial perception. The result is a "killer robot." But since this robot is no more than a byproduct of the human race, and is not recognized as an independent species, Asimov's "Three Laws of Robotics" do not apply.

Take the jungles of Panama, with their hundred-degree temperatures, 90-percent humidity, and torrential rains. The M-66 must be able to operate in this severe environment as well as in deserts, glaciers, swamps, water . . . you name it.

In short, an all-weather robot. This means there are likely to be as many different models as there are military operations. And not only humanoid, either: trees, rocks, and animals are all possible variants.


THEY DIFFER IN THAT THE CYBORG HAS THE SAME BRAIN AS A HUMAN, WHILE THE 66 HAS A LIMITED BRAIN COUPLED WITH PHOTOELECTRONIC DEVICES. EACH HAS ITS ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES.
THE COMBAT CYBORG BIOROID (A CYBORG WITH GREATER OVER-ALL POWER THAN ITS NON-BIOROID PROTOTYPE) IS SIMILAR TO THE 66.

The 66, considered more useful as a scout than as a combatant, can pass through booby-trapped areas, accurately and efficiently obtain information, fight if necessary, and return to base.

If capture appears imminent, the 66—cognizant of the potential loss to the enemy of important intelligence—will unhesitatingly self-destruct to maximum effect . . . Such booby-trapping brings to mind the Vietnam War, which established the reputation of booby traps as cheap, vicious weapons requiring no support. Booby traps have been employed in all shapes and sizes for wars, crimes, and acts of terrorism. There is no standard model.

Throughout history, regardless of place or time, the first battle has always been a cruel, grisly experience for untested recruits. If green troops served among the Ottoman soldiers who stormed the Transylvania castle of Vlad the Impaler or among the young warriors who entered the castle of Elizabeth I, they may as well have gone mad. M-66 attacks, on the other hand, are not delayed by fear; they do not waver in the face of the enemy.

The 66 can endure bamboo stakes and metal spikes, and in fact, by advancing through such obstacles, can clear the way for the rear guard. One advantage to the M-66's humanoid form is that it has the same bulk and moves in the same manner as a human. If it were designed with four legs or eight legs, it could not follow routes that require human footing.

But might it not explode in an accident? If it's shot, what happens to its fuel? And what about malfunctions . . .? One imagines warehouses, once full of mass-produced robots, now emptied; cities crawling with the same pale feminine faces—and every one a ticking time bomb (no, no, this isn't a put-down of women!). But, of course, its power plant determines how easily an M-66 can blow up.

The model presented here is female for two reasons: to provide a lower center of gravity and to make this manga more attractive. Besides, among humans, women have superior survival skills — not that this has anything to do with the 66. The female form also induces tension in enemy troops, making them slower to action (use of a rougher-looking character like the Hecatonchires would run the risk of intimidating even friendly troops). A male enemy meeting the 66 in the bush might be just a little less trigger-happy. And a real lecher could put his own life at risk. The rubber covering of the face and skin enhances this effect, while preventing bits of shrapnel or dust from penetrating the joints. Clothing serves the same purpose.

The skeleton comprises carbon fiber around a metal core. Adding strips of reinforced Kevlar may improve the skeleton's resistance to attack. A standard 66 weighs between 100 and 200 kilograms, I'd guess. This could pose difficulties in swamps and quagmires, so any 66 deployed in such terrain should be equipped with rocket-propelled hook and winch—reducing its weight is not advisable, as this would reduce its advantage in hand-to-hand combat. Even with new materials available to keep weight down, other factors must be considered: reactor heat, strength, center of gravity, weight distribution, the relationship of basal joint strength to peripheral weight during high-speed movement, and so on . . . As for dynamics—that's another complex issue we won't even try to address here.

Bullet-proof armor is yet another concern linked inseparably to weight. Armor should be impervious to the 10mm bullets common to infantry. The upper limit is probably +P+ 45ACP, but even that would allow rifle bullets to inflict considerable damage. Maybe the best approach would be to dispense with bullet-proofing systems altogether and instead minimize weight for improved maneuverability. That would make it easier to transport, too.

And then there's the problem of differential heating. Even with a built-in anti-condensation heater, dew may still form on lenses, filters, photoelectric parts, and the like. Thus, producing all-weather models of precision machines is no easy task. No doubt, such machines are susceptible to magnetism, not to mention vibration, shock, electromagnetic pulse, torsion-induced load, etc., etc. . . An interesting characteristic the 66 shares with humans is that it stops moving when its intake and exhaust ports (i.e., nose and mouth) are closed.

An expressionless killer (it might even be smiling) with superhuman fighting power—sounds like the stuff of horror stories! Many precedents come to mind: the artificial man in Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley's *Frankenstein*, or—pointing up the difference between magic and science—the more modern horror of the zombie, a walking corpse.

But a killer robot is just an extension of modern weaponry. Even if it moves on its own outside deliberate tests, it's not the work of the Devil, but simply a type of industrial accident. This is a technological (i.e., Western) sort of horror, arising precisely because living people are dragged off to their graves by a supposedly inanimate object—like a doll or a corpse—with no power or life of its own. If I had studied this type of horror story more thoroughly, I might have come up with a more interesting 66. It's something I'd like to pursue when my drawing ability has improved.

Treating the 66 as a type of weapon opens up possibilities for its use as a prop in an infinite number of scenarios; ultimately, however, the drama is a human one. In a medieval setting, the 66 could be knights pledged in fealty to a king (actually, it would more closely resemble a slave soldier, but we'll call it a knight since it's so high-priced).

*KSHANG
*KSHANG
*KSHANG
*KSHANG
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
SO THE COLONEL DOESN'T LIKE REVOLUTIONS, EITHER, eh... IT'S LONELY WHEN YOU KEEP LOSING CHESS OPPONENTS.
THE SPACE FAMILY ROBINSON COUPLE THAT WENT TO OZMA IN HOSHINO'S COMIC WERE ROBOTS (ANDROIDS), WEREN'T THEY...? ONLY SOMEONE WITH AN EXTRAORDINARY MIND, HAND, AND TALENT COULD DRAW AN EXQUISITE STORY LIKE THAT.
HOW ABOUT THE NAME "ROBBIE"?
I'M JEALOUS
THE COMRADES THEY FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE WITH WERE ACTUALLY GOVERNMENT SPY ANDROIDS... OR WAS THAT IN CITY OF DESTRUCTION? AND HOW ABOUT MARIA IN METROPOLIS...? THERE'S NO END TO IT...
WHAT IS THIS, ALREADY..?

This hardly bears repeating, but the artificial intelligence represented by bioroids or androids draws from the mechanical side of humanity. Nonetheless, it effuses the smell of death, which may be why some say technology is evil incarnate. If artificial intelligence is brought as close to human intelligence as possible, then perhaps the remaining difference is the fundamental essence of humanity. Thus, numerous aspects of humanity are revealed: life and death, mind and machine, the determinate and the indeterminate, etc., etc. . . .

Sorcery and religious ritual manipulate as their technology mechanical systems within the human mind. What is left after that? How far can humans climb toward a higher order? Death in life, life in death—is that really all there is? Are we sealed up like the Eternal Golden Braid? Sleepless nights are not brought on by horror stories alone. The 66 is *The Beautiful Captive** or the last Gauguin: *Where do we come from? What are we? Where are we going ?***

To broaden the vision of the System, to become one with the Universe . . . these are just dreams upon dreams, not to be comprehended by a simpleton of the TV generation like myself. I'm just a monkey, my Inner Universe is made of bones. That's why I like truly barbaric, bloody, messy, noisy tumult. I want to evolve quickly into a real human being. But to be urged on by the likes of Nemesis and evolve into some Substance X? That would lack class.

---

* Title of a painting by René Magritte
** Title of a painting by Paul Gauguin

WELL, HERE WE ARE AT THE END THANK YOU FOR BUYING THIS BOOK!
AND DON'T FORGET APPLESEED!
WELL, THAT REEKS OF JARGON CHIC. HEY, I'M JUST A PRODUCT OF THE POSTWAR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.
SO BLACK MAGIC TAKES ON MORE AND MORE MEANINGS. NOT ONLY AS A DARK FORM OF SORCERY, BUT FOR WHAT IT SAYS ABOUT THE SORCERER. WOE IS ME. :sniff:
HUMANS ARE NOT JUST INTELLIGENT MONKEYS, RIGHT? GUESS WE GOTTA RETHINK WHAT WE MEAN BY REAL WISDOM. ME? I'M JUST A MONKEY, SO I CAN SAY ANYTHING I WANT. JOKE JOKE.

END

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M
P
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MAGIC·CORP
MANGA
INFINITY